THE FORUM

JUNE, 1925

Vol. LXXIII No. 6

IS CUBISM PURE ART?—A DEBATE

IS Cubism, as exemplified in the frontispiece to this debate, art? To many, perhaps to a majority of our readers, this abstract painting by Picasso will seem incomprehensible. It will bewilder and even annoy them, and they will summarily reject it. There is a minority, however, to whom the picture is not only art, but great art. Indeed there is an extreme left wing willing to argue that in Cubism and other modern experiments, painting for the first time has achieved the freedom of true art, that all that has gone before has been mere illustration, a sort of unmechanical, free-hand photography.

But probably the largest number of FORUM *readers will be found among those who have formed no definite opinions on this subject and who are eager to be informed. In the debate that follows between Mr. Pach and Mr. Churchill, many will find an answer to one of the outstanding cultural and aesthetic questions of the day.*

PICASSO'S ACHIEVEMENT

WALTER PACH

PABLO PICASSO is still in the early part of middle life, and yet for twenty years he has been a powerful influence on the art of his time. So unusual a fact would seem capable of a less vague explanation than that afforded by the artist's personality, and indeed, when we examine his work, particularly in the phase represented by the frontispiece to the present article, there appears to be in this art a factor of idea which admits of translation into words. Undoubtedly it is Picasso's ideas which have been accepted by other men; the art with which he presents them, however, the heat and intensity with which they appear in his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pictures are his own. And so, even in a case like his, where an impersonal, transmissible element occurs, what counts most is still the personality, the man.

And it is one personality that we are dealing with when we consider Picasso, even though he has changed his style again and again. Certain critics and certain collectors will declare his importance in the early works, those of a romantic and illustrative vein, but accuse him of trying to fool himself or the public when he reaches Cubism. Others, less numerous, talk of his later resumption of naturalistic painting as a weakness, a compromise with the great majority of patrons. But artists simply do not work that way. If they have any grasp of their problem and any capacity for dealing with it, their work appears so illimitable, so enthralling that any adulteration of it for material advantage would be, to them, a forfeiting of the thing they give their lives to attain. Only those who are ignorant of this fundamental of the artist's psychology can assign ignoble motives as the reason for his adopting new methods. It is not easy for him to change his painting, and if he does so (I do not speak of the painters who are not artists), the fact is a token of his sincerity, of his recognition of a wider horizon than he had perceived before. No one, — not even Picasso himself, — could have foreseen the different stages of his work, but as we look back over them we see that they are bound together by the necessities of a mental evolution. And so to-day, when Picasso is again going on to a new type of "abstract" painting, he is still the man who gave us, over twenty years ago, those poignant visions of life, still the man who did most in the development of Cubism and who went beyond its first forms.

The qualities of draftsmanship and painting in his early works were sufficient to carry him, almost at a bound, into the forefront of Paris artists; they were not sufficient to satisfy the man himself. To understand the reason for this is to understand the problem of contemporary art. The most eminent of German writers on the modern evolution, Julius Meier-Graefe, sees in Picasso's restlessness a sign of exhaustion in the great movement that had been continuing for a century or more; he sees artificial stimuli replacing the natural life that had previously animated the body artistic, which is now, he considers, due to rest a long time, until

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

social and intellectual conditions call for a new expression, such as our chaotic world of to-day cannot nourish. Let us note in passing that this is exactly what George Moore wrote over thirty years ago. Yet in those thirty years, works have been produced among which everyone will find material for refuting the prophecy of the admirable Irish critic, and while that does not prove that Meier-Graefe's analysis will fare as hardly, one may still feel that the world, even to-day, offers fitting ideas to the artist, if only he have the mind to recognize them before they pass. What one may well agree with in the above idea of Picasso is that he is typical of his period, or at least of a phase of his period.

While the world and its art never stand still, there are times when the movement of ideas is accentuated. Such times are especially those, like the present one, when the forms of life and of thought peculiar to one epoch are being replaced by those of another. Some men are strong enough to carry on their work unperturbed by the changing conditions, which they recognize and of which they are a part. Matisse and Derain are of this type to-day. Then there are the dullards who are oblivious to the life of the surrounding world and whose thoughts are still of matters that were finished and done with years and years before. Finally there are those who are so conscious of the movement of the time that they enter into every struggle that it makes for readjustment, and are of those who most actively bring to birth the new era. Picasso is of this type. His restlessness is of our time. He knows the past as few others know it. A Spaniard, he is of the country that contains such a wealth of memories, — Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Mediaeval, and Renaissance, — that the hand of tradition is nowhere heavier than it is on his people. But Don Quixote, even when he appears to be defending the forms of a bygone period, is in reality the champion of ideals essential to the justification of man's whole existence, and the divine madman's triumph in our affections over the "reasonable" people surrounding him is the eternal triumph of the artist. It is natural that a Spaniard should be the man to incarnate the struggle for the pure idea in a world obsessed with material values.

Whether one likes Cubism or not, whether one understands it or not, one thing must be evident from the contemplation of even a single picture like the one here reproduced: the Cubist breaks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with literal representation for the sake of an expression not to be obtained, — at least by him, — through the depicting of objects as they exist before his eyes. So far from incurring the accusation of ignoble motives, to which I referred before (and it was with regret that I made even a mention of them), Picasso and his group count as the men who have accepted every risk in order to preserve for themselves and for us the vital force of all art. To ask why Raphael or Rubens did not have to resort to Cubistic forms for such a purpose is simply to ask why the modern period is not the same as the Renaissance, or, more specifically, why different ideas require different modes of expression.

For we see, as soon as we compare the two classics just named, how widely they are separated from each other. Both, to be sure, make an effort to include in their painting all the material furnished by the sight of nature, but how far this is from the essential question, that of their art, is evidenced by the fact that so great a man as Ingres looked on Raphael as a god and Rubens as, — quite literally, — an abomination. All through the history of appreciation we see that the criterion of excellence in a work of art is something outside its resemblance to the world of the eyes. The materialistic heresies of our period have made possible the existence of collections such as one sees at the Metropolitan Museum, for example, where one goes from glorious works of the old and the modern masters to pictures by Meissonier, Regnault, Zorn, and Zuloaga, — to name but a few of the painters whose likeness to the masters rests on the single criterion of naturalism.

As we grow in our understanding of pictures, we never fail to note the deepening of our interest in the real artists, ancient and modern, and the utter disappearance of any interest that the pseudo-artists seemed at first to possess. (Even so, there is no reason to hate them, for at some time in their lives they made a certain effort toward art, and if, because of mental or even moral deficiency, they failed to attain it, the sense of frustration which at moments always pierces the armor of wordly success punishes men beyond the power of external agency.) And so perhaps there is a certain weak argument for the inclusion of the bad works in our museums: they do not stay on the walls forever and meanwhile give the public an opportunity, in our leaderless period, to work out for itself the relative value of the exhibits. What one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

regrets is that the opportunity is not more complete; the work which imitates the externals of the classic things is so much surer of a welcome than that which, — like Picasso's, — starts anew from their source to find the form it demands in its time. If Picasso is considered too recent a man to illustrate my contention that the museums give to the letter of the law priority over its spirit, let the reader look back over the whole nineteenth century and note how late the masters arrived (frequently after their death) at the success which came to weaklings early in life.

The general, and necessary, consideration of the differences among artists has delayed my reaching the special qualities of the picture before us. We may best approach them by the route that Picasso himself took to reach it, — and to go beyond it. His first stage was the usual one of the student in the severe academies of Spain. The fact that he had graduated from them at the age of twelve is the first indication of the swiftness of his mind. Then we find him working with the ideas suggested by the museums of his country, where El Greco seems to have inspired him the most. Coming to France, he realizes at once how much nearer the life of the time the French are than the artists who had surrounded him at home, and, while having his fill of the excitement of living, — and that can be very exciting indeed for one who sees the art and beauty of Paris and has to keep body and soul together with the slender earnings of a young artist, — he makes a close study of the various masters of the time, ending inevitably with Cézanne.

Had Picasso left off at this moment, he would doubtless be considered one of the most brilliant draftsmen of modern times and an illustrator of the first rank. Although only some twenty-five years old, his precocious start and phenomenal rapidity had made his career longer than one would ordinarily count it, and the number of his drawings, etchings, and paintings during this time is a very large one. His line is of amazing sureness and freedom; he models his forms with economy and with great power; his color, while subsidiary, has fineness and a sense of reserve. None of the aesthetic elements just mentioned is insisted on for itself; each works with the rest in creating the impression of some scene connected with the experience of the artist: the poor people of Spain or of Paris, the acrobats of the fair and the circus, the life of the cafés and the studios, — everything that stirs the quick interest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a young man who sees his own poverty, excitement, and delights mirrored in the world around him. The mirror, — whether it is accurate or whether it darkens or illuminates or distorts the thing it reflects, — is, indeed, the symbol of the illustrator.

Picasso saw the work of Cézanne and realized that art includes something more than illustration. His first essays with the forms suggested by the great modern took him into a study of depth and solidity such as he had never before made. No painter or sculptor at all alive to the achievement of the present time has failed at least to attempt a utilization of the properties of substance which Cézanne rendered so important. But where the academic modernists (and there are thousands of them) saw in the teaching of the master nothing but an extension of their earlier ideas of perspective and modeling, Picasso soon perceived that the stronger grasp on the qualities of sight which Cézanne afforded was only a means of closing in on the reality of the existing world. That was the idea of Courbet, whose art was Cézanne's point of departure. Impressionism did not turn Cézanne away from reality but gave him, on the contrary, a new approach to it; and when, in later life, he was ready to make a synthesis of his findings, he gave us those bare, grand statements of his vision, sometimes enriched by a wealth of amplifying nuances, which are the most determining factor there is for our present seeing of the world. While the superficial artists were trying to paint more Cézannes, repeating the master's whole performance as best they knew how, — Picasso, with his keen intelligence, sought for the principles underlying the phenomena of Cézanne's magic. He simplifies his pictures more and more, watching for the lines, the planes, and the colors which produce the effect. The force and clearness of the simple geometrical figures replace the complexities of outline and surface in human beings and in landscape.

From this point to the earlier Cubism, represented in our illustration, the step will not be a very long one. Picasso has distinguished between attaining reality and picturing the totality of the aspects of nature. In rejecting forms which had no significance in the design which he gives as his equivalent for the structure of the world, in simplifying other forms or carrying on their reverberations in space, he sees that the grand logic sensed by him and his contemporaries in Cézanne is a thing as unshakable as the laws of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mathematics. Perhaps it is even more necessary, for some intellectual slip in the application of an axiom or some underlying frailty in the axiom itself may vitiate the whole structure, whereas the truths of art, being inherent in our nature, are safe from this peril.

As these conceptions of his work become clearer and clearer with each week's painting, the trick of "copying nature" which he could perform when a boy seems less and less interesting. He is dealing with principles, with forces. The human figure which afforded the point of departure for the present picture is translated (and all art is translation) into a thing made up of solid and void, of thrust and counterthrust, of light and dark. It is not simply a man or a woman in definite surroundings; it is part of the movement of the universe, or perhaps an epitome of that movement. Some one objects that I am getting out of art and into metaphysics. I reply that as soon as the mind enters, — and that is the basic condition for all art, — we have left the world of physical laws and are, in all cases, dealing with metaphysics.

It would be interesting to go on to the later Picassos and show how in his neo-realism he took up once more those phases of nature which his Cubistic work caused him to put aside. After several years of that research, he came, last year, to a new need for investigation of the qualities which we loosely call the abstract ones. But such matters lie outside the topic proposed to me for the present discussion. I have said enough, perhaps, of the closeness of Picasso's effort to the needs of our time, its relation to our demand for an escape from materialism, and of the artist's share in giving us a truer basis for the era that is just ahead of us. I would make my final word an affirmation that those people for whom Cubistic work has worn away its look of strangeness (and there are many thousands of such people to-day) see in it a repetition of one of the most ancient miracles performed by man. He produced something to afford shelter or to serve religion, to make an image or to express an idea. If the work, as in the case of Picasso, is done with that special fervor we call genius, the question of shelter, of religion, of image, or idea may be forgotten; it is a work of art that remains.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICASSO'S "FAILURE"

ALFRED VANCE CHURCHILL

ELIE Faure has so admirably summed up the case against Cubism that I can do no better than to let certain remarks of his serve as my text upon this occasion. In his *History of Art*, Vol. IV *Modern Art*, translated by Walter Pach himself, Elie Faure says, "Cubism is only an artificial stylization of form, basing itself on a wrong understanding of the saying of Cézanne (that all the forms in nature may be reduced to the cone, to the cylinder, and to the sphere), and which had no other pretension than that of symbolizing his thought. Independent of its pretensions to restore form in a block, in all its dimensions and without taking account of the reflections, it is the extreme of synthesis following upon the extreme analysis of the Neo-Impressionists. Like all systems, it can afford discipline for the painters. Dunoyer de Segonzac, Ozenfant, Lhote, L. A. Moreau, de la Fresnaye, Boussingault, le Fauconnier, and Metzinger became painters by going through or by skirting Cubism. Braque, Léger, and Juan Gris remain painters in spite of it, and Picasso, who was a painter before founding it, becomes one again as he leaves it. And all, having come to it in order the better to obey Cézanne, will detach themselves from it, thanks to him."

Cubism rests upon the assumption that the basis of art is organization; that to create a work of art, in painting, is to combine forms and colors into a perfect organism. The proposal that organization is fundamental in any art will hardly be disputed. The idea is an old one. It must have been in Plato's mind when he said, "The artist disposes all things in order, and compels one part to harmonize and accord with the other part, until he has constructed a regular and systematic whole; and this is true of all artists." And Aristotle expressed the same idea when he spoke of poetic imitation having "as its subject a single action, whole and complete, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. It will thus," he says, "resemble a living organism, and produce its proper pleasure."

Organism is not only a fundamental necessity of art, it offers, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one of the arts at least, a very complete response to our aesthetic desires. Music, for the last two hundred years, has freed itself, in some of its highest inspirations, not only from the imitation of natural sounds, but from every relation to the other arts, to the dance or the literary program. The fugues of Bach and the symphonies of Mozart, of Beethoven, or of Brahms, are examples of an art which, though related to vocal expression and to the laws of emotional experience, stands as our nearest approach to "absolute art".

Cubism makes the further assumption that organization is all-sufficient for the purposes of painting, just as it is for instrumental music. The Cubist agrees, of course, that the laws of organization were observed by the great painters of the past. The essential qualities of absolute art may be discerned in the works of such men as Signorelli and Piero della Francesca, and in all the supreme masters. But these masters have introduced, along with those qualities, a large element of illustration, and sometimes of actual imitation of nature. The Cubist is persuaded that such ingredients are extraneous and unnecessary, if not actually harmful. He cherishes the belief that we are now prepared to "purify painting of imitation", and to achieve an absolute art of form and color.

It is an astounding proposal, and yet after all a natural one. Intellectually the theory is very appealing. The argument for it seems perfect. But the question remains, after all, whether it *has* succeeded. And perhaps, as we think it over, a doubt may arise whether the theory be not too plausible; whether it may not prove, or imply, too much. "Purity" and "purify", — let us regard the words well lest they carry connotations which lead to confusion of thought.

We are compelled to observe that the occasions on which, in this very imperfect world, we may make a favorable use of "pure" things, are very rare indeed. It was Dr. Holmes, I think, who affirmed that pure thought could not be assimilated. Pure food gives the tabloid, only to be taken from the vest pocket when a good meal is out of the question. The pure musical tone is the tone of the tuning fork, rejected by musicians as too uninteresting for use. The pure art of prose would possibly prefer the ideals of Gertrude Stein to those of Flaubert. In the realm of poetry, instead of Aristotle's "imitation" expressed through the medium

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a perfect organism, we should have the perfect organism of vocal sounds without concrete significance. Swinburne took flight in this direction. What Homer does, on the contrary, is to say something greatly worth saying, with largeness, power, and beauty, — that is, in organized form. It is the difference between the aesthete and the creative genius. . . . The Impressionists (and the Neo-Impressionists) gave us the pure prismatic palette, at the sacrifice of the deep, male coloration of the older masters. There has been much confusion in discussions of this subject. Cézanne and Van Gogh are habitually spoken of as exponents of pure color. They did not aim at pure color. In 1904 Cézanne was using eighteen colors habitually, including the siennas, the ochres, and black. . . . The art of song is impure, and the arguments against it are good until you listen to Schubert, and Wolff, and the *Sapphische Ode*. Opera is a hybrid of hybrids. Wagner's theory of the union of all the arts is untenable. But think of the music produced under that theory or, if you tire of Wagner, return to Gluck and the divine *Alceste*, and learn again what beauty may be born of an impure and hybrid art. . . .

It is evident then that a plausible theory of art may be inconclusive; and also that there is such a thing as a great art that is not "pure". Nor can the fact of purity stand, at any time, as a guarantee of greatness.

No matter. The Cubist aims at purity. Picasso was ready to sacrifice the phenomenal in order to achieve the universal, — an enormous sacrifice! Was that sacrifice justified? Is the phenomenal, after all, as empty of meaning as he held it to be? Or may it be possible that Picasso failed to understand the profound and touching significance residing, potentially, in the phenomenal? If not, why then do poet and painter drive straight at the concrete, instinctively, leaving to philosophy to express itself in the abstract? Is it not the "flower in the crannied wall" that enfolds, for the poet, the mystery of the universe? Is it not the humble primrose and the daffodil that give him thoughts that "lie too deep for tears"? Does he not leave the learned astronomer and wander off to look up in "perfect silence at the stars"? And is it not the sight of a sleeping woman and child that "convinces" him as nothing else can convince?

At all events the masters of the past had no fear of the phe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nomenal. Their works have always been concrete and illustrative. They have been "story-telling" works. Count them over, from the marbles of Greece to Giotto, from Rubens to Van Gogh and his *Good Samaritan*. These examples need no argument. But Claude Monet and Cézanne, — they too (should you grant me a really liberal interpretation of the term), — are story-telling artists; for Monet tells always of the sunlight and the air (not to mention Normandie and London and the Riviera), and nothing is more important to human beings than these. As for Cézanne, the works in which he seems greatest to me have high values of association; and you may perhaps remember how he listened, with tears in his eyes, when he was told that his work mirrored the face itself of his beloved Provence. It might be difficult to show that these things, like Chardin's still life and Van Gogh's kitchen chair, have important associational significance (has *The Chair* really entered the British National Collection?), but if this were undertaken by a philosopher of sufficient acumen it could doubtless be done. Such works demonstrate once more that an inexplicable (perhaps a "universal") meaning may lie enfolded in the phenomenal, in the stark, uncompromising, common, and apparently unpoetic *thing* which for the moment serves as a vehicle of the artist's thought. I do not imagine that we actually *think* of these associated ideas when we look at a painting. Certainly not! But it is the presence within us of such subconscious notions, memories, and impulses, that gives the work of art a share of its significance.

But if the masterpieces of the past are concrete and illustrative, they remain, after all, organisms of plane and volume. There is no other way. They have still, in addition to their significance in the usual meaning of the word, the "significant form" insisted on by Clive Bell. Rembrandt's concern with the human values does not prevent the appearance in his works of that sublime architecture of light and shade which this master possessed more surely than any other. That the Greek marbles speak of gods and heroes does not exclude a matchless architecture of line and plane. The inhabitant of Mars who had never known man would be glad at the sight of them. He would say, "Oh, the beautiful sculpture! What is it?" The organization is built up as if from within. It lies so deep it can be felt as long as a fragment of the stone holds to-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gether. Such a fragment gives pleasure when it is no longer possible to tell what it is.

To say these things is to admit a large measure of truth in the leading principle of Cubism. I would simply add that the highest art seems to me not possible of attainment through organization alone. Nor do I believe that painter and sculptor can reach the level of supreme inspiration unless physical and associational elements be powerfully present.

The picture here reproduced, a new version of the theme of the nude descending the staircase, is a characteristic work of Cubism and a fine example of Picasso. It would have been difficult to choose a better one for our purpose, from either point of view. The picture has no literary program, and only the barest residuum of representative or associational value. The aim of the work is, very evidently, to provide a kind of music for the eye. If not wholly purified of representation, it goes a long way at least toward abstraction. Presumably Picasso did not intend that gesture and movement should have precise meaning, and there is, of course, no facial expression. . . . The organization is interesting, if not completely satisfying. It is a handsome pattern of dark and light, full of subtle harmonies and oppositions, but lacking the simplicity, and the unity, of the great masters of form. Delacroix would, I feel, have counseled a further development and emphasis of the horizontals, in the interest of strength. . . . As form *motivs* we have freely interpreted mathematical planes and solids. The divine shapes of the human body, so infinite in complexity, so simple in effect, have vanished. It is often assumed that Cubism represents a progress toward simplification. I cannot agree to this. To the claim that, in such works as the one under discussion, "the force and clearness of the simple geometrical figures replace the complexities of outline and surface in human beings and in landscape", I can only reply that I am unable to see what is meant by such language. It is not true for me. The line, and the dark and light pattern of this picture impress me as far more complicated than in any parallel work by Piero della Francesca, Ingres, Van Gogh, Gauguin, or Cézanne. In their canvases the principal tones of dark and light may be easily and quickly counted. . . . And if Picasso has here "attained reality" it is in some sense which escapes my apprehension. Altogether the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work is a bold and interesting attempt at the solution of a problem that seems to me insoluble.

It is well to approach our problem with detachment. the struggles of an artist's life are touching, sometimes illuminating; but we must strive to solve the larger questions as if those things were not. That Picasso was precocious, that he was graduated at twelve from an academy of the severe old type in his native Spain, is interesting; but it must not be allowed to weigh with us. (The fact is really suspect, when one recalls the roll of the masters who were slow in their schools, and rejected by officialdom: Géricault, whose master advised him not to go on, and Delacroix who ranked, — sixtieth was it? — in a *concours de l'Ecole*. But this should not be held over Picasso). . . . Above all let us keep out of the old fly-trap of the "undistributed middle", — the masters were scorned; this man is scorned; therefore this man is a master.

On the whole, then, I incline to the belief that poetry offers a more fruitful analogy with sculpture and painting than does music. The language of painting of course differs radically from that of literature. The differences are profound. One takes place in time, the other in space. The analogy must not be pressed too hard. Great things may be said through the organism of form and color which cannot be told in words. And it is these things, above all, that the genuine artist in painting will be constrained to express. Whether the organism is more important than the idea, or less so, is beyond any man to say. They are as inseparable as the body and the soul.

I question, moreover, whether, after all his sacrifices, Picasso has achieved his aim. I ask whether he really succeeded in escaping from the Wheel of Things? Mathematical solids are things after all. He did not escape from them. How pure, in comparison, is the effect of music! For if music rests on mathematical ratios of vibration, it does not obtrude its origin. . . . I ask again, whether, in sacrificing the phenomenal, he may not have succeeded in achieving merely *the abstract instead of the universal?* It is by no means the same thing.

To answer such questions is quite outside the competence of the present writer; but of one thing he is convinced: — that in giving up the physical world with its associations the Cubist has weak-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ened his hold on the mind. Unless I am much mistaken, these associations will be found to constitute an integral part of the significance of form. . . . I feel too (though this is less important) that if Cubist theory is sound, it should have been possible by this time to purify painting not partially but completely, as absolute music is purified. So long as fragments and hints of human beings continue to disturb the work, there is a flaw somewhere.

There is another consideration which throws possible light on the discussion. Abstract music has been with us for a very long time. Since the day when some blessed faun shaped from his chosen reed the earliest pipe, and piped upon it ditties of one tone, there has been abstract music. The preferred music of childhood to-day is abstract, as it was in the childhood of the race. Children play with elementary musical rhythms for their own sake. They like to toot the horn or beat the drum better than they like to sing, and they like the brass band better than the chorus. On the other hand, the art of children to-day is *not* a play with elementary form rhythms and color rhythms, as such. Their drawings are representations from the start, and invariably tell a story which is important to them. Is it that the impact of form on the nervous system is less immediate and so less satisfactory than that of sound? Is it that form and color carry with them a more inevitable suggestion of the phenomenal world? Is it that our experience with form in nature is chiefly with organized form, while our experience with sound in nature is with unorganized sounds? At all events, the tendency to abstraction in music must have come about quite without conscious reflection, in the far distant past.

Consider the difference with abstract painting. Suddenly, in a highly sophisticated period, and in the twentieth century, a keen and intelligent youth arrives, almost overnight, at the conviction that painting, if it has not actually misunderstood its mission during the centuries, has at least failed to recognize its most precious value. Whereupon he proposes to cleanse it, straightway, of the accumulated superfluities of ages.

Having conceived the idea, Picasso proceeds to work it out over a series of years of eager enthusiasm and brilliant experiment. He changes his style several times, accepting every risk of failure. He becomes the founder of Cubism. He may be right or he may be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mistaken. If right, he will have done a very wonderful thing indeed. If wrong, he has been led astray, through no unworthy motive, but through excess of intellectual curiosity, of inventiveness, of theory. (There is raelly too much talk in the cafés of Paris.) . . . It was a brave proposal and a manly attack. After voicing our applause, however, we still find it necessary to appraise the results, and to question, in a calmer hour, whether a fruitful artistic program ever had its origin so exclusively in the conscious will.

We close the discussion to adjourn *sine die*. Argument will not settle the question of Cubism. Meanwhile, the movement would seem to have exhausted itself. We are told that it is definitely leaving Paris, and has touched its apogee in Germany and New York. This exhaustion had been prophesied by the learned Meier-Graefe, who regarded Cubism as a sign of decadence, and by Élie Faure who saw it as an *impasse*. But the most cogent testimony is the example of Picasso himself. For if he has abandoned it, it can only be because he is aware of its insufficiency: he has perceived the *impasse*. The idea beneath his experiment was so magnificent that, if sound, it would have changed the face of the world. There could have been no exhaustion! How should such a project be abandoned by its creator unless he finds it wanting? As inconceivable, — is it not? — as that Bach himself should have turned back after glimpsing the possibilities of absolute music.

But if Cubism is not eternal it has served as a discipline, and has bequeathed useful experience. It helped to free painting from an ideal of imitation which had been sterile since the days of Ter Borch, and from an academicism which was choking its life out. Cubism had a share, together with Van Gogh and Cézanne and the rediscovered primitives, in delivering the younger generation from the superstition that naturalistic effects of light and color are, in themselves, of aesthetic value. . . . And if Cubism went too far in the opposite direction it has done little harm. If hundreds of would-be Cubists have made worthless things, well, — as academicians they would have made others just as worthless. . . . And Cubism performed the salutary service of focusing thought, over a period of years, on the fundamental structure of the work of art.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

VI — Ancient Egypt — Part One

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Translated from the French by Alfred Sutro

THE obsession of death and the adoration of the corpse seem to us moderns a strange and sinister fabric upon which to weave a mighty civilization, yet as M. Maeterlinck points out, — in the second part of his essay, — in the two civilizations which have had the longest "innings", — those of Ancient Egypt and China, — the thought of death has been uppermost, and consequently life has taken a firmer grip. The Egyptians, he says, have set a powerful and ineffaceable seal upon our planet.

THE Egypt of to-day would not, but for the mildness of its climate, long detain either tourist or artist, who so quickly exhaust all that is to be seen in towns, the river, and country, were it not that, behind all these, there hovers the prodigious, insoluble enigma of a civilization that goes back more than seven thousand years, and has left on this earth of ours innumerable traces that are as clear, as fresh, as deeply graven, as though they dated from yesterday. There is nothing in the whole world that can compare with the temple of Luxor, the tombs of the Valley of the Kings and of Sakhara; with the pyramids, with the underground vaults of Apis. There is nothing, not even the famous temple of Angkor or the palaces in China, that is so strange, so unexpected, so bewildering, so curiously, disconcertingly human, — and human in a fashion that does not seem to belong to this planet. Nowhere in the world can we find an art that is so fantastic and yet so nicely balanced, so barbarous and yet so exquisitely cultured; an art that wanders with the same graceful ease from the colossal to the puerile, from the sublime to the grotesque; that produces, now a flimsy sketch, and then a perfect drawing finished down to the minutest detail; an art leaping from the most appalling monstrosity to a truth and sincerity that are as delicately real and true, as moving, as any greatest masterpiece painted by man. No race, no people, not even the people of Greece or China, has set so lasting, so powerful, so ineffaceable a seal upon this earth, or flashed on the world a vision so compact and massive, so absolute, so stupendous, so logical in its apparent illogicality, so immeasurable within its self-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

imposed limits, so perfectly rhythmic in its own special rhythm. If Egypt had never been; or if, like Atlantis, all her monuments had disappeared in a planetary catastrophe, the history of this world would be the poorer for one of the most striking manifestations of the human mind; as it is also probable that Grecian art and architecture, and those that derive from them, would have been vastly different.

Was there beauty in all this? We cannot tell. Too many thousands of years, too many thousands of ideas, divide us from these grandiose monuments. We marvel at the waste of force and energy; they seem without any cause or reason to be sprawling their vastness in the void. Our first impression is that these colossal structures are malignant, hostile; we gaze at them resignedly, not attempting to understand. Then, little by little, as the blood leaves our brain and our eyes see more clearly, the crushing weight on us grows less, and we begin to discover something human in this overwhelming mass. We distinguish; we separate; and before long we note the rudiments of what were later to develop into the laws of the architecture we hold to be the most beautiful of all. There can be no doubt that the Greek temple, — the Parthenon, Segesta, Girgenti, — exists, in its entirety, in Karnak. No great effort of imagination is needed to produce it, complete, from its Egyptian matrix. It actually exists, — and in a less rudimentary state, in the Temple of the Queen Hotshopsitou, of the XVIIIth dynasty, at Deir-el-Bahri in the Valley of the Kings. There you find the unfinished porch with its entablature, its columns, and its capitals; if we came across it at Mycenae we should not be surprised, and the Atrides would have felt at home there, and have offered their sacrifices to Zeus. And yet it is one of the most ancient temples in Egypt, and dates back to 1500 B.C. The Greeks would have added a pediment and lengthened the columns a little; the building might then have been set up at Girgenti or Paestum without offense to the most delicate eye.

As for the gigantic statues of their gods and kings, while some of these seem mere hopeless monstrosities, and others are purely conventional and erected as it were by the dozen without any kind of conviction, there still are some that possess an authority, dignity, majesty, a supreme serenity, that the art of sculpture has hardly ever again achieved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But it is the tiny masterpieces of their realistic sculpture that attract us most to-day. In the museum at Cairo there are statues in wood, diorite, schist, granite, limestone, sandstone, alabaster, and copper that belong to the ancient empire and date back to about three thousand years before Christ. They represent scribes, bakers, kings and queens, women grinding corn, cooks, brewers, hunters, naked children. One has only to look at them to realize that the art of reproducing the human body, human life and movement, the play of muscles, the face with a soul behind it, has rarely exceeded the level of what we find here; and that certain of these figures reveal a piety and tenderness, a power to breathe thought and feeling into matter and mould them into shape, that we shall rarely find equaled in the greatest artistic epoch of any country and of any time.

Side by side with these exquisite little masterpieces, mixed up among them, are quantities of objects that are disconcerting in the extreme, that are hideous, stupid, childish, and bewildering. Let us suppose that you go to the first floor of the museum, to the long gallery reserved for the treasures recently disinterred from the tomb of Tutankhamen. Apparently this is the first time that the actual articles the dead man used during his lifetime have been found in an Egyptian tomb; the couch on which he lay, the throne he sat on, the garments, the jewels, the ornaments he wore, the things he had handled. As a rule only "doubles" were put in the tombs, in other words more or less faithful reproductions or facsimiles of these objects. But here, Tutankhamen being very young when he died, and his death having probably occurred suddenly, there will have been no time to make the "doubles".

Further, Tutankhamen was the special favorite of the priests of Amon, whose worship he had restored; Amenophis IV, his father, in his revolt against sacerdotal arrogance, having substituted the cult of Aton. The priests were unwilling that the double of their well-beloved king should have to wait, while facsimiles were being made, for all the household affairs that would be needed in his new life; they consequently huddled together, without any delay, whatever had been in his palace at the moment of his death, and, with amazing prodigality, piled it all up in the different chambers of his tomb.

The actual exhibits in the show-cases of the museum give us a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fair idea of the daily life, the surroundings, of a Pharaoh of the XVIIIth dynasty, that preceded the Christian era by fifteen to thirteen centuries. It was, following after the Pyramids, one of the great periods of Egyptian power and Egyptian art. Among other marvels, we find the torso of a young girl, which ranks with the most adorable pieces of Greek sculpture; we find wonderful bas-reliefs, and the bust of Amenophis IV, Tutankhamen's father, an exquisite example of an art that had reached its zenith.

And then, side by side with these, there is the furniture of poor Tutankhamen, which is the most extraordinary medley of crazy bric-à-brac that ever figured in an auctioneer's nightmare; gold-encrusted couches with ivory and mother-of-pearl inlay posed on jackals or oxen that are flattened out like earthworms and totter on misshapen spidery legs; chests that look like milliners' band-boxes, chariots of war that might serve as creaky perambulators, thrones on which no one would ever dare to sit, and, above and beyond all, alabaster vases that are so monstrously and absurdly overcrowded with ornament as to baffle all description, covered with sickly eruptions and knobs and bumps that shine and shine again, — the whole affair such a muddle and of such lunatic bad taste that the most ridiculous pieces of crockery offered as prizes at the humblest country fair would seem, by comparison, models of simplicity and classical restraint.

What does it tell us, this life of old Egypt, the most ancient that it is possible to reconstruct with any approach to certainty, — what does it tell us, as we gaze at it here, in the very spot where it had its being five or six thousand years ago, under the same unchanging indigo sky with the sun shining on a land of abundance, generous and fertile beyond compare, and on the banks of a river that would seem, unlike any other river in the world, to be truly the friend of man? Externally, materially, in all that concerns the climate, the produce of the soil, the scenery, things to-day are more or less the same. The ploughs, the ships, the animals, the methods of irrigation, the people at work in the fields, look for all the world like the figures that cover the walls of the tombs of the ancient empire. The only difference is that Egypt is comparatively treeless to-day, whereas then it will probably have been more wooded. As for the life on the river, which is the most important of all, for the Nile is the soul of Egypt, the same

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dahabiyeh with long swallows' wing sails still crawl along the dull yellow waters, that in the winter months nothing disturbs save only Cook and Son's steamers.

At the first glance, therefore, one would think that all was the same, that the thousands of years had not interrupted the reign of the countless Pharaohs who succeeded one another on this earth. But the atmosphere is different. The shell has remained intact, but there is nothing inside. Compared with what it used to be, the country exists only on the surface. Its real life is gone, the life that was three parts of itself, the life that we find so difficult to understand, for it was the life of death. And indeed ancient Egypt was, above all else, a tomb. The idea of death absorbed, overwhelmed her; nor was it an idea that, as with the Christians, offered hopes of eternal felicity to the true believer, but a death behind which lurked grim shapes, grim ordeals, a death that held out poor comfort, and was at its best a pale replica of life, prolonged as far as could be underneath the ground and then finally absorbed in nothingness.

The only matters of serious interest were mummies, sarcophagi, and the passing away of one's friends. Funerary industries crowded the towns and the banks of the river. Everyone, down to the poorest *fellah*, had himself embalmed. The country was overrun with corpses. The essential thing was not to be happy in this world, but to have the assured possession of an inviolable tomb that should be very comfortably furnished. The cities of the living were as nothing compared with those of the dead. Even the palaces of the kings have disappeared; and as for the houses both of rich and poor, these were either constructions of lath and plaster or shanties hastily run up with wood and reeds in which the people camped while they waited for the symbolic barque that was to waft them to the other shore. But, across the river, in the "Land of the Meeting of Men", arose "The Good Dwelling", the eternal city, stately and steadfast, built of granite into which thirty or forty centuries have bitten in vain. Whatever served life has returned to the ooze of the river, to the sand of the desert; all things connected with death have remained, and abide; for the whole soil of Egypt is riddled, like a sponge, with innumerable tombs, while the surface is covered with pyramids and temples that are in fact no more than the tombs of gods and kings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Did this shadow of death weigh on the people as much as it would on us? That is scarcely probable. The peasant or *fellah* in the days of the Pharaoh, as in our own time, had no leisure to meditate on life beyond the grave; he toiled from the rise of the sun to its setting for a wage that barely sufficed to keep off starvation. And yet, in the folk-lore of the XIIIth dynasty, there is a story, *The Fellah's Complaint*, translated by Maspero, which shows him no poorer or unhappier than he is to-day. He leaves his village to seek his fortune, with a convoy of asses laden with salt and reeds, wolf-skins and jackal-hides, seeds of all kinds, grapes, pigeons, partridges, quail, — in fact, quite a respectable cargo of produce from the Plain of Salt, and one that certainly conveys no suggestion of penury. On the road he is robbed, through some shabby trick contrived by the slave of a Palace Intendant. Nine times in succession does he return, bubbling over with bold and incoherent and incessant talk, to demand justice of the Intendant who, poor man, means well, but cannot discriminate between the conflicting statements of defendant and plaintiff. But at the end, through the personal intervention of the Pharaoh, the peasant obtains restitution of all that had been taken from him.

Now, to the enemy from without, the Pharaohs were pitiless. They put in chains, they mutilated, they exterminated, regarding this as their most obvious and undoubted duty; but in regard to their subjects, there never was perhaps in all this world a long line of monarchs so just, so humane, so paternal. With the exception of an occasional bastinado inflicted on a recalcitrant debtor, you will never find, in the hosts of paintings and drawings, an Egyptian being ill-treated, tortured, or put to death. In the midst of a barbarous world, manners were so gentle on the banks of the Nile that when it came to inventing some terrible punishment for the damned nothing more terrible could be found than suspending the criminal face downwards in the shades, casting him among swine, or having him devoured by hippopotami or crocodiles. It was only much later, at the beginning of our era, that the Asiatics taught them to invent a Gate of Hell, that pivoted on the right eye of the wicked rich, to his extreme discomfort.

But the inhabitants of the great cities, — the functionaries, officials, scribes, merchants, — all those, in short, whom we would include to-day in the aristocracy and middle-class, — what sort

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of life was theirs? It cannot have been attractive to be confronted by corpses at every turn; to be surrounded by gods that were nearly all monstrous, nearly all malignant; to have, as the sole object of one's existence, a tomb underneath the ground. It is quite possible of course that, in spite of their lugubrious environment, the Egyptians of the olden days made the best of things, just as we do. In any event, the mural paintings show us that their life was not forever troubled with thoughts of death.

With the exception of a few high dignitaries, a few elect among the priestly caste who realized perhaps that to become a god was to return to the divine nothingness, the whole people, from the richest to the poorest, from the masters to the slaves, from the most cultured to the most ignorant, even the kings were obsessed by the idea of the frail, precarious, hesitating survival of their double; and if they had any desire to be happy on this earth it was, in the main, that they might provide a starting-point, a model, material, for their happiness under the earth, their happiness beyond the tomb.

Whatever height the speculations of the initiated priests may have attained, it is certain that they made no effort to communicate it to the crowd. In the matter of the double, they gave solemn sanction, even in the royal tombs, to the grossest and most childish beliefs. The more distinguished the dead man, the more ridiculous would be the arrangements for his posthumous existence. Some measure of idealism obtained in the ordinary tombs. There it was held sufficient to represent by symbols and images the objects that the shade would need. But in the tombs of the kings the priests buried the exact facsimiles of these objects, sometimes the objects themselves; sometimes legs of mutton and chicken, vegetables and fruit; and sometimes mummified servants.

We cannot yet tell, with any certainty, what were the secret thoughts of the Egyptian priests; we are not even sure that they had any beyond those which are found in the cryptic pages of *The Book of the Dead*. Much has been said in regard to their occult science that the most recent Egyptologists have by no means confirmed. It is of course true that the Great Pyramid of Cheops presents us with extraordinary enigmas, unlike those contained in any other monument in the world. For details I will refer the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reader to the fine book of Abbé Th. Moreux, *La Science Mystérieuse des Pharaohs;* let it suffice here if I mention that the meridian, the North-South line that passes over the apex of the Great Pyramid, is still, after the discovery of Australia and America, the actual meridian of to-day. Further, if we multiply by one million the height of the pyramid we obtain the distance from the earth to the sun. The length of the polar ray is given, as well as that of the sidereal year, and the distance covered by the earth on its orbit in a twenty-four hours day; the number of years of the precession of the equinoxes, a phenomenon only discovered by Hipparchus in 130 B.C., the density of the earth, and many other marvels that it would take too long to tell.

These things can scarcely be coincidences, for all that the method of arriving at the measurements, multiplying now by one million and now by ten, may appear a little arbitrary. But it is not impossible that the Great Pyramid, which dates back to the beginning of the IVth dynasty, about 3000 B.C., and is one of the most ancient monuments in Egypt, may be the tomb of some former civilization. In any event, the later monuments have, at least up to the present, revealed nothing remarkable. Indeed we find that the mechanics and geometry of the ancient Egyptians were of the most elementary order, and that in mathematics they had not even contrived a figure for each of the nine units of the decimal. It has long been regarded as a marvelous achievement that they should have been able to transport their enormous obelisks from the quarries of Assouan to Thebes, two hundred and fifty miles away, and to Memphis and Gizeh, a distance of five hundred miles; huge blocks which they would turn into statues or hoist on to the top of their pylons and pyramids. But their mural paintings, which record all the events of every-day life, show that this colossal transport was effected quite simply by means of boats; and that the hands of men set the great blocks in their places, — man-power, as we say to-day, being practically inexhaustible, there could never have been any difficulty in providing the requisite number. When a stone of some fifty tons weight had to be lifted on to a pylon, there would be erected, by the side of this pylon, as we find to-day at Karnak, a mountain of earth and bricks, forming an inclined plane, along which thousands of slaves towed and dragged the gigantic monolith.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It has also been regarded as curious that the paintings in their tombs, sometimes most delicate miniatures, should appear as fresh, with every detail minutely recorded, as though they had been done by daylight, and without a trace on the wall of smoke from a torch or lamp; and this although the tomb, dug into some mountain-side, must almost always have been plunged in impenetrable darkness. It was imagined, therefore, that the Egyptians must have had some kind of cold light, the secret of which is lost to us, or perhaps even electricity; or that, by some play of mirrors, a ray of the sun was thrown from reflector to reflector on to the wall that had to be painted. But there has been a recent discovery of a quantity of lamps which, it seems, undoubtedly burned alcohol; and it is presumed that the spirit which gave a smokeless light was the alcohol obtained from dates.

It would seem as though there has been some tendency to magnify the mysterious science of the Egyptians. In mechanics, astronomy (excepting always the Great Pyramid), in industrial and mathematical equipment, they were probably behind our ancestors of a thousand years ago. But as they had at their disposal whole armies of slaves, slaves of war and slaves of their own, over whom they exercised an absolute despotism, they were able, like the ants, to carry out vast enterprises that we, with our wonderful machinery, would not venture to undertake.

In all this we can find no trace of occult science. And yet Egypt has always been considered the cradle, the birthplace, the favorite abode of occultism. The whole world of antiquity regarded it as the country of the gods, the home of wisdom and mystery. The great sages of Greece, — Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, and many others, — undertook the long and perilous voyage in the hope that the priests of the Valley of the Nile would, of their knowledge, grant them the replies to supreme enigmas. But apparently, save for some hoary legend like that of Atlantis, there was no revelation, nor did they learn much of value.

So far as we can tell at present, therefore, the mystery of Egypt does not seem to have been very extraordinary. And yet our first feeling, as we set foot on this enchanted land, our first desire, and one that remains with us always, is to fathom the secret of that prodigious, teeming life of old that still haunts these tombs and temples. We cannot credit that so ancient a faith, with the myriad

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inscriptions and images that are five or six thousand years old, should not hide something that is very great, something that we have never divined. The men who fashioned them go back to the very origin of the race. For more than fifty centuries they lived and multiplied and prospered, in an almost unbroken peace, on this one spot of the globe; and this is a thing that has never happened to any people. Beyond all others, therefore, they must have had time to study the problems of life; they must have had an opportunity, a leisure, such as have probably never existed before and will never exist again.

Yet the further we advance the less mystery remains. The truth seems to be that we are inclined to exaggerate their moral and intellectual acquirements, as also their culture; that this civilization was above all an agricultural one, a civilization of great landed proprietors and of rich, pious, and superstitious peasants, — unless it be that we have so far only grasped the superficial meaning of paintings and hieroglyphs; and this is by no means impossible.

As we glance through their books, notably the famous *Book of the Dead*, whose cryptic title leads us to hope for a key to the Beyond, we are conscious of the same disillusion as when we visit their tombs and their temples. Yet to them it was the book of books, the one that surely contained whatever might be known of the future. Fragments of the sacred text cover the walls of all the tombs, the sides of all the sarcophagi, and even the cloths in which the mummies are swathed. The book was the talisman, the guardian, the protector, the supreme hope of every one of the dead. But to us it is a disappointment. There is one chapter, devoted to the Judgment of the Dead, in which probably for the first time in this world, the lofty idea of the drama of human consciousness and the survival of the soul is flung, like a ray of light, into the darkness of those almost pre-historic days; but, apart from this, the book is so full of commonplaces that we ask ourselves, even more anxiously than in the case of the mural hieroglyphics, whether it be possible that we have really grasped the entire meaning.

The Book of the Dead, at least as far as we can understand it, is above all a ritual of magic, a collection of magical formulas. It tells the dead what words must be used to keep the monsters at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bay that wait on the other side; or to cause to fly open the gates that admit to the thrice-happy life in the gardens of Ialou. And, so that he shall not forget them, these sacred words are painted inside his coffin. All that we know of Egyptian religion is thus hedged round with magic. They were convinced that certain formulas, certain attitudes, certain acts, pacified or dominated the gods; bound, loosed, or controlled the unknown forces of this world and the next. In its essence the government was no more than a sacerdotal oligarchy, founded on magic; so we find the Book of Exodus speaking of "the magicians with their enchantments"; the rod transformed into a serpent, the waters of the Nile and of the whole of Egypt, even in the household vessels, turned into blood, the country covered with frogs.

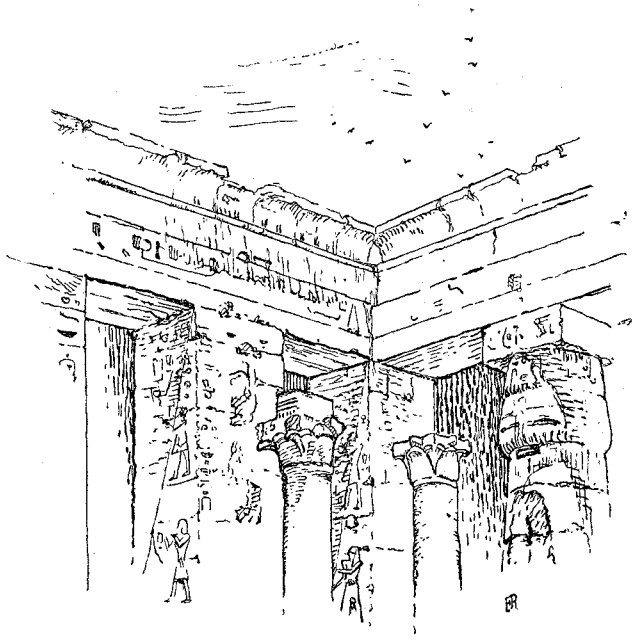
There are not lacking proofs that the Egyptian priests and magicians employed the crudest methods to trade on popular credulity. At Karnak, for instance, in the obscure chapel that contains the statue of Sekhmet, the goddess with the face of a cat (or it may be the statue of Mout or Bastet, so interchangeable are these divinities), the lighting is from the roof only; and it is made to fall so cunningly on the figure that the face seems almost to be alive, to move; even we sceptical Europeans have difficulty in assuring ourselves that it is all illusion. Indeed, in most of their statues, which had movable arms and legs and were made to speak, the trickery was of the most childish kind. Thus, for instance, when it was considered necessary that the god Chous Nefertohep, the third divinity of the Theban triad, should show signs of animation, he was carried to a place in the temple that was provided with a specially prepared silver ceiling. But indeed very little was needed to delude the good people. In the great ceremonies and processions it was enough for a priest to assume the mask of a god for all to be convinced that they beheld the god in person. And in all the temples underground passages have been found, known only to the initiates, who made use of them when it was necessary to remove the offerings that the gods were supposed to have consumed.

Where did the real science end, and deception begin? Who were they that knew of the cheat, and they that did not? We should find this question difficult to answer, in the case of our own religion. How reply to it then, of a cult that has been dead three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thousand years? Did the priests, realizing how impossible it was to raise the masses to their own lofty monotheistic conception, allow popular credulity and superstition to follow their natural course, and sink by degrees to the lowest depths of a muddled fetichism and polytheism that were childishly, senilely inane? A similar phenomenon is to be noted in other religions, especially those of India and Persia; and indeed nearly all of them, in their endeavor to make themselves understood by the common herd, become the more degenerate, degraded, and confused the further they wander from their source.

TO BE CONCLUDED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EARTH SPEAKS TO BRYAN

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

"THE real question is, Did God use evolution as His plan? If it could be shown that man, instead of being made in the image of God, is a development of beasts we would have to accept it, regardless of its effect, for truth is truth and must prevail. But when there is no proof we have a right to consider the effect of the acceptance of an unsupported hypothesis." A statement by William Jennings Bryan, "New York Times", February 26, 1922, which, according to Professor Osborn, constitutes a "solemn pledge".

THREE years ago William Jennings Bryan made a pledge which he has not fulfilled. This pledge was published on the Lord's Day, February 26, 1922, and was read by a million people. It was so sincere in tone and was accompanied by so earnest a statement that I for one took it at its face value and, trusting that the pledge would be kept, published a reply entitled "Evolution and Religion" on the following Sunday, March fifth. I call attention to the character of this pledge: *Truth is Truth and must Prevail.* Many of my scientific friends ask me, "Why answer Bryan?" I reply that to me Bryan is not an individual; he is a type. He presents the Gospel to thousands of Americans all over the land who are convinced by his sermons that there is some antagonism between the Creator and His Creation, between God and Nature. This is not a Truth; it is an ill-starred state of opinion, disastrous to true religion, disastrous to morals, disastrous to education. As recently as January 30, 1925, we read in the daily paper

TENNESSEE LIKES BRYAN

ANTI-EVOLUTIONISTS PASS BILL BARRING THEORIES IN SCHOOLS

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 28. — The lower house of the Tennessee General Assembly, voting 71 to 5, passed a bill prohibiting the teaching of evolution in the common schools.

The actual effect of this bill is the declaration by the Legislature of one of our oldest and finest States that the Truth must not be taught in the schools of the State. Since 500 B.C. such legislation has repeatedly come from ecclesiastical assemblies and from inquisitorial chambers but seldom, if ever, in the history of mankind from a legislative assembly such as that of the State of Tennessee. That such an inquisition should arise in the United States

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is almost incredible; that teachers in the schools of Tennessee should be compelled to deny the truths taught by nature or lose their means of livelihood puts the State back exactly four centuries to the inquisitorial period of Spanish history. Let us commend to these new inquisitors the enlightened words of Canon H. de Dorlodot, D.D., D.Sc., delegate from the Catholic University of Louvain on the occasion of the Darwinian Centenary at Cambridge:

> "It is no exaggeration to say that, in showing us a creation more grandiose than we had ever suspected it, Charles Darwin completed the work of Isaac Newton; because, for all those whose ears are not incapable of hearing, Darwin was the interpreter of the organic world, just as Newton was the voice from heaven come to tell us of the glory of the Creator, and to proclaim that the universe is a work truly worthy of His hand. And of these two illustrious interpreters of nature, who were nurtured by your glorious university, it is permissible to say with the psalmist:
>
> '*There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.*
> *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.*'"
>
> (Canon de Dorlodot: *Darwinism and Catholic Thought*, p. 177)

To my mind there is no antagonism between the Creator and His Creation. Denial of the truth of nature is atheism disguised as religion. It is an extremely ancient form of atheism, of which we have written records as far back as five centuries B.C. These records we find in the two greatest epics of human suffering, — the Book of Job and the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus. The Book of Job, dating back to 450 B.C., is contemporary with *Prometheus Bound* of the years between 467 and 458 B.C. The Book of Job contains the reflections of the earliest Hebrew or Semitic writer on the relations of God to Nature, of Nature to Man. While earlier books of the Bible, from those of Moses, 1300–1200 B.C., to the Psalms, which were collected, edited, and in large part composed between 520 and 150 B.C., are full of the inspiration and glory of nature, Job is the first to enjoin the scientific study of nature. He presses his admonitions by a long and eloquent survey of the wonders of the earth, of the sea, and of the heavens, which baffle human understanding; he finds the universe full of order, of perfect adaptation to environment, and of beauty, full of lessons and teachings to man. Bildad combats Job's idea of the perfection of creation and declares that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Creator is so superior to His handiwork that even "the stars are not pure in His sight" (Job 25:5)! God rebukes both Bildad and Job and declares that nature is the direct expression of His power and wisdom. In this declaration and in the Psalms are the foundations of true theism and true religion.

The spirit of scientific inquiry seems to have pervaded the atmosphere five hundred years B.C.; it was doubtless a subject of discussion among intellectual lights all around the Mediterranean. Also in the atmosphere, in the supposed interest of religion, was the spirit of repression of scientific inquiry. In Greece at the time, inquiry into the truths of nature was regarded as atheistic and therefore punishable by the gods. Undoubtedly William Jennings Bryan had his prototypes 500 B.C., who through oratory and an appeal to an offended Olympus made the way of questioning the earth very difficult. The whole essence of *Prometheus Bound* is the dire punishment of Prometheus for having dared to promote the welfare of man through the scientific exploration of the earth. Prometheus is the personification of inquiry into the laws of nature for the welfare of man. After a glorious recital of the rise of man through discoveries in astronomy, in architecture, in mining, in medicine, Prometheus places foremost the gift to man of reason:

"*The miseries of men*
I will recount you, how, mere babes before,
With reason I endowed them and with mind:
And not in their disparagement I speak,
But of my gifts to memorize the love:
Who, firstly, seeing, knew not what they saw,
And hearing did not hear; confusedly passed
Their life-days, lingeringly, like shapes in dreams,
Without an aim; and neither sunward homes,
Brick-woven, nor skill of carpentry, they knew;
But lived, like small ants shaken with a breath,
In sunless caves a burrowing buried life:
Of winter's coming no sure sign had they,
Nor of the advent of the flowery spring,
Of fruitful summer none: so fared through each,
And took no thought, till that the hidden lore
Of rising stars and setting I unveiled."

(Aeschylus: *Prometheus Bound.* Translation by Robert Whitelaw. 1907)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In my reply to Bryan I quoted a verse from the Book of Job that has always impressed me: *Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee* (Job 12:8). This admonition of the great Shemite and the lofty humanitarianism of Aeschylus direct our attention to the fact that nature has been speaking since the dawn of humanity in no uncertain tones to those minds and hearts which are open to its voice. It may be in the earth, it may be in the wind, it may be in the earthquake, it may be in the fire, or it may be only in the "still small voice"; it may be serious, solemn, awe-inspiring, and difficult to comprehend, like recent marvelous discoveries in physics and astronomy; it may be small and apparently insignificant, while actually profoundly important and significant, like many of the discoveries in anthropology. To those serious and earnest seekers after the Truth, from 500 B.C. to the present time, we have the contrasting attitude of the Great Commoner; if all the evidence for the Truth were piled as high as Ossa upon Pelion, if proof were heaped upon proof, the Truth would not prevail with him, because all the natural avenues of the Truth are tightly closed.

It is noteworthy that shortly after his pledge to accept the Truth appeared in 1922, the Earth spoke to Bryan and spoke from his own native State of Nebraska, in the message of a diminutive tooth, the herald of our knowledge of anthropoid apes in America. It happens that teeth, incased in enamel, as the most enduring animal substance in the whole order of living nature, defy all the vicissitudes of time and of subterranean burial and take first rank among nature's hieroglyphics of the past. I once traveled several thousand miles to see a single tooth, known to science as *Microlestes antiquus*, signifying "the ancient little robber". Despite its "rhaetic" age, surpassing the hoary antiquity of Jurassic time, this tiny tooth, no larger than a pin-head, is shown with its ancient enamel lustre and truthfully tells an unvarnished tale of the life conditions of an epoch in which the "ancient little robber" flourished. Some years afterwards, while dining with the Right Reverend William Manning, then rector of Trinity Church, I sat next the Archbishop of York, the Most Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang. Knowing the Englishman's aversion to commonplaces like the weather and politics, I at once broached the subject of *Microlestes*. I said, "Your Grace, do you know why York is so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

famous?" He smiled and replied that he supposed it was because of the beauty of its cathedral. "No," I answered, "it is because it houses the oldest tooth in the world!" He confessed that he had never seen this tooth but would certainly on his return to York repair to the museum for the purpose. This odontological introduction led us genially to the subject of Theodore Roosevelt and his Romanes Lecture in Oxford, as I have narrated elsewhere.

The world-wide interest aroused by the discovery in Nebraska of *Hesperopithecus*, "the ape of the western world", is in widest possible contrast to the dimunitive and insignificant appearance of the single grinding tooth of the right side of the upper jaw, which speaks of the presence of the higher or manlike apes in our western country at a time when the ancient "Territory of Nebraska" was in close touch with the animal civilization of Asia and of western Europe. This *Hesperopithecus* tooth is like the "still small voice"; it is by no means easy to hear its sound. Like the hieroglyphics of Egypt, it requires its Rosetta Stone to give the key to interpretation. Our Rosetta Stone is comparison with all the similar grinding teeth known, collected from all parts of the world, and described or figured in learned books and illustrations. By these means this little tooth speaks volumes of truth, — truth consistent with all we have known before, with all that we have found elsewhere. The evidence is strongly supported by many other and more complete fossil specimens that speak of a fresh tide of migration from the Old World to the New perhaps a million years ago, including antelopes, rhinoceroses, and peculiar Asiatic types of horses. So it has been with every other great discovery bearing directly or indirectly upon the great question of the origin and evolution of man. The earth has buried its secrets as if it were reluctant to reveal the history of our past.

What shall we do with the Nebraska tooth? Shall we destroy it because it jars our long preconceived notion that the family of manlike apes never reached the western world, or shall we endeavor to interpret it, to discover its real relationship to the apes of Asia and of the more remote Africa? Or shall we continue our excavations, difficult and baffling as they are, in the confident hope, inspired by the admonition of Job, that if we keep on speaking to the earth we shall in time hear a more audible and distinct reply? Certainly we shall not banish this bit of Truth because it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does not fit in with our preconceived notions and because at present it constitutes infinitesimal but irrefutable evidence that the man-apes wandered over from Asia into North America. Moreover, the mystery surrounding its discovery is hardly greater than those which have been surmounted elsewhere, — in Spain, in Britain, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Hungary, in the Island of Java, in the Ordos of Inner Mongolia.

Only a few months ago it was proclaimed by one of the leading American anthropologists, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the United States National Museum, that Europe rather than Asia may have been the cradle of the human race. This proclamation rested on the overwhelming testimony of the presence of fossil man in all parts of western Europe, discoveries dating from the first ancient flint implement found in 1690 and extending over two hundred and thirty-three years to the sepulchres of Aurignacian man found in 1923 near Solutré, France. Just at the moment when Asia seemed to have lost its time-honored reputation as the Garden of Eden of the human race, two devout Roman Catholics, — the one a distinguished missionary of Northern China, Père Emile Licent, the other a distinguished palaeontologist, Abbé Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, — made an epoch-making discovery of palaeolithic man of Aurignacian and Mousterian age in the northern valley of the Yellow River bordering China and southern Mongolia. Flint implements were found in the greatest abundance, fashioned after the superior Aurignacian technique, which indubitably established the presence of a large colony of men in this now arid region of central Asia during the more favorable and humid climate of the closing Ice Age. Skulls and bones of these men have not been found, but their flint industry speaks of an order of intelligence as high as that manifest in the finely formed skulls and foreheads of the Aurignacian men recently disinterred at Solutré, France.

This discovery of the Old Stone Age in north China is consistent with the Neolithic or New Stone Age culture known for some years in China, as revealed by the Swedish explorer, J. M. Andersson, who has now been called to the University of Stockholm. It is also in accord with the prophecies of W. D. Matthew and of the present writer that the high plateau region of central Asia will prove to be the chief cradle of the human race. It is upon plateaus and relatively level uplands that life is most exacting and response

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to stimulus most beneficial. An alert race cannot develop in a forest, — a forested country can never be a centre of ascent for man; nor can the higher type of man develop in a lowland river bottom country with plentiful food and luxuriant vegetation. Mongolia has always been an upland country through the Age of Mammals and before. It was probably a country only in part forested, mainly open, with exhilarating climate and conditions sufficiently difficult to require healthy exertion in obtaining food supply. In the uplands of Mongolia conditions of life were apparently ideal for the development of early man, and since all the evidence points to Asia as the place of origin of man, and as Mongolia and Tibet, the top of the world, are the most favorable geographic regions in Asia for such an event, we shall sooner or later find the remote ancestors of man in this section of the country. This Mongolian idea must be treated only as an opinion, but it is an opinion sufficiently sound to warrant the extended investigation now going forward and which is to be continued for the next five years under the leadership of Roy Chapman Andrews in the hope of finding evidence of primitive man in Asia.

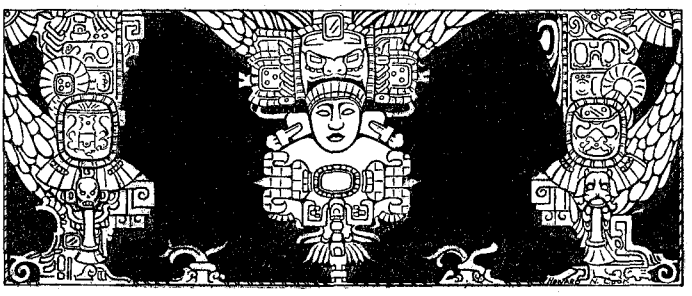
Man is what he is because he has never had an easy time of it; for at least 500,000 years he has been engaged in an incessant struggle for existence, a struggle in which his intelligence and his moral nature have played a very large part, certainly the predominating part in the higher races of man. The spiritual life of man, as will be more fully pointed out in another article, had its dawn extremely far back in geologic time, and belief in life after death was an early development. Religion, in the sense of belief in a supernatural power or powers, followed later and was accompanied by superstition, magic, and the creation of a priesthood as intermediaries between man and the higher powers.

This is no longer a matter of guesswork and hypothesis, as it was at the close of the nineteenth century when Herbert Spencer and John Mason Tyler were theorizing upon the origin of religion. Through the religious practises and ceremonials of the existing peoples, the prehistory of religion comes to us in no uncertain tones from the earth, in stone amulets and charms, in ceremonial burials full of tender human sentiment, in sculptures, paintings, and engravings, in primitive written texts which we some time may be able to decipher. Some of these records go back over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

50,000 years, when the custom of burial began; others are of more recent date, belonging to the second cave period. The truth of these records is truth of the most imperishable order, and it must prevail. It may inconvenience us, it may disturb us, it may completely upset many of our scientific ideas, it may run counter to our religious views; our duty is not to avoid the consequences of the truth but to face them and overcome them. Our moral and spiritual nature is strengthened, not weakened, by the spiritual and moral struggle for existence.

In our present search for the Truth we may remind the Bildads and the Bryans of the world of the rebuke of the Lord: "Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said: Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? (38:1, 2). . . . Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him? He that reproveth God, let him answer it (40:2)"; and of Job's penitence: "Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not (42:2, 3)."



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CONVERT TO PACIFISM

SHERWOOD EDDY

LAST month THE FORUM *published a debate between Rear-Admiral William Ledyard Rodgers and General Tasker Howard Bliss, regarding the proper foreign military and naval policy for the United States to pursue. The Admiral argued for isolation, the General for coöperation, but both stood for a military and naval establishment adequate to our defense, as determined by the method pursued. Underlying this matter of an expedient policy for this country is the larger question of war itself. Is war moral? Is it inevitable? Thousands, perhaps millions of people, have come to regard war as immoral, and preventable. Pacifism has made many converts since the Great War. In the present article, a prominent pacifist states his credo. He refutes both Rodgers and Bliss, and he, in his turn, will be answered next month.*

WHILE facing the moral problem of war during the late conflict I wrote *The Right to Fight*, justifying America's entrance into the war and exposing the menace of Prussian militarism. I also condemned the position of pacifists because of their seeming emphasis placed upon mere physical life, their theoretical idealism, and their inadequate sense of obligation to the community, which they would not forcibly defend yet whose armed protection they continued to enjoy. I agreed with Roosevelt's demand that we early enter the great conflict and opposed the campaign slogan of Woodrow Wilson, "He kept us out of war." Being ashamed of America's failure to enter the war early, while over-age, I joined the British army in 1916 as a non-combatant worker.

I was for a time a guest at the British General Headquarters and saw the fighting on the front, from Ypres to the French fortress at Verdun. On these two battlefields alone I found over a million men had been killed. Even at this time I began to have serious doubts and misgivings concerning the moral grounds of war. For here was a conflict of duties. Could one at the same time serve Caesar and God? Could one be loyal at once to his country and to his Christian conscience? Was the Sermon on the Mount,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the teaching and example of Jesus Christ, applicable to a concrete world situation, or was it mere sentimental idealism?

I could not settle the question by an offhand illustration or analogy, such as the killing of a mad dog, or Christ's driving out the money-changers from the temple, for they were not war. I believed in the use of force and in an adequate police force, — municipal, national, and, with certain safeguards, international, — but this was not war. I conceive war to be a means of attempting to settle international or civil disputes by armed military forces through the organized destruction of life and property in which each side seeks to impose its will upon the other by force. War is a means, not an end. The end may be noble, the motives of the soldiers exalted; but the end does not necessarily justify the means. There may be better ways of accomplishing the end.

An army is distinguishable from a police force on several grounds. The police is a neutral third party bringing the criminal to trial, while the army is judge, jury, and executioner, all combined, under the sway of passion. The police deals with the criminal individually, while a war like the last cannot touch or even try a Kaiser or a Tirpitz, but must leave millions dead, innocent and guilty alike, men, women, and children. The police force is ideally redemptive. It exists to save life and not to destroy, while war is inherently and inevitably destructive. It is organized mass destruction.

I was compelled to ask myself, if war is a means, are its methods right or wrong?

It must employ the method of ruthless military necessity, where might makes right, under an irresponsible national sovereignty. However necessary from a military point of view, are its methods right or wrong? By military necessity, Germany justified the violation of Belgium. On the same ground, the Allies defended their far more effective and destructive hunger blockade, which destroyed more than 100,000 women and children and non-combatants a year. As a military necessity, Germany fails to keep her treaty with Belgium, and on the same ground the Allies fail to keep their "scrap of paper", in the "fourteen points" officially offered by them to Germany as the basis of the armistice and the peace treaty.

War inevitably employs the method of reprisal and counter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reprisal leading often to atrocity and counter-atrocity. One nation invents poison gas. Germany improves upon it and launches it at Ypres. All the world condemns it, but can we keep out of it? We must come back with mustard, chlorine, Lewisite, and something ever more deadly and destructive.

The writer remembers a certain point on the Allied front where the word had gone down the line, "No more prisoners." A wild story had been circulated that one or more Allied soldiers had been crucified by the enemy. Though no one could be found who had seen the men, the story was believed. I met a fine young fellow and asked him, "Are you taking any prisoners now on this front?" I shall never forget his cynical reply, "Yes, we take a *few*. We need a few to give us information. But mighty few." Here is a father of a family, unarmed and trying to surrender, thinking of his wife and children. But the word has gone down the line, "No more prisoners;" and your Sunday School teacher drives his bayonet home and leaves that wife a widow and those children orphans. One young soldier told me how hard he found it, as a Christian, to do that kind of thing, under orders.

In the third place, war victimizes both sides by distorted propaganda. If we tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, we cannot induce men to go out and leave 26,000,000 of their brother-men and fellow-Christians dead and think they are doing God's service. We must always suppress all generous facts about the foe and every unfavorable report about ourselves and our allies. As Frederick the Great said, "If my soldiers would really think, not one of them would remain in the ranks." We were swept into the war by a tide of propaganda about the hands of children cut off in Belgium and about the indiscriminate submarine warfare of the Germans. Now that the war is over, Lloyd George informs us that he has "not been able to trace a single case of a child's hands having been cut off in all Belgium," while former Premier Nitti of Italy says, "There was no truth in the story, and there are no more handless babies in Belgium than there are in Germany or England. . . . In spite of this, the stupid and wicked lie continues to be spread about." Admiral Sims, referring to the German submarine atrocities, states that "most of the accounts of atrocities popularly attributed to them were untrue." If, however, we can make ourselves think that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enemy are "boche", "swine", "Huns", "devils", and "baby killers", — then we can engage in this frightful business.

But now that the war is over let us calmly ask ourselves if the Allied hunger blockade was not killing many times more babies than the enemy ever had a chance to kill at the very hour we were rousing ourselves by this effective propaganda to go out and save the world from these "baby killers". If we cannot get men to go out and leave millions of their brother-men and fellow-Christians dead without the organized mass lying of official propaganda, one is constrained to ask if the inevitable methods of ruthless military necessity, — reprisals and atrocities and distorted propaganda of falsehood, — make war right or wrong in its methods.

But we must ask a further question, — is war right or wrong in its results? Does it protect or destroy wholesale material wealth and prosperity? The last war, with its total cost, — direct and indirect, — of $337,000,000,000, would not yet be paid for if we had begun to pay on instalments of $20,000 an hour from the birth of Christ to the present. We not only destroyed $9,000,000 an hour, or $215,000,000 a day, burning up the equivalent of the endowment of a great university like Columbia every five hours, but, as a result of inventions since the war, Colonel Fuller of the British Air Service shows that in a single air raid London could be turned into a raving bedlam, while Mr. Edison, in reply to the question as to whether the population of London could be killed by gas in twelve hours, said, "The thing could be done within three hours." Granted that these are probably over-estimates, can there be any question that war involves mass organized destruction of material wealth and prosperity, and that it has left an impoverished Europe with a millstone of debt about its neck.

Again, war involves the organized destruction of human life, the most priceless thing upon this planet. According to estimates of Professor Bogart in his *Direct and Indirect Costs of the Great War*, published by the Carnegie Endowment of International Peace, the total losses were as follows: 26,000,000 combatants and non-combatants dead; 20,000,000 wounded; 9,000,000 war orphans; 5,000,000 war widows; 10,000,000 refugees. According to the Swedish Society for the Study of the Social Consequences of the War, the total losses must be put down at 40,000,000 lives, if we add those who perished after the war in the revolutions, fam-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ine, and pestilence that followed. We once read with horror of a single human sacrifice offered to the gods Dagon and Moloch, to Baal or Ashtaroth; but what shall we say of this holocaust offered to our modern pagan god of war?

What does it mean when we read about "ten million refugees"? I was in one place in Russia which was taken and retaken fifteen times, with all the violence and crime that this implies. I can never forget seeing at a hospital in the Near East a line of little girls, eight, nine, and ten years old, who had been violated and left with venereal disease. Well might our American general say, "War is hell."

If war in its actuality and by its definition is the organized destruction of life and property, is it right or wrong? Is it effective or suicidal?

But war is not only destructive of life and property; it is yet more destructive of moral standards. The first casualty of war is truth; then follow liberty, love, and justice. As Premier Nitti well says, "The losses in human life and property, great as they are, are small evils compared with the undermining of morals and the lowering of standards of culture and civilization." We might not begrudge the awful sacrifices of the war had they been adequate means to a worthy end, — if they had made the world safe, protected womanhood, or ended war, — but it was a ghastly result when men who had fought through for four years of the war returned by the millions to their homes, disillusioned and cynical, believing no longer in the great ideals for which they had been urged to fight. No one can deny the crime wave of violence and lawlessness that has followed the last war, as it inevitably follows all other great wars. War demands a moratorium of customary moral standards. Truth must be exchanged for a propaganda of exaggeration or falsehood. A chauvinistic patriotism demands that love be exorcised by hate. Liberty must be superseded by an autocratic military control of moral conduct, including the compulsory killing of men, the bombing of defenseless cities, destruction by poison gas, and sometimes the killing of defenseless prisoners. Justice gives place to injustice in dealing with an enemy, and righteousness all too frequently to immorality. With what result? We are left not only with forty millions dead and many millions wounded, but with a world that is morally crippled and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disabled. We may wash our hands like Pilate, we may protest our innocence, but we cannot thus lightly cleanse the stains of this bloody business, the world's "damned spot" of war.

We are constrained to ask, then, is war right or wrong in its results, in the destruction of property, of life, and of moral standards? Eighteen centuries of moral blindness can no more justify war than slavery. We are told that human nature does not change, that war always has been and always will be. We were told the same about slavery, which, though condoned and justified and blessed, had eaten like a moral cancer into the national life, degrading the black race and demoralizing the white. It is the same with war. Those who were at the front know only too well its terrible moral degradation. I visited a series of venereal camps in France. In one of these in an army not our own, the commanding officer informed me that over 80,000 men up to that date had been down with venereal disease in that one hospital. Our own method of prophylaxis in the American army was an effective physical protection, but we could discover no moral prophylaxis, no amelioration or refinement of war. It is just plain hell, devastatingly destructive of moral standards.

In the light of the facts, is it not true that modern war is both futile and suicidal? Nothing in our judgment could work worse than war, for it carries with it all other evils in its train, — hatred, vengeance, murder, atrocity, falsehood, deceit, sexual passion; the defense of evil, the searing of conscience, the loss of moral standards; disease, famine, poverty, despair; violence, revolution, lawlessness, crime, and death. What evil is wanting that war does not multiply and intensify? What good does it accomplish that could not be better won by peace?

Of all our war aims and proclamations, what in reality has the last war settled? Has it ended war, or sown the dragon's teeth of a score of further conflicts? Well might Napoleon say, "I doubt if war ever really settled anything. It unsettles everything. . . . The more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable." Did war "protect womanhood"? Did it "make the world safe for democracy"? General F. B. Maurice, the great British military expert, well says, "I went into the British army believing that if you want peace you must prepare for war. I believe now that if you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prepare for war you will get war." To his testimony we may well add that of our own General Pershing: "It would appear that the lessons of the last six years should be enough to convince everybody of the danger of nations striding up and down the earth armed to the teeth. . . . We may well ask ourselves whether civilization does not really reach a point where it begins to destroy itself and whether we are thus doomed to go headlong down through destructive war and darkness to barbarism." To this may be added the warning of General Tasker H. Bliss: "The responsibility is entirely on the professing Christians of the United States. If another war like the last one should come, they will be responsible for every drop of blood that will be shed."

Finally, war may be justified on the frankly materialistic and pagan grounds that life is a brutal struggle of the survival of the fittest to fight, which is based on psuedo neo-Darwinism and on the single half-truth of the struggle for life. We must not omit, however, the complementary truth of the struggle for the life of others and the mutual aid principle, with self-sacrifice culminating in the higher life of love, humanity, and brotherhood. Of those who make profession of Christianity it may be asked whether war is Christian or unchristian. Is it the utmost negation of Jesus's way of life? The Federal Council of Churches says war is "the world's chief collective sin. We are convinced that the whole war system of the nations is unnecessary and unchristian."

The world was long viewed as little more than a savage battlefield. The brute and the savage within man are clamant for the struggle for life and for warfare between individuals, classes, races, nations; for strife in the sphere of industry, race, and religion. Life seems to the brute a fight based on the primal urge of his animal nature. Jesus dares to oppose this primal instinct and the whole social order based upon the acquisitive and predatory tendencies in man. He sees life not as a savage battlefield but as a human family. He views it not as a class struggle, a racial strife, an imperial conquest, an armed preparation for devastating war. He sees a divine purpose, "a labor working to an end," a heavenly Father's love, and a Kingdom of indomitable good-will. Into this world of strife He launches His daring innovation of a life of love.

In conclusion, is it too much to maintain that war is unchristian? It is the antithesis of everything for which Jesus stood. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

essence of Jesus's message was love; the dominant motive of war is hate. Jesus teaches the infinite worth of personality. Nothing cheapens or destroys personality so much as war, making men targets, "gun-fodder", enemies, anything but what they are in His view, sons of God.

Jesus taught the Fatherhood of a God of love; war enthrones a tribal God of exclusive nationalism. Jesus taught brotherhood; war is the uttermost denial of brotherhood in its mass murder and destruction. The heart of Jesus's philosophy of life is self-sacrifice, — "He that saveth his life shall lose it;" the inevitable nature of war is the destruction and sacrifice of others. Jesus taught the overcoming of evil with good, without the retaliation of vengeance or hatred or vindictive reprisal. In a word, Christ teaches the way of the cross; war is the way of the sword. He comes that men may have life; war is organized for death.

On moral grounds, we have tried to state the case against war. Speaking for myself, personally and unofficially, and not representing the views of any organization or denomination, I have come slowly and unwillingly to the conclusion that modern war is always wrong. I believe it is wrong in its *methods*, as giving free rein to an irresponsible national sovereignty under a military necessity that knows no law, where might makes right and the moral law is abrogated; in employing untruth and deceptive half-truth as the essential methods of a distorted propaganda; and in the creation of hatred, leading inevitably to retaliation, reprisals, and atrocities. It seems to me wrong in its *results* as intrinsically and inevitably destructive,—of material wealth, of human life, and of moral standards. It is, moreover, futile and suicidal.

Upon these grounds I finally renounce war. I will take no further part in it. I will strive with a large and rapidly increasing number of Christians to lead the Church to excommunicate it, that the state may finally outlaw it and make it as illegal as slavery, the duel, highway robbery, or private murder. I will strive with all men of good-will for the removal of the causes of war, the creation of an international mind and a growing sense of world brotherhood, and for the strengthening of such international agencies of justice as the World Court and the League of Nations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MATERNAL

ETHEL COOK ELIOT

PERHAPS Evelyn was dying. Her husband had not dared to ask the doctor. Dumb, and with set face, he sat as close to her as they would let him, waiting.

Downstairs in a disorderly kitchen the two older children were having their supper. The general housework girl had prepared it and was minding them as they ate. She had been in the family only a few weeks and could not be expected to feel the tragedy that was taking place upstairs except in so far as it really affected herself. And she did not pretend to like children. She had warned Mrs. Marshall of that the day she came to inquire about the place. Mrs. Marshall assured her that she herself took all the care of the children. Belle would have nothing to do for them. And here she was giving them their supper!

But Mrs. Marshall was dying. The doctor's face when he asked Belle for hot water fifteen minutes ago had told her that. Well, since Mrs. Marshall was dying, she couldn't give the children their supper. But it was unfair all the same. And directly after the funeral, or maybe before, — she'd been here only a few weeks anyway, — Belle would leave. Saturday, when she got her pay. She hoped Mr. Marshall wouldn't forget that Saturday was pay day, having a funeral on his hands and all.

The little girl was only three years old and an amiable, sunny person. She ate her bread and butter interestedly, enjoying it. But the boy, who was six and made uneasy by the shadow that lay over his mother's room upstairs, was giving trouble.

"My mother never makes us eat in the kitchen," he wailed. "She puts our supper nicely in the dining room, everything neat. She never shoves things at us either. She sets 'em down carefully. And she cuts the bread in little thin squares. It doesn't taste like bread then."

"Listen," said Belle, her jaw squared. "I'm not your mother."

The little boy looked at her through his tears and listened. He cried silently after that. His tears salted the oatmeal which he refused to eat.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

A knock on the back door. A neighbor had come to whisper inquiries and offer help. "How is the baby?"

"Oh, the baby's doing fine. Takes her bottle, never noticin' the difference. But Mrs. Marshall, she's not so well."

And upstairs Evelyn was dying. It did not seem possible that she could die there in that familiar room among the familiar, homely things. How could death come into such ordered commonplaceness? The sewing basket with the stockings waiting to be darned. The pictures of the children on the walls, and the picture of her husband, taken before their marriage seven years ago, on her dressing table. The chintz curtains and covers for the window seats she had made herself. Death was out of place in this mildness.

The husband sat on one side of the bed looking at her face. The doctor sat on the other, — he had been sitting so for a long time, — holding her wrist. His eyes, keen and clever and interested, were on her face.

She looked like a young girl in spite of her seven years of marriage, child-bearing, and child-tending. Her complexion, in its pallor, showed clear as a lily petal. The deep violet shadows under her eyes accentuated the beauty of her skin, and her child-likeness. Her eyes were closed. They were closed against the pain. They were not closed against death; for what was death to Evelyn?

So far she had kept her reason, in spite of pain, and knew that death was nothing to her. But the pain of this breathing, that was unbearable. Evelyn was a coward in the face of pain. Pain terrified her, and she knew no way to meet it. It was, indeed, the terror of pain that had brought her this evening into the way of death. If she hadn't cried for ether, — but how she had cried for it! The doctor held back as long as he dared. But when he saw her going insane in her terror he had to take his chance, in spite of her cold. He let her have her ether. And though it had killed the mother it had surely saved the life of the baby. She was born crying lustily, a girl, weighing eight pounds.

But, after all, Evelyn had not escaped her pain. It was tearing now at her lungs. The pain of breathing.

She opened her violet eyes, struggling, but her hand was too weak to grasp her husband's for help. There was her room all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about her; the two days' old baby was crying. And, clairaudient as the dying often are, she heard plainly the conversation down at the back door.

"Mrs. Marshall, — she's not so well."

If her pain had let her she would have smiled then. No, indeed, — Mrs. Marshall, every one of her faint breaths tearing through burning tissue, was not so well!

She had not wanted the third baby, not a bit. Why then must she die for it? In the waiting months she had had many sick fancies about herself and her relation to life. She imagined herself too young a soul to have children at all; too new and young a soul, hers, for such awful responsibilities! That was the reason she could not feel maternal, could not find a glimmering in herself of the maternal instinct. From the very first she had resented the burden her children were, just as children resent being kept in from play.

She told herself she was not suited to life as it really is. She was suited only to the life she had dreamed in her adolescence, and through her college days.

But perhaps, in spite of being a young soul, perhaps in spite of her terrifying inability to meet pain, she might have been maternal even so if outward conditions had only been different. It might be that no modern mother in her circumstances *could* be properly maternal. There is no time for deep feeling, and no surplus energy for it when you are taking all the care of your little children, with not even a maiden aunt or dependent grandmother on whose shoulders to shift responsibility while you find yourself again for an hour. Was happiness in your children just a tradition handed down from easier days? Were young mothers in these days, these bound slaves of young mothers of her generation, just keeping up a tradition of happiness in their maternity, fooling one another maybe? If all her college friends who now were living in homely little houses in homely little streets and taking all the care of their own children would speak up honestly, Evelyn thought it might be they would say with her, "Yes, it is horribly empty." But she was never entirely sure of this. Perhaps she was different from all the rest of women-kind. Perhaps those sick fancies about her newness and slightness of soul were not sick fancies at all, but true. In any case, she would never risk

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the scorn of those other young mothers by discussing her lack of maternal instinct with them. She would never make one sign. She could pretend as well as they, — if they were pretending.

But she would not pretend to herself in the face of death! She would not pretend about other things either. Men were horrible, not beautiful, gross. Not horrible in big ways. In big ways they were kinder and more beautiful than women. Horrible to be too near, that was all. They ate horridly, their eyes fixed in horrid concentration on their food. But their bodies were more horrid than their habits. She had pretended with other cultivated people of her generation that the human body was beautiful, that there was nothing shameful in the body. Shameful thoughts about it were all that could make the body shameful. But deep down she had never accepted this. She had always loathed human bodies, hers as much as his. In the face of death she could let this pretense of the innocence and beauty of nakedness shrivel away. Sex, too, was a disgusting thing, no matter what the idealists and artists said about it. And it had brought her to this.

But why, oh why, couldn't she have lived a little of her dream of life before this brutish thing killed her? Or if that might not be given her, why couldn't she have come awake even in this ugliness before it ended. Life, as it was hers, caged here in this homely double house in this drab street, associating almost entirely with infant minds, bound up in the physical care of two other bodies besides her own, among the smells of cooking and the smells of the nursery . . . in the face of death she knew that it had been a dull, bad dream. Her college days were her waking days. Since, there had been only dull dreams, the dreams themselves half smothered in the mawkish pretense that they were beautiful and holy.

Her husband's face was turned away for an instant. He did not see her suddenly opened, agonized eyes. She shut them again to struggle for another breath.

But this breath was the most difficult of all. She could not draw it. She was suffocating. She was strangling, drowning.

The drowning have visions; their whole life is stretched before them in a panorama, she had heard. Well, she was given only one vision, as she, strangling, went under. It was a vision of a little girl with a curly mop of hair and in a blue gingham dress.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was herself. But how strange to be looking at yourself from the outside, seeing yourself in three dimensions like that! And yourself not eight years old! This little girl was crying wildly while her mother, all in cool white with a blue sash about her waist, held her hand to extract a sliver from it, — such an infinitesimal sliver that she had to bend close to see. But the little Evelyn was terrified of the needle. She yanked her arm free and fled to hide. No, no, no. She could never bear the point of that sharp needle pricking through her skin, drawing drops of blood. Better the ache of the sliver a million times over than the thrust that would remove it.

This was not a memory. It was a vision. The checks in the gingham dress were before her eyes in all their detail, and the tear-stained, frightened face. It was all acted in bright light, as though glimpsed through a door as she sank, strangling, past, floundering in the sea of her present pain.

Evelyn gave up quickly. Struggling would only prolong the agony of what was happening to her. She stopped struggling, willing it, the greatest effort of will in her life, and perhaps the only effort. She deliberately relaxed in her pain, stretched out in the ocean of her pain, giving herself to it utterly to sweep her where it would. When she was wholly its own, it swept her nowhere. It was through with her. It let her go.

Swiftly, steeply, she sank and sank and sank, leaving it above her, a great body of pain, reaching to all the horizons of her deserted world.

A firm but infinitely gentle hand reached for hers, bore her up. A voice like bells said, "Come, it is over."

She rose, and walked, the hand holding her firmly, through a dark passage. Up two steps to a door. Her companion thrust open the door. Light! Flooding light! And birds singing, though it was November!

They had come into a spacious room. A flagged, beautifully polished floor. Heavenly blue rugs. Tall crystal vases filled with flowers. Low bronze vases spreading plumes of apple-blossom spray. A grand piano. Tapestries on the walls, embroideries so full of light and color that the walls behind them seemed to melt into air that stretched away to orchards, woods, and open fields. A French doorway opening down into a garden. The sound of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

fountain splashing beyond the door, and though she could not see the fountain she knew that great white lilies were lying on the surface of the pool it made.

A young woman was sitting on the step down from the French door. She was dressed in light flowered muslin and wore little silver slippers. Her dark curls were bound with a blue bandeau, a heavenly blue. She was embroidering on a child's dress. She felt, or heard, the new-comers in the room at her back and turned her head. Her expression serenely questioned. But when she saw it was Evelyn standing still a little in the shadow, the guide holding her hand, she sprang up and took a step toward her.

"Evelyn! You here!" she almost whispered, seeming hardly to believe.

But Evelyn had turned icy cold. "Fay! You!" was her response "But you are dead!"

Fay, for the fraction of a second was nonplussed by that cold cry. She gazed, startled, into her sister's eyes. But then thought took its abode in her again, and she was her very self. She tossed back her head, laughing. It was her very laugh. No one in all the world ever laughed with Fay's airy abandon. Evelyn lost her icy wonder. They rushed into each other's arms.

When Evelyn could speak at last she asked, "Who is he?" of the one who had brought her through the dark passage. He had moved to the door and was standing there looking out, disregarding them.

"He is your Guide, I suppose. I do not know him. But, Evelyn, tell me, why have you come so soon? Oh, I never hoped you would come so soon!"

"I have no pain. It is over. I came through the dark as lightly, as lightly! Walking was nothing. The pain, the pain is over."

"Yes, yes, dearest. Of course the pain is over. How could it be otherwise? Don't think any more about the pain. But tell me now, why have you come so soon?"

"Fay, you died. You were dead, dead and cold. I cried and cried. I thought I myself should die, I cried so terribly. You were so gay, so lovely. You were so good! You were the best of all of us children. And then to die like that!"

But Fay laughed again, her dark curly head thrown back. "Am I so dead as all that? Do I seem dead?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evelyn tried to laugh too. But she was too faint. In spite of the lightness of her body and the singing freedom from pain, she felt as though she were going to faint. Fay led her to a chair, near the piano, against the wall. "Hush, don't think," she said gently. "Darling, just rest and be at peace."

Evelyn leaned her head back against the tapestried wall. Fay sank down at her feet, her hands crossed on Evelyn's knees. With the sweetest serenity she looked up into her sister's eyes.

"This is a lovely room," Evelyn said, wondering at it. "Like some dream! And in November!"

"Yes, it is lovely, isn't it! It is mine, and it is a dream, mine. I have my music too, you see. Since I came here I have worked so hard on my music. You would never believe how hard your lazy little sister has worked. I never seemed to get enough time for it — back there. I grudged, I can tell you, all the time I had to give to other things. But here I can practise as much as I like. And sometimes children come and want to dance to my playing. This frock I am embroidering is for one of those little dancers. — But tell me, Evelyn darling, *why have you come so soon?*"

"Why, I was sick. I was very sick. I have a new baby. The third. There was terrible pain. Then the Guide," — she turned and looked at him where he stood in the clear light of the doorway, — "the Guide took my hand and led me through the dark. I don't suffer any more. It is over. The pain — "

"Yes, yes. But you must not remember the pain. It is over. It is forever over."

A child came to the door and stood. With wide gaze she looked at Evelyn sitting so pallid, with the violet shadows under her eyes. The child had never seen such pallor before. The people she knew were bright and ruddy. She stared, awed.

"Did you want to dance, Lucy?" Fay questioned the child merrily. "Well, not this hour. My sister has come, you see. The hour is hers. All hers. Later I shall play for you, my dear one."

The child ran away.

"Play for me, Fay. It will rest me. Your music always did. I am so tired, too tired to talk or to listen any more."

Music in the room. Music flooding the room like water. Music like light with flower petals in it vibrating in the room.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But soon, what is that strange, thin crying piercing through all the music, piercing persistently? It comes from behind the tapestried wall against which Evelyn's head is leaning. The music expands and grows more beautiful. But the cry grows too.

Evelyn rose, left the crying, went toward her guide, where he stood in the clear light of the doorway. She stood beside him, looking out, looking past the fountain with its lilies to a steep many-colored street flanked by flowery walls. People were passing up and down that street, lightly, as though their feet, like Mercury's, might have wings beneath their flowing, many-colored draperies. As Evelyn stood looking out beside the Guide a young woman passed bearing a baby at her breast. But for all his being a ruddy, healthy boy of a year old, she walked lightly and carried him, — no, wore him, rather, — as in the world one wears a flower.

"Oh, to carry a baby like that!" Evelyn thought. "To feel no weight! To have the happiness and pride without the dragging weight — !"

But the woman turned her head sharply and looked toward Evelyn as she passed. It was as though she, too, heard that thin crying piercing the music. And in her swift glance Evelyn read longing, something unappeased. Her look said, "Oh, blessed mother, you who can feel the weight of your children, who have their crying to hush!"

"But I am dead," Evelyn's eyes answered. "I have left my children behind. There is no baby at my breast!"

Still the woman looked at Evelyn's breast as though she saw a baby there as she passed on, treading lightly, bearing her boy like a golden blossom.

Evelyn touched the Guide's hand. "Yes," he said, without turning, and without need of words from her, "that sound you hear is your baby crying. You are so newly come, you see, you can still hear a little from back there."

"But it is just an ordinary little cry of discomfort. The nurse must attend to it. She needs to be turned over into a new position, or an extra cover tucked in around her. That is the sort of thing they want when they cry like that."

As she spoke, Evelyn was thinking, "When I am stronger I shall dance to Fay's music. I shall dance as her children dance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I shall really learn to dance again. That was my art, as music was Fay's."

But the thin wailing persisted. It came to her now through the door casement, under her hand. It was more potent than the music.

She heard her own voice speaking again to the Guide. "She mustn't cry like that. It is so easy to make her comfortable. The nurse should find out what is the matter. The idea that it is good for them to cry, that it develops their lungs, — that is nonsense. A baby of that age cries only from discomfort. And they are so absolutely and pitifully dependent on their mother's *imagination*. That nurse has no imagination for the baby, or she would be attending to her."

The Guide turned at last and looked down at Evelyn. "Rest, and be at peace," he advised. "Soon you will not hear through the wall. Soon, even if you lay your ear to the wall you will hear nothing."

Evelyn's heart slowed in its beat, as though his hand had touched it. "But when they cry, — when they cry for just little things that can be set right, I want to hear. What is that nurse doing anyway! How stupid she is!"

"Yes, she ought to attend to that crying. But after all, it is only passing. The baby is not in danger. An hour hence it will make no difference. She will be asleep and comfortable. And before that you will have lost the power to hear. You can't stay clairaudient much longer. You won't hear the new baby when she cries, or the three year old, or even the big little boy. Others will have to hear and comfort them, if they can, and will."

Evelyn looked steadily up at him, waiting for him to take his hand from her heart before it stopped beating entirely. The music! What could the music do for her now? It was still real, still beautiful, still enveloping. But she was standing outside of it. It did not envelop her.

"Let me go back. Let me go back," she whispered, faintly. "Where is the door?"

But the Guide was looking out again onto the street and the people passing. She thought he had not heard her. She turned alone, back into the room, looking for the dark door through which they had come. The Guide, after all, had not become unaware of her, for he overtook her with a swift stride.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Where are you going? What are you doing?" he asked.

"To tell that nurse to see what is the matter with my baby. She needs to be turned over or covered more warmly. She should know herself that something is wrong, or she wouldn't cry like that. Any mother would know. Where is the door?"

"Here is the door. But it will be terrible. Terrible, awful pain. Worse than any pain you have ever suffered yet. Are you ready for that, little coward?"

Evelyn looked absently into the Guide's eyes, eyes kind in spite of the word "coward". It was as though he did not blame her for being a coward, as though he simply accepted it, as in the world one accepts a person's name, without question.

She answered distractedly, for her mind was taken up with that thin wailing. "Yes, yes. I'll go through any pain to get her covered up, to get her turned over. When they cry, any of them, I must be there to comfort them. No one can do that so well as I can, even though I am not a good mother. I am good enough for that, — to comfort them."

He nodded, and his nod and gaze said, "Yes, you aren't a good mother, but you are good enough for that. Almost any mother is."

Evelyn did not call to her sister at the piano. She did not look out again onto that many-colored, steep street with its burdenless people gliding up and down. Her haste to be gone would not let her. She followed the Guide through the dark door he had opened. She bowed her head low to pass through.

The dark. His steady hand. The hand steady and firm even while she ran. And she did run, through the dark, fleetly. Well she knew that she must hurry, must hurry and fly if she were to win back to that homely little double house in that drab little street, and her little dull room with the children's pictures, the undarned stockings, and the chintz she had measured, hemmed, and stitched. But the Guide's hand left hers when she came to the deep water. He could not follow her there. She slipped in alone.

She rose up into pain again. She was strangling. She fought for air. She fought. She fought. She struggled up, up, up. The water of pain caught at her lungs and tore them. Hot, furious pain. She passed the little girl with the sliver in her finger, the terrified

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little girl in the checked apron and with the tear-stained face. She passed the vision, left it behind her, struggling up.

Through the agony of the struggle she listened for the faint, thin cry of her baby. It came all the time clearer and clearer, not so thin, not so faint. By its increase she knew that she was rising higher and higher in the strangling waters. And then she came out. She caught some air, deep, deep into her torn lungs. Never mind the pain. The cry was clear now. Clear enough. Just in the next room!

Evelyn moved into position behind her bodily eyes. She looked out through them. She adjusted herself to their visioning. She looked through them as through dusty windows.

The doctor was holding her wrist. He had been holding it so for an hour. Her husband was kneeling, his head pressed against her shoulder. She was still clairvoyant. In coming back she had passed through her husband's mind.

"God! Don't let her die. Don't let her die, God! Don't take her from me. I never knew how much I loved her. But you knew, all the time, God. Let her stay. Let her stay. I'll be so good to her. I'll take more care of the kids. I can manage that. Every Saturday afternoon and all Sundays I'll take care of them. I haven't done my share, not half. She can go into town, or have tea with somebody, God, or for a walk. I could always have managed that. Only if she dies, — if she dies, — what is there left — "

Oh, this was as terrible as the baby's crying had been. Suppose she had not come back, were not here to comfort him! But she was back. She must stay back. Of course he shouldn't give up his Sundays. What nonsense! But she must comfort him quickly, quickly for his needless remorse. She must help him to get away from that needless remorse, if it took all the rest of her life to do it in. She must stay, stay. Not dare to sink again. She must tread water, tread her pain, keep her head above. How had she ever consented to leave him, helpless, and liable to remorse on her account. How had she ever turned her eyes toward Death with wifehood her portion here? Not everything in life seems real. But there is something about wifehood, something about motherhood that is real, sufficient. Sufficient.

The doctor saw her opened eyes. He leaned toward her, holding her wrist hard, while he jammed a needle into her arm. She made a sound. Inarticulate. Another sound. "Harry."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harry lifted his head from her shoulder.

"Harry, — you must — "

Speaking was impossible. It hurt too much. But she stayed above the pain, treading it as a swimmer treads water, no thought of sinking again.

"Don't speak. Don't try to speak!" the doctor warned sharply. "Save your strength. Everything's all right. You're coming along all right. Steady."

"Must speak. Harry — "

Harry leaned to her lips. "Yes, yes." He thought he was to hear her last words. Poor boy! But even so, if she had had control of her muscles she would have smiled.

"Tell nurse — baby — mustn't cry — another cover — turn her over — tuck in — now — baby comfortable — "

The doctor moved abruptly, laying her wrist back on the bed clothes. "I'll tell her myself, now, this minute. The baby'll be all right. See to it myself. Another cover's a good idea."

He moved toward the door. But he could not find the knob. The keen, clever doctor was fumbling like a blind man at the door. When he finally got it open there came to view a little boy nightgowned and barefooted standing in the chill, dim passage. His frightened eyes found his mother's face for an instant; then the doctor swung him high into his arms like a kitten, and the door shut softly.

Evelyn turned her head on the pillow a little toward her husband. Her eyes closed again. How young she looked to be a mother, — a mother three times over. In spite of her great pallor and the violet shadows under her eyes she seemed such a little girl!

A hot tear fell on the hand Harry was holding. She felt his tear, hot, burning. The blood beneath it warmed. It was the signal, she thought, for her whole body to grow warm again. She felt the warmth flooding her veins. Pain came flooding with it. Pain was no longer about her in an ocean above which she must keep her head; it was pulsing, a powerful river through her body, kept to the limits of the outline of her body.

Let it flow with the new warmth. Evelyn was not afraid of pain any more.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LEOPARD ERA

CARL DREHER

IN time the people of the United States became completely virtuous. Science and legislation, working hand in hand, laid the foundation for a new moral epoch. Crusade followed crusade. Chorus girls were put to death. Automobiles were lighted with arc lamps. The Anti-Osculation League and the Union for the Suppression of Unauthorized Kissing, Etc. vied with each other in carrying the war to Eros. In 1963 there was formed the great national order of the Virtuousi (from *virtuoso*, pl. *virtuosi*), or Adepts in Virtue, whose members prayed, worked, fought, and legislated incessantly for the achievement of one hundred per cent purity.

The Purification Acts, passed in 1967, were based on the proposition that all joy is lascivious. Pleasurable activity as such was put under the ban, first as being intrinsically sinful; secondly, as diverting or tending to divert precious energy from the all-important aim of moral and industrial advancement. An exception was made only in favor of joy directly connected with the pursuit of sinners. The necessary functions were to be carried on with the minimum amount of pleasure possible. The Acts went into great detail in these matters, giving allowable irreducible pleasure-contents of various physiological activities down to fractions of a per cent, and providing merciless punishments for unlawful excess.

Although life in the Era of Total Prohibition was a serious matter, many salutary diversions were offered to the citizen. For one thing, every day was a Day. There were Days for Mothers, Little Brothers, Big Sisters, Rich Aunts, Poor Uncles; there was the anniversary of the day on which rural, or *al fresco* amour was forever abolished, and other such milestones on the way to the millennium of the Virtuousi. Thus the vacuum formed by the extirpation of the lower passions was filled by wholesome exercises, of which the institution of the Day was not the least.

Nevertheless, with the most heroic efforts to make Complete Virtue interesting, after less than five years the people were intolerably bored. There was no breakdown of the national morale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was, in fact, unsafe to be unhappy; rising from correct and non-Freudian dreams, the citizen put on his mantle of stern joy and contentment as he put on his socks, or he was thrown into the hoosegow. Complete virtue continued to be enjoyed throughout the length and breadth of the country. The government issued daily communiqués assuring the populace that there was nothing to communicate, that all was well and getting better, and that the millennium was in business to stay. But every day several thousand Americans expatriated themselves. In going abroad they were permanently lost, inasmuch as no American was permitted to re-enter the country for fear that he might bring back with him the moral contamination of foreign shores.

Clearly something was wrong, and the leading Virtuousi set out to rectify matters. The number of sermons was doubled, the advertizing space devoted to virtue was tripled; the total of exhorters, enforcement agents, Federal *condottieri*, evangelists, and slogan merchants was multiplied by at least four, and still the note of weariness intruded with increasing loudness and frequency. It was then, at a great convention of the Virtuousi in Savannah, Georgia, that Exalted Prefect Jobiah Burst, of the Union for the Suppression of Unauthorized Kissing, Etc., sprang his famous watchword, "The cure for the defects of virtue is more virtue," and proposed the extension of moral excellence to the lower animals. He discussed the morals of the titmouse in his nest, the shaggy puma in his cave on the prairie, the domestic cat and dog in good, unbolsheviked American homes, and found them all lacking. Beginning with a quiet logic and sorrowful eloquence, Prefect Burst worked himself up to a point where his words leaped from his mouth like molten tungsten falling into vats of beer, and with explosive violence he called on his fellow Virtuousi to cast out the zoological devil, to make the country safe for purity — "*Deus vult!*"

The appeal of Prefect Burst was received with loud approbation, and soon committees were at work discussing ways and means of bringing the animals into the fold. As the magnitude of the task became apparent, cooler counsels prevailed, and there was general agreement that the scope of the enterprise must be limited. On the other hand the possibilities of the idea, in the way of diverting the populace by sweeping it into a new crusade, were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lost on none of the experienced captains assembled on the banks of the Savannah. Finally it was decided to confine the effort to one particular genus, for the purpose of a test, and for the time being to let all the other species be damned.

When it came to selecting the favored animal the debate became acrimonious. Almost all the creatures had their partisans, and all were supported with intransigence and bitterness. The adherents of the ape pointed to its comparatively close resemblance to man in asserting the claim of the monkeys to be inculcated with virtue before all the other brutes. This brought down on their heads the charge of Darwinism, a capital offense, and the fall of the Ape Salvation Party followed.

The extremists among the Virtuousi stood solidly behind the large and savage cats, such as the lion and tiger. The harder the task, they cried, the greater the glory, and they were sure that the conversion of no other beast would please heaven as much as that of their protégés. The moderates, on the other hand, including the representatives of the sixty million maiden ladies who had found it impossible to acquire husbands in a milieu of total prohibition, pleaded for the domestic animals, pointing out their accessibility and sweet reasonableness, and quoting Scripture to prove that God loves an ass as much as any other vertebrate, if not more.

The conflict between the various parties of zoöphilists was severe, and several times it seemed that the convention was deadlocked, with the government of the Virtuousi in danger of a serious miscarriage. One night, however, the leader of the Anti-Osculation League, the Reverend Edgar Brine, arose and in a few well-chosen phrases nominated the leopard. It was savage enough for all practical purposes, he said; and turning to the young and ardent spirits of the Lionists the speaker declared that the leopard was fiercer than the wild cat, and remarked incidentally that while it was often said of a man that he could lick his weight in wild cats, this was a feat rarely if ever accomplished in practise. At the same time the leopard was a beast of medium dimensions, which could be conveniently housed and fed in the flat-dwellings of great cities. With many such smooth and pertinent arguments Reverend Brine slowly manoeuvred his hearers into the dock of conviction, tightening the last hawser with this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rhetorical question: "What animal," he asked, "is it that was led in the train of Dionysus, and was beloved of that god, our eternal enemy, no less hated now that he is fallen!"

Instantly theological students in various parts of the hall, eager to show their classical knowledge, sprang up to asseverate that it was the leopard. A few seconds later the leopard was nominated by acclamation. Partisans embraced each other, and the Virtuousi were once more happily united. While the joyous commotion was at its height, and everywhere delegates were tearing off their neckwear and swelling their throats to the bursting point, a picture of a leopard, draped in the national colors, was carried in by the beast's campaign managers. The newspapers of the day report that the shout which arose was heard in Brunswick, sixty miles away, and at many nearer points was thought to have been caused by the explosion of an arsenal. The Leopard Era had begun.

Again legislation supervened. Shortly after the adjournment of the Savannah convention, the Congress, acting on the recommendations of that historic gathering, passed the Leopard Act and its corollary measures. Every American family was required to keep or harbor one male and one female leopard and, by precept and example, to make these animals pure and spotless.

Overnight the demand for leopards cleared the markets, and it was impossible to obtain these beasts for love, although for money it was still feasible provided one had a great deal of it. The circuses, had they still existed, could have disposed of their leopards at fabulous prices. Municipalities, impoverished by the high cost of keeping themselves completely virtuous, raided their menageries and were able to retire their more grossly illegal bond issues. Wealthy Virtuousi bid against each other for leopards, not only for sweet virtue's sake, but in order to establish leopard-breeding farms, thus combining business with the current form of the uplift.

The Supreme Court ruled that the wording of the Leopard Act permitted the use of cougars and jaguars to comply with the law. The Government thereupon placed a preliminary order for two million five hundred thousand jaguars, cougars, and pumas with the governments of Paraguay, Brazil, and other Latin-American republics.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Surely," said the innocent Patagonians, "the *Americanos* have gone mad."

"Not at all," their leaders retorted. "One does not speak in such terms of persons who wave real money in one's face. The *Americanos* are merely insanely virtuous, a different thing altogether."

So saying, as one man, the generals and ministers took ship for Paris in order to spend their gains. All the rest of Patagonia went to work catching and crating cougars. Even so, only a thin stream of the precious tawny quadrupeds found its way into the United States, for the pards were hard to catch, and very resentful when caught.

Profiteering in leopards became a national scandal. Sixty-seven bills were introduced by Representatives seeking to curb this evil, which, strange to say, was not mentioned in the Purification and Prohibition Acts. After the remedies which mutually neutralized each other had been weeded out, three bills remained and were rushed through at an extraordinary session of the Congress.

This done, business went on as usual.

But American enterprise and idealism would not be denied, and by extensive importations, the impounding of all tame and wild jaguars in the United States and Mexico, — involving incidentally the military conquest of the latter country, — the establishment of leopard breeding farms, with artificial jungles and all scientific conveniences, the supply of panthers at length reached the required level. The country was saved. After allowing a brief period of grace, the government agents began to enforce the law without fear or favor. Such was their zeal that after a few months many of them felt it necessary to retire and refrain from work for the rest of their lives. The head of a family, unable to show his two leopards or their equivalent in negotiable securities, speedily found himself in jail.

Another problem soon presented itself. Now that the leopards were available, what was to be done with them? How were they to be inculcated with virtue? How were their appetites to be regulated and restrained? Was it the nature of the leopard to be pure and good, and, if so, how was he to be convinced of this fact? In short, how was the leopard to be persuaded to change his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spots? The country looked to Reverend Brine, the leopard's sponsor, for aid and counsel.

After months of cogitation Reverend Brine came forward with his answer, which was broadcast by radio to every hamlet of the United States, and to all the colonies of the National City Bank. Reverend Brine made two recommendations. First, he advised, have faith in the leopard, believe in his fundamental rectitude and good will, and he will be according to your belief. Faith can move mountains. Secondly, leopards, whether *en famille* or appearing in public, should be compelled to wear diapers.

These two suggestions, one so idealistic, the other so practical, revived the flagging spirits of the crusaders, and another wave of enthusiasm swept over the country. Many citizens, on hearing Reverend Brine's analysis, were so thoroughly convinced that a kind and loving heart, yearning for moral advancement, beat under the leopard's spots that they let their beasts loose and were promptly mangled, and in many cases martyred outright. Others were slain in affixing diapers to their charges. In the course of a few days several thousand heroic Virtuousi fell. After eulogies had been pronounced, tablets erected, and the heroes buried with military honors by a grateful country, many of the survivors were convinced that Reverend Brine's recommendations neglected some obscure but vital factor. Discouragement again gained ground. The number of the defeatists increased faster than they could be hanged, until their murmurs were audible above the unflaggingly optimistic sermons and government reports. Only the strong arm of the law deterred many citizens from butchering their leopards and putting an end to Prefect Burst's dream of a country purged of every unmoral influence, and consecrated solely to the pursuit of goodness and increased production.

The leaders of the Virtuousi made herculean efforts to turn the tide. A Bigger and Better Leopard Week was staged nationally, with celebrations, speeches, parades, cash prizes, and other inducements. In the parades the behavior of the leopards was disgraceful in the extreme. Hardened Virtuousi, accustomed to close examination of vice, wept to see the leopards snarling, tearing off their pretty pink diapers, running amuck, and attempting all sorts of incontinence as they were led between

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stretched chains held by couples of reformed bartenders and bootleggers. On many occasions it was found impossible to award the prize offered for the most tractable and best-behaved leopard, for all behaved alike, with a shocking uniform wickedness. The country-wide Bigger and Better Leopard Week was not a success.

Resort was had to more desperate measures. Endocrinologists were called in to transfer the thyroid gland of a freshly deceased prohibitionist to the body of a healthy young leopard. The next day the leopard fell into convulsions and passed on. The adrenals and pancreas of a live Virtuouso were grafted onto a dead cougar, which, to the surprise of everyone, remained dead. Finally one of the most virtuous of all the Virtuousi offered himself for a conclusive test. Several of his vital organs and glands were excised and inserted in a third leopard. This beast killed the endocrinologist and two anaestheticians during the operation. A few days later it died. The Virtuouso was already dead, owing to the removal of his liver. Shocked by this sanguinary episode, the medical fraternity withdrew its support from the evangelical forces.

From surgery the frantic apostles of universal rectitude turned back to their first and last resort, the law. Incorrigible leopards, failing to show improvement after a reasonable length of time, were put to death by due legal process. Inasmuch as animals, according to the program, were to rise to the same level of morality as Americans, the mediaeval judicial status of the brutes was restored with perfect logic. By making an example of the worst panthers it was hoped to influence the slightly better ones, but neither severity nor kindness appeared to have the least effect. Not even the beginnings of character-building could be observed in any of the tawny cats. Psychologists, apostles of the newest new thought, swamis, jurists, even the clergy, appeared powerless against this opposition.

Then, just as hope was almost gone, Reverend Brine, who had been lying low for a few months, electrified the country with the announcement that he had personally raised a spotless, absolutely virtuous, one hundred per cent American leopard, and would exhibit the same in New York City on May 3, 1983, the eleventh anniversary of the passing of the Leopard Act. At these happy tidings the last wave of enthusiasm swept over the country,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though with a perceptible faltering at some of the shoals and banks, such as none of the earlier combers had manifested. But it was good enough. The country waited breathlessly for the third of May.

The meeting was held in the enlarged Polo Grounds, which had been converted, — as the chief interest of the American people shifted from baseball to the conquest of the appetites and passions, — into an evangelical circus of prodigious size. Two hundred and eighty thousand persons were crowded into the amphitheatre. The first comers had stood in line six days.

At three P.M. Reverend Brine, followed by his retinue, and leading the leopard, Hezekiah, at the end of a baby-blue ribbon, set foot in the arena. And what a surprise! To hide the phylogenic symbols of wickedness, Hezekiah had been calcimined from nose to tail. His hide threw back the sun's rays with a dazzling whiteness. At this sight the multitude broke into such an ovation that no one knows how long it lasted, for all the watches and clocks in the metropolitan district stopped then and there.

Reverend Brine posed for the photographers with a hand on Hezekiah's shoulder, while the leopard sat quietly on his haunches, licking his whiskers. A dozen LL.D.'s were bestowed on the pair by the heads of leading American universities, long since accustomed to investing with the highest academic honors coal barons, sheet iron magnates, petroleum statesmen, and other such exponents of learning.

And now, it was announced, proof would be given that the leopard Hezekiah was a *bona fide*, saturated Prohibitionist, Virtuouso, and adherent of one hundred percentism. At great expense a life-size statue of Mr. H. L. Mencken, who died in 1950 at the age of seventy, having burst a blood vessel while devising new resonant expletives for his enemies, had been prepared in black ivory. This malignant image, being unveiled, was thrust close to Hezekiah, who, to the mortification of the company, showed no interest in the proceedings. He made a few turns about the calcined ivory Mencken and sniffed at his shanks in a perfunctory way but showed no disposition to execute justice on the arch anti-Puritan of the century. The demonstration was a fiasco.

In Reverend Brine righteous indignation, always on tap at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

high pressure, triumphed over his calmer feelings. Before anyone else could move he sprang to Hezekiah's side and drove the point of his boot into the great cat's whitewashed flank.

The effect on the converted leopard was immediate. Under the fascinated eyes of the Virtuousi, his fur began to bristle, his eyes dilated and glowed like the open door of a blast furnace, he lashed his long tail to and fro, and in the midst of these stigmata he glared fixedly, not at the late public enemy, but at Reverend Brine himself. The spectators fainted, screamed, and stood petrified, in about equal proportions. Not one of these reactions was of assistance to Reverend Brine and the first lords of the Virtuousi in the places of honor nearest the leopard. Furthermore, such had been Reverend Brine's confidence in his animal that no steel hooks, crowbars, bayonets, or other implements used in converting the leopard were to be had within a mile of the Polo Grounds!

The end came soon. Ramping on his hind legs, Hezekiah laid open the head of his preceptor with one sweep of his paw. With a great leap he followed Reverend Brine to the boards, and as his victim lay quivering bit him through the jugular vein.

Whirling about, Hezekiah fell on one of the university presidents and dispatched him, this being the first time in the history of American scholarship that the recipient of an honorary degree had committed such a *faux pas* immediately after receiving the gown and parchment. Notwithstanding the national interest in new records, this event passed unnoticed at the time, as Hezekiah spread carnage in the ranks of the leading Virtuousi. The two hundred and eighty thousand spectators, in a panic, fought each other to get out of the park. From Coogan's Bluff, above the *mêlée*, it was impossible to see anything except a vast cloud of dust, from which arose the screams of the combatants and the faint groans of the dying, the ensemble sounding strangely like a distant dog-fight on a scale of unprecedented majesty.

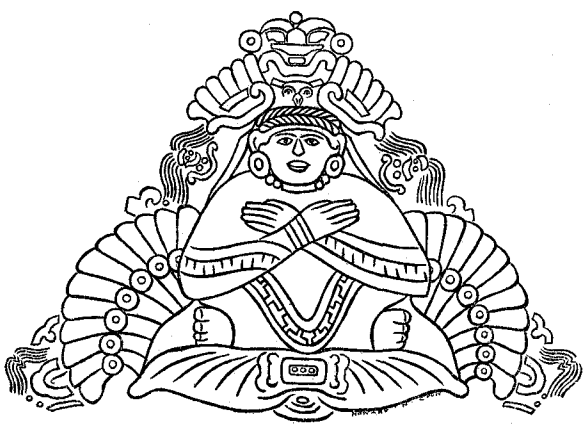
With Reverend Brine's death the total-prohibition movement collapsed. Complete virtue lay lifeless on the field with her foremost exponents. As the news spread over the country the burghers everywhere put their leopards to the sword. Many poor families ate nothing but leopard steaks for the balance of that year. It is to be regretted that in many sections excesses prevailed, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

prohibitionists were fed to the leopards. Great numbers of the marked Virtuousi perished in this way. Those who survived the revolution were deported to the six westernmost islands of the Aleutian Archipelago in the Bering Sea. It was not considered safe to let such good men loose. As the world now saw them, they were as dangerous as so many Napoleons.

So, with the repeal of the various prohibition and purification measures, the old order was restored. Popular interest in virtue was lost, and men got along with as little of it as appeared safe. As for the remaining stock of leopards, this was liquidated at a considerable sacrifice, the greater part being sold to the revived motion picture industry; and so these spotted quadrupeds, incorrigible as men themselves, lived out their time in the renewed Avalons of the western coast.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MISTAKES OF AMERICA

JOSEPH V. COLLINS

IS America all wrong? Is it just one mistake after another? There have not been wanting foreign and even domestic critics who have held such views. In previous articles in this series, Mr. Watts has championed things American. In the present article, while Mr. Collins admits that America has made some mistakes, he offers an explanation and a remedy. According to him, it is our excessive partisanship that is poisoning our life, as its counterpart, unbridled patriotism, is distorting life in Europe.

IT was all a mistake about America in the first place. Columbus thought he would find the East Indies and found the West Indies and America instead. Then the Western world was not called Columbia, after Columbus, but an ignorant geography man called it after an obscure Italian bearing the suggestive name, Amerigo. To cap this climax of mistakes, America is now used as a synonym for the United States, — the whole equal to its part, — thus blandly ignoring the existence of the rest of the western continent.

There have been many mistakes made in American history. Much of the history of the Latin-American Republics has been a regular nightmare of mistakes, though not visible as such to those who made them. Then there are many persons nowadays, mostly foreigners, who claim the United States has been making several glaring mistakes recently. Thus we are declared to be a nation of almighty dollar chasers, one wholly given up to selfishness in our isolation, and a nation that has so gorged itself with immigration that it is hyphenated and has lost its soul.

In answer to our critics we can reply, a country that stands ready to, and actually does, feed a troubled and starving world is hardly mercenary or miserly, but one that knows how to use its dollars to the best advantage. And again, if we appear to be insular and narrow in our thinking we must ask our critics to give us time to see international questions in their true light. Then as regards our national indigestion, we can answer that all we need is a little time to catch up. Everyone in this country sees about him evidence of the results of two or three generations of foreigners living in our midst. Given time, these foreigners adopt our institutions, our ways of thinking, living, and acting, and in large measure our philosophy of life itself. America can take Jews

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Russia and make the second generation as good at spending as at making money. She can take the son of a Slav peasant and make of him a Beau Brummel or an artist. America can transform a Dago (pardon the word) and a Dane and make of each a Wilberforce. She can adopt a German and Serb lad and develop each into a scientist and inventor fit to rank with the world's greatest. She can absorb awkward peasant boys from Europe and raise them up to be captains of industry. Surely these are not mistakes of America. Besides, methods and plans are in sight which will greatly promote the process of Americanization.

Americans became a race of dollar idolaters largely because of conditions and not because of any inherent weakness or frailty in their character. Gaining dollars was a game. The art and literature and society and leisure doors did not seem to open very wide to us; the Omar Khayyám view of life did not appeal to Yankees. We did, however, go after the highest standards of physical comfort and convenience and secured them in fullest measure. Thus we see that the mistakes foreigners think they have observed in us are not those calculated to cause us permanent harm, unless we persist in our isolation, and few thoughtful citizens admit this course to be more than the result of a passing mood.

But if foreigners have not been very successful in recognizing mistakes in our national life, that does not mean we have made none. We have probably committed our full share of them. Elements of weakness seem to lurk in every race and civilization. Shortly after the Great War began, one of our authors wrote a book picturing Germany as Utopia or as a little bit of heaven let down to earth. Before 1914 our college men and savants sat at the feet of German professors and worshiped. Our business men marveled at her industrial organization and her efficiency. We now know that her masses were merely trained, not educated, and that her leaders were not well grounded in true moral principles. To-day we look upon her citizens as "submen" (certainly politically) rather than "supermen", and few nations are so low as to do Germany reverence. Present-day Germany must recognize her plight and hasten to return to the idealism of the days of Goethe and Schiller.

The explanation has been advanced that the trouble with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe is excessive patriotism. This explanation has much to commend it to thoughtful men and seems a true one. But plainly it will not do for America. The fact is we have instead its counterpart, excessive partisanship. These two P's, patriotism and partisanship, are as much alike as two peas. Both are grounded in the clan spirit, both have hero-worship of the clan's leaders, both thrive on prejudice, both are militant, both sentimental, and both have the same psychological basis in the so-called herd-complex built up through countless ages in the mind of every person. In all the aeons of the past the individual has given up his judgment and will to that of the clan, tribe, and race. In America we can see vast numbers of the members of a great political party reversing themselves overnight in the interest of the party. This could not happen if the habit had not been woven into the very warp and woof of mental life.

In excessive partisanship we find one of the greatest mistakes our American democracy has made, a mistake that must be rectified if the Republic is to endure and take its rightful place in the progress of civilization.

In the thinking instrument of every person there are six or seven times as many cells as there are people in the world. These cells, or ganglia formed out of them, are somehow connected by lines of communication. If one of these ganglia is stimulated by some impression on it, others related to it are affected. If the herd-complex trigger has been touched off countless times in the past, when it is pulled now it produces the same old result. Nearly every clansman of us becomes what he understands to be patriotic or politically regular whenever the case seems to demand it. It may be that this herd-complex machinery is as useless and dangerous as an appendix or a tonsil, or as harmful as a cancerous growth; but it is there and must be reckoned with. When agitators and orators begin to play on the herd-complex strings, the voters, male and female, should stuff cotton in their ears and refuse to listen. Whenever an unscrupulous newspaper editor or correspondent undertakes to send partisan messages over the herd-complex wires in the brains of their readers the attempt must be detected and treated sardonically. When "interests" of whatever sort try to play on the herd-complex keys the public must see through the schemes and become adamant.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Few realize that political parties are privately organized, their candidates becoming public only when elected. Thus the Progressive Party was privately organized in 1912, and so in effect is every party every four years. It is apparent from this that powerful groups of men or classes will try to get influence or control over them in advance of elections. Thus such charges were made in the campaign of 1912 and in most campaigns, and voters should try to find out to what extent the charges are true and act accordingly.

The question may be asked, has a political party personality? It would seem so, else why should a score of millions of voters become so attached to it? It used to be said in the sixties and seventies that many Democrats were still voting for Andrew Jackson; it may with equal truth be said that great numbers of Republicans to this day are casting their ballots for Abraham Lincoln! This is passing strange, as it is a long long way from the soul of Abraham Lincoln to the spleen of present-day politicians. If, then, political parties are not personalities, and if they change every four years (notwithstanding oratory to the contrary), and if designing groups of men or classes get control of them to a greater or less extent, what in the name of heaven is the use of worshiping them? Why should a G.O.P. be a g.o.d.? Why should the Democratic jackass or Socialist goat be objects of adoration? St Paul said, "We know that an idol is nothing in the world." Certainly these party idols are not much more worthy of worship than are idols of wood and stone.

Partisanship has committed many wicked crimes in American history. Partisanship heaped savage abuse on the Father of our Country, nearly worried the life out of the savior of it, and hissed foul calumnies, secretly propagated, against a recent occupant of the White House. Partisanship kept sectional animosities alive for sixty years. Partisanship jumped on frantically and stamped out of existence the Independent movement of 1884 which desired to set up a standard of merit above party lines. Partisanship crushed the League of Nations movement in this country and, as a consequence, plunged Europe into a political maelstrom. Partisanship has thrust aside grave moral issues in order to haggle over minor ones which the politicians had trumped up. Partisanship aided in making municipal government

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the United States a stench known of all over the world. Partisanship has made it easier for "interests" to obtain political power in both State and nation. In short, partisanship has been the fruitful cause or source of most of the political ills that have afflicted us, just as excessive or misdirected patriotism has been the underlying cause of Europe's miseries.

Partisanship gives unearned and dangerous power to the politician. Why should vast multitudes of citizens become so infatuated with their parties that the politicians can carry around in breeches pockets their votes from election to election and from decade to decade, not needing to lift a little finger to secure them. Why should men inherit their politics as they inherit their religion or school of medicine? This is no laughing matter. It constitutes a mighty menace to the Republic and to civilization. Instead of ninety-five per cent of independent voters we have perhaps a paltry five per cent. These figures should be reversed.

The new psychology asserts that men do not reason much along most lines: they merely acquire their views largely through their subconscious minds. The foregoing would seem to confirm this view, certainly as regards political thinking. In this connection it may be stated that the influence of the daily press is easy to explain psychologically. Men believe what they want to, especially if it is dinned into them day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out. Only the strongest intellects can stand up against this pounding. Curiously enough neither education nor religion nor both provide a remedy for the malady of partisanship so engendered. Educated and highly moral people, perhaps on account of temperament, are very often as crazily and excessively partisan as the uneducated and irreligious masses.

Naturally the question arises, are any remedies available for the ills that flow from our partisanship and from Europe's patriotism? A common way to attack evils consists in starting some reform of organization. But the enemy of social progress in this case is too intangible, too pervasive, too deeply intrenched to be attacked by a thin battle line of reformers, even if such reformers did not fight among themselves, which would be likely. What seems to be demanded is that every writer, every speaker, every teacher, and every patriot, in whatever walk of life, should

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

constitute himself or herself a committee of one to investigate this matter thoroughly and take drastic action to cast out the partisan devil from the body politic.

In recent years there has been a movement to carry the simplest elements of College learning down into the lower schools. Would that some genius or geniuses could come forward with practical plans for instructing youth in logic, psychology, and ethics to the end that the rising generation might learn to avoid the commonest political fallacies and errors.

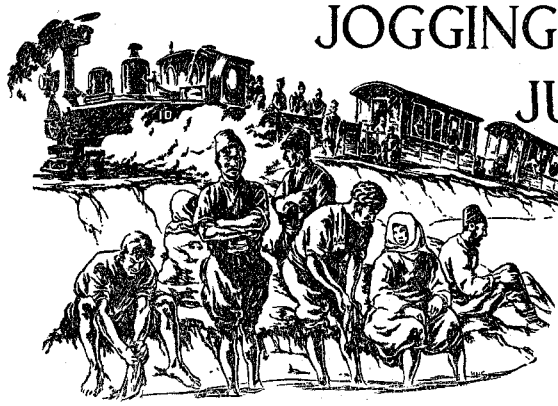
Let us have hope. In this twentieth century two million eyes are focused on the mistakes America is making. It must be in the future, possibly the near future, that the same clear thinking will be applied to matters of state as has been and is now applied to the worlds of science, business, and social uplift. Then the United States will take its place in the sun, not merely because of its power and wealth, but because it is leading the way to a better civilization.

MYSTERY

She was beautiful as she slept, —
Beautiful with mystery;
She was so much apart,
So still with longing that must wait.
They knew that she had died,
Yet something about her mouth —
Pain, defeat, ecstacy —
Told of the love that lived.

— *Jeannette Marks.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JOGGINGS THROUGH JUGO-SLAVIA

by VIOLA PARADISE

DRAWINGS BY HOWARD N. COOK

THE path ran so gently along that the brusk challenge of the Serbian guard seemed grotesque. So this pleasant place was the border; through it ran the deep stubborn furrow of hate between neighbor nations. Serbia's guard scowlingly unfolded our passports, turned them over and about, and stared at them long, upside down. Then because some action seemed pertinent, he waved for us to proceed. Our Albanian guide, however, despite proper papers, might not put his toe over the line. We left him looking wistfully after his more privileged horse, to whom our baggage gave informal passport. The guard, with dark backward looks towards Albania, led us the little distance to the Monastery of Shin Naum, which Serbia was appropriating pending a League of Nations' decision of its proper nationality. Meanwhile, with an international air, it served in part as a Serbian garrison manned by remnants of Wrangel's army; and the rest left to religion in charge of an order of Bulgarian monks.

The military welcomed us first, in the person of the stern Commandant, who relaxed a little when we presented a letter which the lonely Serbian consul in Albania had pressed upon us. Some one with a communicable language was summoned. Many questions were asked, and we were required to point to the places on our passports which contained the answers. Upon which the Commandant stared so importantly at these places that we wondered if our finger tips had been brushed with a magic that invisibly translated the documents into Serbian. We could not resist once testing our wonder by indicating the wrong place. Nothing happened. He made entries in a big book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then the interpreter translated, in a tone of command, "And now your money, all of it."

We rather gulped. Was this to be an official robbery? Albanian tales of Serbian atrocities flashed into our minds. But no, the Commandant wished merely to record our wealth on our passports. "But conceal nothing," he ordered, "or when you leave the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, if more is found on you than you had at entry, it will be confiscated."

He proceeded to enter on our passports all our little oddments of foreign currency. Then came puzzled frowns upon our travelers' cheques and letter of credit. Apparently we were his first immigrants. Explanations were difficult, yet he was impressed. And to our dismay he entered our modest half-spent $600 letter of credit as $600,000! We explained, but he said, "I have already written it. And since it is too much and not too little, it will cause no difficulty." The very writing of these figures seemed to hypnotize him into an attitude of respect towards our non-existent wealth. We found this misleading entry effective and embarrassing by turns on our way through and out of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

The State having finished with us, we were turned over to the Church, a soldier leading us bag and baggage out into the yard and through an ancient arch to the central part of the monastery. We passed the Albanian horse, boldly eating Serbian grass, and wondered how long our horseman would have to wait for his beast.

A tall, black-bearded Bulgarian monk, with a long black habit and long fingernails, took us in tow; and a long flow of language, too, quite unchecked by our inability to understand him. Indeed, we may have led

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him on, for his eager interest compelled upon us the courtesy of trying to listen.

A pleasant custom, this Balkan one, of making monasteries the free welcome shelter for chance travelers. To be sure, one's free gift to the institution usually exceeds a hotel fee, and the accommodations are not above reproach. We knew from a first glance into our cell that the pallet of straw would challenge all our armor for the night. Yet it *was* a cell, and it *was* a pallet of straw; which made us feel, before and after if not during occupancy, like characters in a fairy story or a Russian novel. Besides, night was some hours off, and now we could venture forth into the sunny afternoon, down the chunky, uneven stone steps into the court, and then into the wee old church, — second century, if the tales we heard are true, — brilliant within, with quaint colorful paintings on wood; and booming with a mass that Vachel Lindsay might have chanted, — so unlike the ordinary voices for mass.

Clerical duties claimed our monk, and we went out, this time unescorted, to stray about. From the lake's edge we looked up at the monastery, thinking of its not so ancient use by the Turks as an insane asylum, where if the violence of the afflicted did not respond to treatment, — what treatment we shuddered to imagine, — they were dropped out of the window into Lake Ohrida's placid waters. And that was that.

Presently we saw two soldiers coming towards us, with hesitations, egging each other on. Now it was too late for them to retreat, and they plunged into a hash-like conversation, using bits of several languages adroitly.

"Is it really true that you come from America? — Aren't you afraid to live there? Isn't it a very dangerous country?"

"Dangerous? How?" we asked, amazed at such a question from ex-soldiers of Wrangel's army.

"Why, — that secret society!" In hushed tones.

So they had heard of the Ku Klux Klan. And perhaps our bad lynching habits.

But it appeared not. "The Masons," they whispered. "Are they not very dangerous? And is it true that they are allowed to go about freely, right on the streets, in broad day?"

"But surely you are mixed up!" we protested, dazed. "Not the Masons."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, Masons. They wear aprons, and have secret symbols, and claim relation to King Solomon. Oh, very dangerous."

Nor could we convince them of the Masons' innocuousness. Perhaps they concluded, that we, being women, had been protected from the fearsome knowledge of Masonic black art. But they themselves, — ah, no one could hire them to go to America!

The next morning our talkative monk broke to us the news that no boat would take us that day to the City of Ohrida and the railroad. And, after many words, which at last he saw were falling on barren ears, this is how he did it: He puffed out his cheeks, and blew with all his might, pointing the while to the lake, and dipping his hands violently down and up; thus registering wind and waves. Then, after a sympathetic clucking with his tongue, he pointed to the sun, made a complete circle with his arm, closed his eyes, and bent his cheek against prayer-arranged hands, to indicate a night's sleep; and then with a beaming smile, and just the least blowing with his lips, and a gentle wave of his hand, suggested that to-morrow might be a milder day.

Here we took it upon ourselves to cry our haste in the only language we knew well enough to be effectively emphatic in. With the help of amateur pantomime, but with a fluency and vigor abetted rather than thwarted by the poor old monk's inability to appreciate our vocabulary, we managed to insinuate an American bacillus of the "time complex" into his Bulgarian consciousness. A sudden abstraction, a contemplative tilt of the head, indicated fermentation. Suddenly new gestures: preliminary nods and becks and wreathed smiles; then he clamped the index and second finger of one hand over the index of the other, and wriggled the combination rhythmically forward. We scarcely needed his next move, which was to lead us to an open field and point to a horse. The whole was topped off with a shrug pregnant with difficulties.

Yet despite the difficulties, which included the absence of the Commandant, the remoteness of horses, — the nearest available were in a village four miles away, — in due time we were off once more, again in wooden saddles, each of us sharing a horse with half our baggage, two pleasant peasants walking ahead to guide the way, which led now down to the Lake's edge, now along the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slope of a mountain, always lovely, often lonely and wild. Once in a thick wood a man sprang up with startling suddenness, but for the friendly purpose of offering us water and to exchange news with our horsemen. . . .

Sunset, and the city of Ohrida, at last, with its minarets and mosques and open bazaars and peasants in the market with their sheep, or bright colored stuffs, or farm produce. Like Albanian towns, only here you see more manufactured objects in the shops. And, of course, the population is largely Albanian. Our horsemen lead us to the hotel, where we hope to exchange a travelers' cheque to pay them. Neither our host nor his assistant can understand us, though we gather that some one who can speak Italian will be back in an hour. But our horsemen have a long journey back to their village, an hour is too long to wait. We bethink ourselves of our letter to the prefect. He perhaps will recognize a travelers' cheque. We produce the letter, asking urgently, "Where is the prefect?"

Our host clamps a thick thumb over the envelope and gazes at the address. He opens his mouth and closes it again. He looks dubiously at a man in a green corduroy suit, absorbed in a chess game at a table across the room. He scratches his head and turns to a nearby patron, obviously to ask advice. A long con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versation. Then, with a shrug, he approaches the sad-seeming chess player, who looks up with a glance both sombre and surprised. This, then, must be the prefect. He reads the letter. His sadness seems to deepen. He looks at the chess board, half moves his hand towards a piece, thinks better of it, and gets up and comes to us. The hotel keeper is visibly relieved.

"I am honored," says the prefect, in formal German. "To-morrow I shall be pleased to see you at the prefecture. Meanwhile, if there is nothing you desire — "

" But there is!" we hasten to interrupt. "It is Sunday, we have no Serbian money, and we must pay our horsemen."

He looks at the letter, — a letter which had been pressed upon us by an almost chance acquaintance, and which earlier in our travels we should have disdained to use. Two words to the hotel keeper. Then to us, "The hotel will pay the horsemen and add the amount to your bill. And to-morrow at the prefecture, — at two o'clock. . . . If there is anything . . . ?" He leaves the question in mid-air, clicks his heels, bows, and returns to his chess game, with never a word of comment or explanation to his opponent's obvious curiosity about the interruption.

The whitewashed halls of the almost empty prefecture echoed to our steps. We waited for the prefect, an hour late for his appointment. When he came, he bowed gravely, absently, sadder even than over his chess game. As he answered our questions about the effect of emigration on his prefecture, it was as if his observations, and even the phenomena itself, scarcely mattered enough to interrupt his drear preoccupation. "Emigration. . . . No effect on life here. . . . It makes no difference where people are on this earth. . . . One life's span. . . . Centuries. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peasants go to America . . . and return. Fall back into their old ways, no worse, no better. . . . The world moves sluggishly. . . . Improvements in Serbia's economic condition? Well, if there was to be any, it would be slow — slow. . . . And from within. . . . "

A pity to intrude upon this man of gloom! His public duties seemed an affront to his nature, an outrage perpetrated by a malignant fate. We were about to withdraw in a considerate hush, when, quite of his own free will, he roused himself and broached a new subject: the beginnings of a woman's movement in Jugo-Slavia. Suffrage, now, — imagine, woman suffrage! — had been brought up in parliament. (The slightest twist of a smile here.) And laughed down, of course. Good thing, too. Votes would not bring women happiness. Now they were queens in their own homes. Besides, they had not the intelligence to vote. — "Had men?" we summoned enough pre-1917 argumentativeness to ask, with the quaint feeling one gets from opening a previous generation's fashion book. Well, a few men did. And he relapsed into his original gloom, in which we took our leave, almost on tiptoe, out into the rain.

Waiting, — time was stretched long with waiting for that train which went only every other day, — or not quite. Even the picturesqueness of Ohrida scarcely stretched to cover two rainy days. Of course there were diversions, — one of them the changing of money. At a bank? No, Ohrida had no bank. Only bankers, — in untidy grocery and tobacco shops, which, judging by the rate of exchange, might have dispensed with groceries and tobacco. Indeed, these commodities gave the shops a blind pig flavor, heightened by a money-changer's protest that alas the train had not brought as many dinars as he had expected from Belgrade, but surely *this* much would meet our needs, — a protestation which, coming from a money-changer, carried a false weight.

More waiting. Dragging hours. . . . Early the next morning we arose from our discouraging beds, and after a mile through muddy streets arrived at the station; and we saw no train; then we feared the worst. But there it was, almost hidden in the excited crowd about it. Once you could see it, it had an air of imminent departure, though this did not happen for another two hours. But the flutter and thrill of the crowd buoyed us up,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

— we had not seen a train in months. And this one was no ordinary train. It had almost a mythical transience. Indeed it was not really supposed to be in existence at all, having been put in during the war as a temporary conveyance for Austrian troops. Now it was trying to worm its way into permanency; and hopefully, for that region was untapped for swift travel. Not that it was swift. On the contrary. Besides, it was flat-wheeled, it was springless, it was tiny. The shortest passenger, — children excepted, — could touch the roof, sitting, with upraised hand. Two shallow benches ran lengthwise, one on each side. The engine looked like a cross between a coffee grinder and a steam calliope. And it rather suggested a still.

A rumble, a jerk, and it was off. Presently, surely it would gather itself together for a little spurt of speed. But no, that was its pace, the pace of its writhings and coilings about these untunneled mountains. We might have got out almost anywhere and walked beside it to stretch our legs, or to cut across some little hill and wait till it had made its curve. We did not quite dare, though some soldiers on board experimented successfully with this manoeuvre, — a great relief to us, for when not experimenting they were prone to sleep. And, having been trained in ranks, the whole lot of them slumped as they slept, to the right side. We felt like a book end not quite strong enough to hold the volumes upright; and wished we knew the Serbian for "left dress"! Then we discovered our new Minnesota Albanian, tall, shy, blond, looking very Swedish, in American blue jeans. He had spotted us, and appointed himself our guardian. When the load of Serbia's army got too heavy, he came timidly over and said in Swedish American, "I ban fix!" and pushed the sleeping row so that it flopped the other way.

At the far end of the car was a familiar face, our money-changer of Ohrida, probably going to change our travelers' cheques into dinars. Now he was very unlike a money-changer, for he was singing in a liquid voice, now yodeling, now chanting mountain peasant songs, in which sometimes the soldiers and peasants joined; now singing ordinary popular European tunes. But the most conspicuous passengers were a bride and groom. The bride had never traveled before, and the groom, a gorgeously costumed officer, with shimmering tall boots, kept telling her she would feel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better presently and must eat. At first she refused food and followed the fashion of some of the train-sick peasant women, who sniffed at oranges as if they were smelling salts. But when her husband insisted and opened a noble hamper, she was obedient, — oh, very. She began a career of eating: chicken, three hunks of bread, cold fried cakes, rich flagrantly fragrant cheeses, pieces of cold lamb, and the sweet, sweet candy of the Balkans. And then more candy. We watched in astonished admiration, and yet in regret at the waste of it. For every time the train stopped near a stream, she got out and fed the fishes, while the engineer obligingly waited. And then, back in the train, she began filling up again, sprawling languidly against her husband's bosom, which was prickly with decorations.

It was not only for the bride that the engineer waited. He stopped considerately at certain times of the day for the Mohammedan passengers to get off, wash their feet in some stream, and turn to the east to pray.

Yet, despite these interludes, the train arrived on schedule time at Kicevo (pronounced Kee-tchay-vo), where the leisurely tempo gave way to a dash by the whole trainful to find rooms. For our train went no further; but its twin, which had arrived just ahead of us from Uskub, would the next morning start back with us to Uskub.

The hotel yielded us a wee cubicle, with a narrow single bed, and no space for another piece of furniture. The innkeeper was not nonplussed. He appeared with three folding chairs, which he squeezed in between the bed and the window, though they could not get all their legs on the floor. They tipped at various angles and on various planes towards the bed. The bedding, scantily designed for a cot, was cautiously drawn over bed and chairs, where it succeeded in covering the place where the twain should have met, on this chilly spring night.

We waited, perforce, in the hall during the chair inserting, — indeed, the landlord had had to go into the hall to insert the last chair. Now came three problems: (a) how to get into bed; (b) how to undress; (c) where to put our luggage. That is not the correct order, but the order was immaterial. After consideration the baggage was left in the hall; undressing was dispensed with; and the entry into bed was thus effected: the person who drew

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the chairs stepped over the bed's footboard and moved from the bed to the chairs; whereupon the person drawing the bed had the rather ticklish problem of pulling the door to, drawing the baggage as near to it as possible, and stepping over the footboard into place, all at the same time. Yet we had this to be thankful for, there were no vermin. A gratuitous thanks, however, for there couldn't have been any: there wasn't any room.

The advantage of such a night is that getting up at three A.M. comes as a deliverance, not a curse. At four the train set forth for Skople or Uskub, — towns in the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes may have several aliases. The train differed from yesterday's only by the addition of a fourth class, — a luxury not discovered until it was too late to dislodge our baggage and try it: an open-to-the-sky freight-like car, with no seats at all, the passengers sitting cross-legged on the floor. Indeed, in our own car the floor was fully occupied, not for lack of seats, but because of the preference of persons accustomed to this posture.

New passengers, of course; and as we were approaching a centre of population, frequent stops, frequent exchanges of colorful personages and baggage. Among our gains was a full grown sheep, carried on board by a strong peasant woman, who sat on the floor of the car's platform, the sheep in her lap. A more doubtful acquisition was a fat, florid man holding the bottled source of his artificial merriness. Presently his teetering attention focused on us, and he wished to share his joy with us, in liquid and solid form, more especially solid, — a great chunk of meat, another of soft creamy cheese informally wrapped. "No thank you" in any language was useless. But at last our guardian Albanian contrived to engage the man's attention and explained apologetically, "He's a Bulgarian," upon which shrugs ran up and down the car, shrugs which asked plainly, "What could one expect?" How convenient, how universal this catch-all of race prejudice! Now the whole car was looking darkly at the Bulgarian, the more so as we were approaching Uskub, that critical objective of the Bulgarians during the war.

Half an hour before Uskub, we had to change to a standard gauge train. How huge it loomed in the dark! A rush, a scramble. Where was our luggage? Where our Minnesota Albanian? And how to get on? For the steps were impossibly high. The warning

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whistle was blown, and we were still not on. Were we to miss it, just for lack of a tail to swing ourselves up by? Absurd! Yet rescue came. Strong hands were pulling us up, like drowning persons over the side of a boat. And the hands ended in a handshake, and a laugh, and then a greeting in English: "You see, Serbia nation of fighters." It was a Serbian army officer, who had recruited during the war in the United States. We regretted our lost Albanian, but our new guardian proved competent. With what prideful pleasgrant appoints himself guardian to "born Americans" in out of the way places! — And how delightedly he uses his ex-English! But for all his competence our Serbian officer could not induce the Skople hotel keeper to make room for us in his overcrowded hostelry nor to cash a travelers' cheque. Alas, he did not know the "cours", — that fluctuating deity. Alas, there was no place in Uskub where at that hour of the night — But suddenly the fact that we were Americans pene-

trated to the inn- keeper's conscious- ness. He mumbled something and was off. And now he was back again, with a real American, — a gratifying appari- tion. How gratifying you cannot imagine unless you have spent months out of the reach of baths; unless the clothes you have on have often been slept in and have forgotten the experience of being pressed, though the memory of many rains is still vivid to them, and the many dryings on the human forms which they still adorn, — or rather, mar; unless your hats, — a year ago jaunty and trim, one a soft maroon felt, the other a green velour, with a winsome fringe of ostrich curls, — are now both shapeless, faded, incogitable blobs; and as for the ostrich curls, they are not even a memory, only a stringy attachment unremovable because the original color they conceal would too deeply shame the rest. And even aside from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our own shortcomings, the American clothes we had seen on returned immigrants were no preparation for the Immaculate Confection, — for so we called our new friend, — as he materialized. So blessedly clean! So trim and smart! He might have, — it seemed to us, — inspired the ads for Arrow collars and Sunkist oranges and Hart, Schaffner and Marx clothes, and how to develop personality. He galvanized the hotel keeper into sending someone to scour the city for a room for us.

Of the pivotal city of Uskub we saw only the mud-puddles, which were many and deep, *en route* to a private house on the outskirts of town, where the innkeeper had secured our room; and back again at three thirty in the morning, at which time the porter called for us, after four hours packed tight with sound deep sleep, — undressed, in real untenanted beds.

As we drink coffee in the station restaurant, we meditate upon a treachery to our class. At the ticket office we have made out with difficulty that the train takes twenty-six hours to Belgrade. Twenty-six hours on hard third class benches. And this same train carries a first class *wagon lit*. Not that we were not inured to Third Class. But if ever a poignant contrast was to be tasted to the full, surely after the many long weeks of crude lodgings, this was the hour. We fell. The ticket agent protested. But he did it in Serbian, which we could not understand.

We were punished for our fall. Not only by a sense of guilt when we saw some of our fellow travelers of the past day or two and we tried to duck our heads over our coffee to avoid their embarrassing offers of help, but once on the train the conductor, who spoke French, asked with puzzlement why we had taken a *wagon lit* when we could have been equally comfortable and equally private in a first class compartment.

"It is for the night," we explained.

"But to-night you will sleep in Belgrade! The schedule changes to-day, back to the pre-war time."

Twelve hours ahead of schedule! What a sense of triumph! A killing of twelve whole hours! Twelve precious hours found, snatched from the jaws of eternity! And at their happy end, Jugo-Slavia's capital, and a bath!

TO BE CONTINUED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KNUT HAMSUN, THE BARD ERRANT

ELIAS ARNESEN

THAT Knut Hamsun is the poetic vagabond, the romantic *voyageur* in modern letters, not only his work but, to a like degree, his life bears witness. For the moment let us dispense with the silly notion that it is his actual meanderings on the globe which align him with the great and the near great of Vagabondia.

In a more profound sense, as I hope to show, than the *Wanderjahre* of Maxim Gorki, those of Hamsun are the voyagings of the soul. For in this he is a "modern" of all times, in that his journey through life is an extremely organic and developing introspection. A Nordic Jean-Christophe? Yes and no! There, beyond the fundamentals, something *raffiné* and Christian; here forever the primitively pagan, the eternally human.

With Romain Rolland and Leonid Andreyev, he appeared after the advent of Nietzsche and Strindberg. No longer may the poetic individuality distil a brew savoring of the old metaphysical ingredients, the stale moralistic condiments.

Perforce he must express himself and the world as accepted by him. The Nietzschean honesty begets a spontaneous personalism, and thus you have your mobile, audacious moderns: Verhaeren, Rilke, Fröding, Sologub, Werfel, Dario, Maragall, D'Annunzio, Pirandello, — the list is long and exotic.

How in him life and letters fuse, how the cumulative psyche of the novels mirrors his cognitive-emotive progress, can be indicated by biography as gleaned from scattered information. Indeed the excursions of his soul outlined in biographical comment and fictional portraiture are the double aspect of one process.

Most readers of his works know already that Knut Pedersen Hamsun was born on the fourth of August, 1860. They have also read that the birthplace is Lom, a hamlet situated in the broad, fertile valley of Gudbrandsdalen, and have been told about the gifted craftsmen ancestors, and of his grandfather, a reputed artificer in metal. But of his parents nothing is known except that they were poor and, desirous of improving their lot, moved

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the four year old Knut to Lofoten, Nordland, far above the Arctic circle.

The author has himself told about this period of enduring trials. It emerges that the boy soon left his parents and went to stay with an uncle, a clergyman. The lad was precocious and became more so through enforced abstention from play. He had to work like a man; and often he was beaten.

He came to Nordland a small, highstrung boy and looked with the stranger's eye at the "gigantic drama in granite"; its austerity made him feel timid and alien. In this early situation we see the first and assuredly the most cogent reason for his subsequent individualism with its strongly flavored subjectivity. These were signally the elements contributory: the sensitivity of youth; the magnificent weirdness of the land; the compulsory seclusion.

Naturally the dangerous energy of his overwrought nerves, given no outlet, turned loose within and manufactured a morbid and splendorous fancy so much abetted by the uncanny performance of the elements without and by the spooky legends on the lips of peasant and fisher-folk.

Now, it is a noteworthy fact that Hamsun's salubrious realism germinated from this very morbidness. His psyche found a resolution for its dilemma in a growing attachment to the region about. The super-vivid impressions, at first intimidating, ceased to alarm and elicited a tremulous curiosity. He discovered that the cataclysmic land was the sincerest confidant he was ever likely to find. By degrees, from a feeling of wary curiosity he shifted to one of simple affection; he began worshiping it with the ardor pent up in an oppressed heart.

The winter with its eternal night, its dark beings, its icy breath, drives people into their homes up there; but when spring comes, with its torrents and flowers and lengthening twilights, then Baldur the Fair reigns with his benign and beautiful hosts. And, towards summer, when the blood-red midnight sun marks time in the heavens, when the meadows are fair with lush, enormous grasses, when brown berries, — with a wild tang, — run amuck, and the streams abound in leaping trout; then prodigious passion seizes the human creatures, and they snatch madly at moments of exulting joy. All is bathed in a rosy light, faint and trembling; a world, not real, mystifies all living creatures.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such nature is overpowering except to him who comes from without. Hamsun came from without, and though he is a symbol of the savage and magic north, he nevertheless stands for something more by virtue of having been transplanted to this totally different soil during early childhood. This, then, is the hidden secret of the author's striking originality.

To resume the thread of our objective story: Hamsun, an adolescent lad, was with his uncle. The hard work and harsh treatment he received ultimately "got on his nerves", and he moved on. The spirit of adventure drew him to the nearest big town, — Bodö, where he sanguinely expected the world to be his for the asking. Nothing is known of his disappointment, but it is stated that he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Bodö when seventeen years old. Like the plucky chap he was, he stinted himself out of his meagre earnings for very secret purposes. At night when master and tradesmen slept the sleep of the wicked and ignorant, the young apprentice would sneak out his candle and commence working on his masterpiece — *Björger* (1878), a novel in the biographical vein. He was saving his money to pay for the publication of this and a previously written poem. Fortunately the edition never saw the light of day outside of Bodö.

Soon, however, the wave of immigration caught him and landed him in America, where he endeavored to become a Unitarian minister, but failed again. The same year, 1885, he returned to Kristiania determined to become a poet of the greatest magnitude. Yet the time was not right, and again he failed.

His success as a lecturer, was, — should one say? — even less. At any rate he tells us of a particular occurrence that ought to decide the matter. Once, while lecturing in Drammen, just outside of Kristiania, on Alexander Kielland, the Norwegian classic, he had competition in a magician with a "menagerie of wild animals and monkeys". The crowd sought the wizard's hall, while Hamsun and his ticket agent waited in vain. At last one man appeared, the lawyer from whom our lecturer had rented the hall. But even he left finally, declaring it was raining too much that evening anyway to expect any one. Hamsun closed up in disgust. Then he too walked over to the conjuror's tent, where, — to his amazement, — he was speedily engaged as the interpreter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the terrible beasts and their life. With the aid of a few stealthy whiskies, — enjoyed behind the stage, — he summoned up courage and spoke with a poet's *élan* about the abysmal wickedness of two baby wolves, and of the colossal bloodthirstiness of a so-called hyena (in reality a badger, frightened beyond control), and he gracefully introduced anecdotes about Noah and his Ark and King Solomon. To his utter disdain the lecture turned out to be a "howling" success.

Not faring much better elsewhere he came to America a second time.

Our roaming poet had some experience as a street car conductor in Chicago, and then after slaving in North Dakota as a farm-hand "blew in" to Minneapolis in the fall and lectured there during the winter on French literature. A journalist who met him one evening at the then well-known Janson's Church, published an article about this encounter in a Stockholm paper in 1903.

"One evening in the fall," says the article, "a stranger appeared, whom I had never seen before, and whom one was obliged to notice involuntarily. His fine and strongly modeled face, his huge and robust figure, his lively manners and jolly conversation, and his entire, extraordinary personality stood out in these surroundings. His resemblance to Björnson was striking, and his apparent endeavor to utilize the likeness irritated, as does any imitation. He was evidently known here before; he greeted and nodded to many in the congregation. This man was Knut Hamsun, who was then twenty-eight years old."

Despairing even now of success he ran away to the banks of Newfoundland and drudged as a common fisherman on board a trawler and in the company of obtuse, barbaric men. This is the second turning point in Hamsun's life. The abrupt change from a hectic existence to a brooding tranquillity produced in him a spiritual awakening. The chaos of his passionate soul became organized, the million borrowed impressions and opinions receded to a distance which permitted original thoughts to rise to the surface of his consciousness. His manner of emerging from this voluntary exile adds but another dramatic touch to the tale.

The Swedish author Lundegaard, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Brandes, brother of the great critic, and who lived in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copenhagen in 1888, has written about Knut Hamsun's singular literary début. One evening Lundegaard went to visit Dr. Brandes at his residence and was met by him, smiling and, as it were, a trifle bashful.

"'Can you fancy,'" so went the story, "said Dr. Brandes, 'that when I was in the editorial office to-day, a Norwegian came and wished to speak to me. Yes, of course, he had a manuscript in his pocket! But that interested me less in the beginning than the man himself. A more forlorn man I have rarely seen. Not only that his clothes were ragged, but that face! I am not sentimental as you know, but the man's face gripped me.

"'I took his manuscript. It was a story. It was too long. This I told the author and was on the point of handing him back the manuscript; but just then I caught the expression of his eyes behind the glasses . . . and I could not get a refusal past my lips. I promised to read the manuscript and got the author's name and address; then he left. . . . I recommenced my work but could not forget him. The expression in his trembling, pale face persecuted me. There was something about him, something I could not explain. . . . At home, in the afternoon I started to read the manuscript. It gripped me at once, and the more I read the more it moved me. It was not only talented, like so many other things, it was more. There was something that shook one by the neck. It was something of a Dostoevsky.'

"'What is the name of the story?'

"'*Hunger*.'

"'And the author?'

"'Knut Hamsun!'"

On Dr. Brandes's hearty recommendation the story was published in "Ny Jord", a radical organ. The following year it was considerably enlarged and issued in book form. *Hunger* is a dramatic sketch of the terrible days of want and misery Hamsun endured in the Norwegian capital before his first visit to the United States.

Now followed a decade preëminently devoted to writing and travels on the continent. There are, for instance, impressions in essay and short story form dealing with life in Copenhagen, in Germany, and in the restless Paris of the later nineties.

Part of the time is spent in Kristiania, and when this urban

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reservoir is drained clear for his present purposes, he goes to Nordland for his next inspiration. He sings of himself in the big forests up north and of his hermit and hunter life there. No doubt he had sensed the inadequacy of *Hunger* as a personal revelation, so he repeats the experiment in a higher key, sustained by clearer and subtler harmonies. Again solitude causes him to take stock of himself and his experiences; it aids him in his effort at supreme self-realization. For now he is mature, and in the prime of virile manhood. *Pan* is therefore the most intimately personal and exulting strain of his pagan music.

From 1902 to 1903 and probably into part of 1904 he traveled extensively in Finland, Russia, the Caucasus, and Turkey. That he gained much *en route* is patent from two travelogues and one volume of lyrics that came into print at this time.

When fame and affluence wane a little, Hamsun grows sternly reflective. Something blurred in his sated senses springs into focus. Ah, well, he is after all a child of nature! Nature summons him northward. It is his destiny to go where wan lights mysteriously flash across murky skies. Thrice he hearkens to the summons and increasingly feels the forces of nature operative in him. He is of the earth, and upon the earth a wanderer. Some day he must return to the sovereign mother from whom he sprang. He is a wanderer half-a-hundred years old, who gently, gently peers into all nature and plays on muted strings about the blight of age.

At fifty, in likeness with Strindberg and Nietzsche, he believes that senescence sets in. "Look now," he says, "I am gone from the din and the jostle of the city, and newspapers and human beings; I have fled from it all because I was called by country and solitude, whence I sprang."

Reverses of various kinds assailed Hamsun at this time. His literary contact with Russia was broken. He was taking care of three families in Nordland. But this only steeled the man. And in consequence, a final turnabout occurs. From the *cul de sac* of the extremely sensitive and autumnal *Wanderers* Knut Hamsun leaps into the clear day of objectified fiction. A smacking, vigorous realism, the profound humor and optimism that is possible to the pagan, reek from that phase of his production which culminates in *The Growth of the Soil.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Knut Hamsun, by being true to his destiny, achieved a liberation from prejudice superimposed from without. The earth is his deity, its laws his laws, its creatures his brethren whom he wills not to molest.

And now at the end of the journey the wandering bard has found rest. Peace has enveloped him with the tenderer cares of home. On his estate in South Norway the Margrave Isak reigns sagely over the hosts of this earth. Youngsters pour fresh life into him; the soil yields him its treasures; solitude its profound mysteries. Indeed, Knut Hamsun, the Bard Errant, has found a peace that passeth all understanding.

DO NOT CURSE THE WIND

Bare not your teeth to curse the wind, my friend,
Though it should fling you gasping from your path!
Think not the wind is frightened by your wrath
When it has mocked the maddened seas that sent
Their frothing hound-waves leaping at its heels;
When it has chortled at the frenzied trees
That lash its flanks, and tumble to their knees
On broken whips at last; — when it but squeals
In glee when angry mountains think to close
Their towering gates on it. And even you
The wind will mock; so do not curse it, lest
It snatch your tender life out of your chest!
Yield it your path, or do as those clouds do:
Lean on its mane and ride it where it goes.

— *LeRoy McLeod.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM

IV — CATHOLICISM SELF-CONDEMNED

CHARLES FAMA

IN its March number THE FORUM *began a discussion of Roman Catholicism in America with the challenge of a Catholic to Protestants to come out into the open and state their case against his Church. This challenge was accepted in the April number, and the Protestant indictment was replied to by Dr. Kinsman, a convert to Catholicism, in the May number. In the present article, Dr. Charles Fama, another Protestant, quotes official Catholic utterances in refutation of the position taken by Dr. Kinsman.*

FREDERICK JOSEPH KINSMAN says, in his article "A Plea for Authority" which appeared in the May FORUM, that "Catholic principles compel training of children in religion; American principles compel training in citizenship. There is no difficulty in being loyal to both. If there is opposition between Catholicism and certain aspects of American life, it concerns such matters as divorce and birth-control, destructive of the sanctity of the family." If this were true, I would be the first heartily to concur. The attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward divorce may be deemed too rigid by some, though it is surely preferable to the general looseness prevalent in this matter. But, when we come to birth control let us observe, in passing, that the advocates of Neo-Malthusianism are simply trying to prevent the "unfit" from unduly multiplying their kind, while they encourage the increase of the fit. But supposing that these persons advocated that the members of certain high professions, because of their intellectual and social calling, should be prevented by law from having any family of their own, would we call such people patriotic Americans? Would they not, by their practise, destroy whatever verbal affirmation they might make to the contrary?

Yet the Roman Church denies to a large class of its members, male and female, the right to have a family. The clergy and the nuns supposedly would be the best fitted, morally and spiritually, for propagating their kind! It is their right as men and women, as Americans, and as Christians. St Paul himself advised the Bishops and the Elders of the Church of Christ to marry and to have a family, so that they might give a good example to their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flocks (I Tim. III: 4–12). If a law enforcing celibacy among these classes had been approved by the United States, think what an enormous loss our great Republic would have suffered! Think of the great names of the children of the manse, from the earliest times down to Woodrow Wilson, who never would have brightened the pages of our history. We see therefore, that the leaders of Roman Catholicism are compelled by their very system to live a life totally different from that of the average citizen of our commonwealth. In this fact we have an essential difference between Catholicism and any other religious system with an appreciable following in this country.

Yet there is another and even more far-reaching difference: the Romanists not only uphold the superiority of their system over all others (as is quite natural) but they go further than all the rest. While Jews and Protestants of all kinds likewise believe in the superiority of their faith, none of them dogmatically asserts that whosoever does not belong to their particular sect will be tormented forever and ever in a hell such as Dante graphically described in his immortal poem. The Protestant churches and the Jewish synagogues do not presume to pass upon their neighbors a judgment which belongs to God alone. It may be argued, of course, that this Catholic belief, being merely a belief, in no way injures the non-Catholic citizen. But this is not so, for the Catholic's belief in the certain damnation of his fellow-citizens colors his attitude toward them in many ways, and often precludes him from regarding them as his equals. Thus while Protestants regard their fellow-citizens of other creeds with benevolent sympathy and are glad to join hands with them in doing good on a footing of perfect equality, both spiritual and social, Roman Catholics often refuse to take part in activities participated in by non-Catholics.

Of course, we know that our Roman Catholic friends will maintain that this is not true, as both Mr. Williams and Dr. Kinsman have tried to show. Well, we will admit that a very large number of our Catholic fellow-citizens indignantly repudiate a superior attitude and sincerely coöperate in non-Catholic enterprises, but this is simply because they are not consistent with their own creed. Dr. Kinsman says, "Catholic principles inculcate good citizenship and patriotism. If Catholics ever

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

exercise in education, business, or politics, an influence contrary to civic morality, *the cause is not to be sought in their faith.*" We affirm that the contrary is true, and that a Romanist can have the American spirit toward his fellow-citizens, only to the extent that he fails to practise the doctrines of his faith!

What is the official teaching of Rome on this vital point? It may be summed up in one sentence: "*Extra ecclesia nulla solus,*" — that is, "Out of the Church (of Rome, of course) no salvation." Undoubtedly, our Roman Catholic opponents will try to explain away this axiom of their Church, and so we will save them the trouble by giving the official interpretation of their own American hierarchy. We are now quoting from *An Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism of Christian Doctrine for the Use of S. S. Teachers and Advanced Classes* — fifth edition (1891), Benzinger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See. This book has the official approval of Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of America as well as of the Primate of Ireland. There, on page 131, we find the following question:

> "Are all bound to belong to the Church?" Then this explanation is given: "If, then, we found a Protestant who never committed a mortal sin after baptism and who never had the slightest doubt about the truth of his religion, that person would be saved; because, being baptized, he is a member of the Church and being free from mortal sin he is a friend of God and could not in justice be condemned to hell. . . . I am giving you an example, however, that is rarely found except in the case of infants or very small children baptized in Protestant sects. . . . I said I gave you an example that can scarcely be found, namely of a person not a Catholic who really never doubted the truth of his religion and who, moreover, never committed during his whole life a single mortal sin."

The discussion goes on for nearly half a page in this strain, and we can see the anxiety of the writer to persuade his pupils that although, *in theory*, the thing may be admissible for the sake of argument, yet, *in practise*, it is impossible to be saved in the Protestant Church. As to the rest, Jews as well as Gentiles who were never baptized in any form, they are all bound for the infernal regions!

How this spirit worked in practise, when the Roman Church was given full chance to try its doctrines, could be seen better than anywhere else in the holy city of Rome as long as it was the capital, not of free Italy, but of the Papal States. There, both

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jews and Protestants had full illustration of the spirit of tolerance and equality which was developed in the Papal citizens by the doctrines of Rome when applied to its temporal government. It would take too long to tell of the atrocities of the Roman Ghetto and the mistreatment of both Jews and Protestants, but we are ready to make the demonstration at length, if our adversaries should compel us to do it.

Even to-day, in Rome, at the entrance of the former Ghetto, there stands a Church with a large marble inscription full of horrible accusations against the Jews, the heading of which begins by calling them "the God-killing people" (*Deicidae Populo*). And that this spirit of "benevolence" is developed as an inevitable corollary of Roman doctrine, may be vividly seen in the instance of Papini, the author of the famous *Life of Christ*. He declares that "we must love our neighbor *more* than ourselves," going a step further than Christ himself, and then he writes a whole chapter against the Jews, — a chapter containing the most bitter denunciations that have ever been made against them. The results of Papini's denunciations may be seen in the attitude of the Fascisti toward both Jews and Free-Masons to-day. It would be vain to look for such a chapter in the English version of his book, because the American translator (a convert to Rome) has "prudently" suppressed it, knowing that it would have had a disastrous effect upon American readers. "By their fruits ye shall know them" said Christ himself, and fruits of this kind are certainly alien to the soil of this free Republic where all citizens should work in harmony and sympathy with each other.

We might present the question from another angle and in this form, "Would a subject of the old Chinese Empire, believing that all the civil and religious ideas it stood for were divinely appointed, be a good citizen of the United States?" Evidently not, unless he changed his point of view entirely and completely! But if he went on, believing that everything Chinese was "Celestial" and the most perfect government of God on earth, could he, at the same time, be a sincere and faithful American? Yet this is exactly the dilemma of a Catholic in America to-day. His Church is more static than the Chinese Empire and constantly boasts of the fact.

The Catholic must even believe that a large number of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fellow-citizens belong to a race whose greatest heroes were all robbers and thieves. Is such a belief likely to develop in him the spirit of benevolence which is at the core of our Republic? Certainly not. And yet, hundreds of thousands of Catholic children are taught exactly such principles as a part of their sacred creed, every Sunday, here in America. Here is the proof.

On page 138 of the *Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism* we read:

> "Now let me explain to you what is meant by the Temporal Power of the Pope. Well, then, the Holy Father should have some city or States, not belonging to any government, in which he would be the chief and only ruler. Up to the year 1870 the Holy Father did have such States; they were called the Papal States, and the power he had over them, just as that of any other ruler, was called the temporal power. Now, how did he get those States and how did he lose them? He got them in the most just manner, and held possession of them for about a thousand years. How did he lose these possessions? The Italian Government took them from him in a most unjust manner. Besides the lands, they deprived the Church of other property donated to it by its faithful children. No ruler in the world had a more just claim or better right to his possessions than the Holy Father, and a government robbed him of them as a thief might take forcibly from you whatever had been justly given to you, when he found you were unable to defend yourself against him."

Now, is it to be wondered at, that the young people who are being taught in this way look upon their young Italian fellows in utter contempt and as an inferior race of Catholics. It has often been observed that the Irish Catholics show a special hatred toward their Italian fellow-citizens of the same faith, though Italy and Ireland know so little of each other. This is doubtless the explanation and it also reveals why so many Italians join our Protestant churches, since all their beloved patriots who made Italy one and free, — Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour, Victor Immanuel, — are called "robbers and thieves in the night."

Our Romanist friends boast all the time of their supposed great victories over Protestantism, and of their great increase, but there is another side to this picture, especially as far as the Italians are concerned. Thirty-five years ago there was in New York City only one Protestant Italian church, the old Broome Street Tabernacle, one Italian Protestant minister, the Reverend Antonio Arrighi, who died only a few years ago. We have to-day in greater New York an "Italian Ministerial Association" whose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chairman I have the honor to be. It includes more than sixty ministers, and as many churches and missions, some of which possess large buildings and a numerous congregation. Only last Sunday, one of our Presbyterian churches, that of the Holy Trinity in the Bronx, received ninety-six new members at one time, all converted from Romanism. The Roman Church boasts greatly when some Protestant minister (generally a High Episcopalian) goes over to them and advertises the fact in every way. Now, one only of our Protestant institutions, the Biblical Seminary in New York (Interdenominational), during the last fifteen years has had not less than forty former priests or monks of the Church of Rome among the students preparing for the Ministry in its Italian Department, and at the present time there are four such actually preparing for the ministry of some Protestant denomination.

In 1911, according to the Catholic Directory of that year, there were one hundred and fifty Italian Roman Catholic churches in the United States and two hundred and fifty Italian Protestant churches. The latter have now increased to three hundred and four.

The Knights of Columbus have often been accused of having an oath compelling them to fight in order to give Rome back to the Pope. If this were true it could not surely be maintained that such an oath is according to the true American spirit, and that a great organization standing for such a principle does propagate true Americanism. We know, of course, that this has been denied, and not having any means to prove it, we are bound to accept the negation. Yet while admitting that this oath may not be peculiar to the Knights of Columbus, we are ready to prove something even more important: that every American Catholic if faithful to the teachings of his church is practically sworn to attempt to effect that end. Let us go back to the *Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism*. There we read:

> "But has the Holy Father need of his temporal power? Yes, the Holy Father has need of some temporal power. He must be free and independent in governing the Church. But if the Pope is under another ruler, he cannot be free. Therefore, the Pope must have some possessions of his own that he may not be afraid of the injustice of any ruler, and may speak out the truth boldly to the whole world, denouncing bad rulers and praising good ones as they deserve." (p. 139).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Indeed, it does not honor the Pope very much to know that he is afraid of telling the truth unless he has his temporal power back again, and that his followers do not expect him to be Peter's successor in suffering for the truth, but the fact remains that our Catholic fellow-citizens are taught, as a part of this Catechism, that the Pope must have back his temporal power. This of course means that modern Italy should be compelled by force to make such a surrender, because no Italian government would do it in any other way.

Now, we may ask, is there anything parallel to it in the creeds of Protestantism, of Judaism, or of any other religious organization in America? Surely not, and therefore the Roman catechism must alone bear the reproach of teaching principles absolutely antagonistic to the spirit of free American institutions. The Romanists deny that they give the Pope any authority other than in matters of religion, and that in their relationship to the State they do not place his authority on a level superior to that of the government of the country. Let us see if this affirmation stands the test of their own official explanations:

> "In the beginning the members of the United States Government assembled to transact the business of the nation, sometimes in one State and sometimes in another, — sometimes in New York and sometimes in Pennsylvania, etc. But they soon found that in order to be independent of every State and just to all, they must have some territory or possessions of their own not under the power of any State. So some of the States granted them Washington and the country about it for ten square miles, — now called the District of Columbia, — in which the United States Government could freely perform its duties. In a similar manner the Holy Father is over all the governments of the world in matters of religion, in matters of justice and right; and just as the United States Government has to decide between the rights of one State and the right of another, so the Holy Father has sometimes to decide between the rights of one government and the rights of another, and must, in order to be just with all, be free and independent of all (*Explanation of Baltimore Catechism* pp. 139–140).

This could not be clearer: The Pope, in the view of our Romanists, occupies exactly the position of the Federal Government in relation to the States of the Union: so that he is the head of all the governments of the world in matters of religion, of justice and right; that is, in everything! Suppose the Jews should claim the same for their Great Rabbi, what would happen to them?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fortunately, we remember one of the sayings of Dr. Kinsman at this point: "Critics," he says, "must discriminate between the Church and her inconsistent adherents." This we do with all our hearts because we know that a large number of our Catholic fellow-citizens hardly know the doctrines of their own Church, and we regard it as one of our first duties, both as Americans and as Christians, to enlighten them as to the true character and purpose of their own hierarchy. If Protestants should not hear the Bible preached every Sunday, if they should never sing hymns, never attend prayer meetings, how much would they know of their own religion? Or, if going to church, they should hear the Bible read or explained in ancient Anglo-Saxon, what would this avail them? Yet this is exactly the condition of the Catholics when they go to church and hear the mass and the singing in the Latin language, and this explains why they know so little of their own religion in comparison with Protestants. Many Catholics are infinitely better, as citizens, than their creed would allow us to suppose and just because they do not know what that creed really stands for.

Everybody remembers the assault on the Union Club of New York City perpetrated by an Irish Catholic rabble, and the noble letter which a goodly number of our best Catholic citizens published in the newspapers, condemning that deed, emphasizing their own Americanism, and deploring the attitude of their Church in relation to politics. Yet, though many of the signers were very prominent in many ways, the hierarchy condemned their utterance and their spirit, calling them "bad Catholics and disobedient children".

The Roman Church is the greatest autocratic, intolerant monarchy that ever existed. That which is decreed must be executed and blind obedience is the command and not the entreaty. After the downfall of the Roman Empire, it became the great desire of the Pope of Rome to be the successor of the great Caesars. This desire was not in vain, for during the Middle Ages the Pontifex Maximus ruled with an iron hand and all the implements of the Inquisitions. "But," many will shout, "the doings of those dark ages are past. No people will ever again tolerate such things. Besides, the world is now much more enlightened." This is a great mistake. Roman Catholicism boasts of its im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mortality. Its dogmas and its laws are the same to-day as in the Middle Ages. And its intolerance will never weaken. A few instances from modern times will demonstrate this fact.

When Mussolini became Premier of Italy, one of his first acts was to have a more amicable understanding between his government and the Vatican. He made the following concessions in favor of the Church of Rome: First, the Roman Catholic Catechism must be taught to all students in the public schools of Italy, this to be done by Roman Catholic priests. Second, every classroom in every school must be adorned by a crucifix. This was not enough. The Roman hierarchy, taking this opportunity of friendship with Mussolini, instigated the latter in a widespread war upon Masonry, Protestantism, and Judaism, not excluding Socialism and every other ism that is not Romanism. As a result they closed up (only temporarily) the Methodist College of Monte Carlo. Persecutions of Protestants have been an everyday occurrence and even murder has not been wanting, — this to the greater glory of the Roman Catholic Church in the year of our Lord 1925!

Just a few days ago we read of the crisis of the French Cabinet. We read that the Catholic bishops and cardinals were stirred almost to rebellion against the Herriot government, and just because the latter had refused to maintain an *ambassador to the Vatican*. If the Pope is not a temporal ruler and has no temporal power, why should he demand ambassadors from sovereign nations?

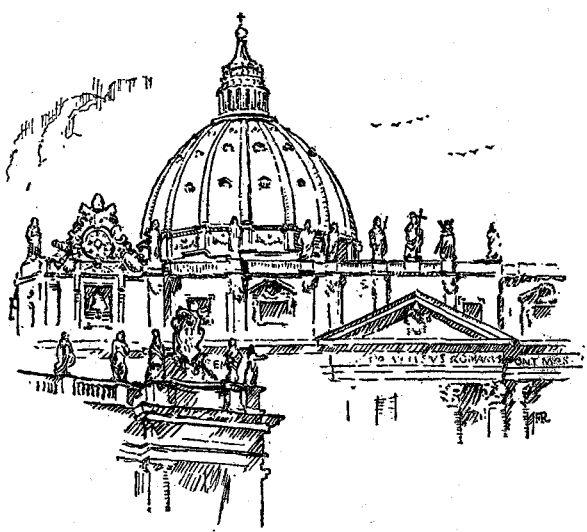
In every case the Roman Church's first move is to conquer the politics of a nation. Then it is easy for her to do the rest. During the Great War Spain, the greatest Catholic nation of to-day, refused to join the Allies. Catholic Ireland did everything possible to hinder the progress of the Allies; and we all remember the Sir Roger Casement incident and the outrages done to our own Stars and Stripes in Ireland. The Catholic province of Quebec refused the order of Canada to submit its youth to the draft laws. Who were the spies to give Italy such great trouble when she first entered the World War but papal emissaries? Among them was Monsignor Eerlach, who was arrested at the Swiss border having in his possession many documents of great value to Austria and decidedly dangerous to the Allies. Herriot and many other public

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men have not failed to make public the Pope's antagonistic attitude toward the allied forces during the war. Back of the Papal See's pro-German sympathies lay the promise of Austria to give back to the Pope his temporal throne.

One of the greatest institutions of America is the public school: by means of it every child has the opportunity, no matter what his race and creed may be, to become American in spirit. The Church says this institution is Godless because it does not give instruction in religion; is there no time to teach religion after school or on Saturdays or Sundays? Of course. The fact of the matter is that Catholics do not want their children enlightened by a liberal education. Therefore they build their parochial schools and their Catholic high schools and colleges so that their youth may be kept under the wing of the papacy and in ignorance of the truth.

And thus it shall continue from age to age, until the true spirit of free America shall have permeated the Catholic masses in such a way that they will truly learn the meaning of "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's." But for the time Catholicism stands self-condemned, condemned, that is, by its own utterances to be a religion so opposed to all that we call American that no citizen can practise both whole-heartedly and at the same time!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW TRENDS IN THE THEATRE

VII — *England*

RICHARD HUGHES

INSIDERS notoriously see least of the game, and it is far harder for an Englishman to write connectedly of the English theatre than it would be for a visiting Russian or Tibetan. From inside everything looks chaotic and rather dull, — purposeless; from without, it is conceivable that one might be able to distinguish some sort of façade that would appear *stylisé*, would give at any rate the illusion of a coherent structure. But whether there would not prove to be rooms without windows and even windows without rooms is a different question, — generalization is often less the product of constructive vision than of myopia.

All, therefore, that I propose to attempt is to pick out a few of the salient features; the task of correlating them I leave to someone less familiar with the facts.

The influence of the latter half of the war on the theatre was to create an unprecedented boom. The war was to London what the Jews are to New York, — it provided an apparently limitless audience wanting entertainment of any kind at any price, — leg-shows for the most part, though they were not even very particular about the quality of the leg shown.

Everything was inflated. No new theatre could be built, and rents doubled and trebled in a few months. A long chain of speculators was interposed between the owner and the actual producing manager; and this chain often absorbed seventy-five per cent of the rent.

The war ended, and business perceptibly dropped. Everyone squealed, — managers, speculators, owners. The owners said they were getting next to nothing: the speculators, each said that it was the other man who was profiteering: the managers, that expenses were so high that unless they could count on full houses for at least six months they could not afford to make any new productions; that after many years' faithful service to the public they were now being discarded and so forth *ad infinitum*.

The public replied in the words of Queen Victoria: We are not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amused. So desperate did the situation become that some of the managers were driven to have recourse to their last remedy, — they began to examine the quality of the entertainment they offered. If the public was not amused, what could be done to amuse it? (This is a very desperate course for a manager to take, as everyone will admit.)

I make no apology for laying this stress on economics; it is important. The English may be a nation of shopkeepers, but with this curious proviso: when business is bad, then are they readiest to spend, — and often it results in their best work. Prosperity acts on them like paralysis; adversity, like hooch. The poorer they are the happier, the more energetic, the more intelligent. As it is, the war has cost them enough to bring about an extraordinary revival of national intelligence; if only they had had the good fortune to be defeated, no one could have prevented their becoming the greatest nation in the world.

This applies to the theatre. The small measure of adversity already meted to them has caused a great improvement in the productions. And it is the theatres with the smallest box-office receipts which invariably put on the best plays. (I am quite serious in stating cause and effect this way.)

The general epidemic of expressionism has hardly touched England at all, and very likely never will. Elsewhere, it is so fashionable a vice, so very much the established thing, and practised by the Best People that it would take a braver man than myself really to examine its merits. Moreover, it would be outside the scope of these notes. But expressionistic setting may be summed up in a word — *Anthropomorphism*. At its worst (regarded as a philosophic attitude) it is liable to develop into a sentimentality of a very low kind, with its counterpart in the drawings of Arthur Rackham. At its best, it attains a significance like that of cubist painting; for the cubists are, though in a different sense, fully as anthropomorphic as Rackham.

But it is not a rational dislike of anthropomorphism and anthropocentricity to which English immunity to expressionism is really due, but rather to a general blindness to the plastic arts, notorious among the Dutch races. For the Englishman's eye is an insensitive, overworked, neurasthenic, fishlike organ. England never has produced a very great painter, — and probably never

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will. That privilege seems reserved by God for the Mediterranean races. The ordinary English theatre-goer goes to see a favorite performer, and often comes away without having gathered the title of the piece performed; even the more serious theatre-goer, who enquires the title of the piece and the name of the author before paying his money, is very unlikely to ask who has designed the setting. In short, *the appeal of the theatre in England is not plastic but poetic:* and an attempt to communicate emotion from the stage to the audience through the more abstract faculties of the eye is foredoomed to failure.

The room which fails to fit behind this particular window is the overwhelming success which the Russian Ballet scored in London. But even there I doubt whether the English eye took in very much. M. Diaghileff's excellences are so superabundant that anyone able to see even a small section of the whole could not fail to be impressed. His real secret lies in his synthesis of the animate and inanimate factors of visual impression (décor with dancers), and then the synthesis of plastic with audible rhythm (ballet with music); but I think all that most of the audience "got" was a certain appreciation of the actual dancing. It was noticeable, too, that they preferred rather muddy and confused productions, such as *Cimarosiana*, to the luminous clarity of the *Train Bleu* or even *The Three-cornered Hat;* and that while the names of Karsavina and Lopokova and Dolin and the rest became household words, Picasso and even Derain are names practically unknown in London, even among devotees of the Ballet; and (although as a rule the English have more respect for music than the plastic) the names of Milhaud and de Falla are almost as unfamiliar.

In short, and to return to the subject of expressionism, new theories of staging can never really capture English attention because, although the Englishman may have an intelligent ear, finger, nose, mind perhaps, his eye is bound to be the half-wit child of the family.

And one more exception. There is (or rather there was, for he died young a short while ago) a single stage artist who really succeeded in making an impression both on the public and the profession. That is Claude Lovat Fraser. He was not a great artist, if one takes a long view, — not in the same category as Gordon Craig; he was mannered and sometimes insincere and occasionally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unsuccessful; but he did evolve on the public stage a new kind of stage setting, he did put up a fight for pure colors, for simple, intelligent shapes, as well as manner, — he really had style. The great body of his work was done for the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, the little theatre in a suburban slum which Arnold Bennett and Nigel Playfair leased, and where they drew all London for four years to their revival of *The Beggar's Opera*. Lovat Fraser was not an expressionist, but he had an eye for pattern and color and mechanical efficiency that revolutionized the post-war English theatre from the spectacular point of view. Of his productions, *The Beggar's Opera* is the most famous, partly no doubt owing to the almost unprecedented length of its run. But my personal inclination is to prefer the earlier production of *As You Like It*, which he did for the Birthday Festival at Stratford-on-Avon in 1919, and which caused a riot in that hot-bed of literary snobbery. It has a freshness, a light-hearted vitality that he never quite recaptured; and when a year later it came to London won at least the *succès d'éstime* it deserved.

His drawings are fairly easy of access. Many of them are reproduced in his biographies, and of those originals which have not passed into private collections many are on permanent exhibition in London. But it is not fair to judge him from these; he worked direct in his medium, the theatre itself, and his drawings are little more than preliminary ideas which were largely discarded and superseded when production was in progress.

Probably the worst that could be said of him is that the Man of Taste occasionally got the better of the Artist in him.

But he is the only oasis in contemporary English scenic design. There are many sound young painters in England, and some of them are really artists; but they stick to their canvases, and the managers stick to fourth-rate mechanicians. The brothers Paul and John Nash, for instance, are obviously intended by nature for the theatre; but no one takes any steps about it. The job is left in the hands of mastodons, such as the man whose setting assisted Basil Dean in making a nightmare of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at Drury Lane Theatre last Christmas. One cannot well pass over this production without pausing for a little more particular abuse. If *The Three-cornered Hat* convinces doubters of the absolute reality of Beauty, this production convinced them that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ugliness is not even a mere negative of it, but a positive power of devastation, from which one took weeks to recover.

I say this in no spirit of enmity against Mr. Dean; he is (for our sins) one of the most intelligent men in the London theatre, with an admirable flair for good new plays and promising young actors, — two rare and valuable qualities; moreover, as a producer of ordinary living-room plays he is excellent; but his plastic sense is deficient, and before the spectacular or even the imaginative he breaks down completely. His staging of *Hassan* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* are unforgivable, even to the man who has introduced to London most of the best plays and new performers it has recently seen.

This brings one to the subject of Shakespeare. Uncles and aunts rushed most of Young England to Drury Lane, both to improve their minds and as a substitute for the "vulgar" Christmas pantomimes; thus not only killing two birds with one stone, but probably slaughtering as well whatever tender young taste the children may have had.

Otherwise, it is found impossible to make Shakespeare pay at a West-end theatre. The reason for this is simple but damnable. The habit of using Shakespeare as a school text-book makes all Englishmen grow up with a Shakespeare-complex. However much they may appear to recover from this childish poisoning, and learn really to enjoy Shakespeare, their Subconscious will always find them a toothache or an engagement at the Club if it is a question of having to see a Shakespeare play. If only he could be banished from the school curricula, this difficulty could be overcome in a single generation.

There is only one theatre to which this does not apply: and that is the "Old Vic", a bare and draughty house in the slums south of the Thames, where the highest-priced seat is fifty cents, and ten cents will procure admittance. The acting is mostly poor and all amateurish, the productions scenically uninteresting; but the audience of coster-mongers and hoboes and factory-girls plainly enjoy it hugely. Except for Opera, the Old Vic confines itself entirely to Shakespeare. But folk who wax sentimental over this apparent power of simple folk of appreciating great poetic drama deceive themselves. Partly it is because this audience has not seen him butchered to make an examiner's holiday, but the sober truth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is that they go to see *Hamlet* just as they would go to the melodrama of *Sweenie Tod* or a Wild West picture. They see no more in it, and no less. It is part of Shakespeare's peculiar cunning that his plays are more successfully laminated, — arranged in different layers comprehensible to the different layers in the audience, — than any others.

The Lyric Theatre at Hammersmith has produced a few modern plays, but its fame rests on its revivals from the 17th and more especially the 18th centuries: on *The Beggar's Opera*, Congreve's *Way of the World* (Edith Evans's *Millament* was one of the most outstanding performances of recent years), Sheridan's *Duenna* and *The Rivals*. In this field it has not only been unrivaled, it has been successful; Nigel Playfair has not only produced some of the best staging seen in London, he has "got over" to enthusiastic audiences plays which most people regarded as dead as a door-nail so far as the professional stage was concerned. With the loss of Lovat Fraser the theatre has lost its finest intellect, and is more apt to drop into meaningless quaintnesses; but it still does some very find work.

But even the Lyric loses money whenever it attempts Shakespeare.

The theatre's appeal in England is not plastic but poetic. It seems, therefore, that England's contribution to international dramatics is more likely to take the form of new plays than of new productions. In spite of Gordon Craig, ultimately the author remains the most important figure in the English conception of drama. It must be confessed that no young man has yet appeared writing first class plays (as a matter of fact, except for Pirandello, and for occasional flashes of genius in Lunacharski, — when he does not smother himself in words, — it is very doubtful if any first class plays are being written anywhere). But plenty of young men have appeared writing interesting ones, such as Turner and Ackerly and — sometimes — Coward. Moreover, one has to wait the sweet pleasure of the *Zeitgeist*, who decrees what form of literature each generation shall turn to. During the last decade by far the finest brains of the rising generation have been devoted to lyric poetry. The standard of poetry written lately in England has been very much ahead of the standard of novels or plays. But there are signs now that the *Zeitgeist* is already turning his attention to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the theatre; that the writing of plays will be the outstanding feature of the next decade.

Meanwhile, we have Shaw and Barrie.

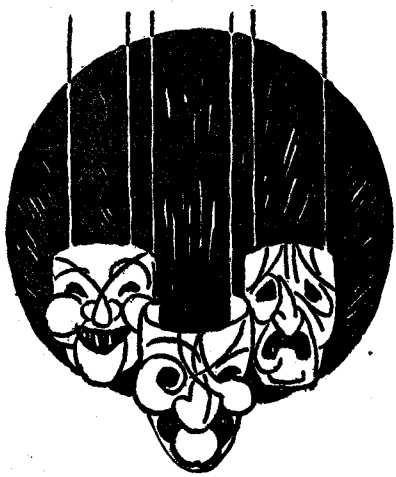
There is a distinct reaction perceptible in England in Barrie's favor. His faults, especially his sentimentality, are certainly hard to stomach; but after all, no author was ever kept from immortality by his faults; it is the presence or absence of his virtues that decides the question, and there is a lavishness of virtues in *Peter Pan* capable in time of living down the most notorious faults.

But when these great new plays appear (if they ever do) what is to happen to them? How are they to see the light? There are various possible answers. In the first place, there are the Repertory Theatres, — the mammoth Birmingham organization, the Maddermarket, the Bristol Theatre, and J. B. Fagan's new Playhouse at Oxford. It is at these that experiment is being carried out, not on the professional London stage for the most part. They have all the vigor of adversity. But also there is an English institution recently grown up which is, I believe, peculiar to that country: — Sunday Societies. These societies or clubs arrange for the performance of new plays. The overhead expenses are covered by the members' subscriptions, and admission is by subscription only. They borrow or rent a theatre for a Sunday night; and for their casts they practically have the pick of the whole professional stage; the actors and actresses appear for nothing, — partly as a sort of busman's holiday, for the sake of doing something more interesting than the play they are acting in during the week for their bread and butter; partly because these performances are fully reported, and the cast get very nearly as much publicity as if it was a regular first night. As well as the critics, managers often attend these performances, and sometimes buy stock and barrel a play once they *see* it which they had already refused in manuscript. In that case the club generally retains a small interest in it, which covers the excess of production expenses over subscriptions. This, indeed, has proved a pitfall to some societies, which speculate in plays they think they are likely to sell rather than produce interesting plays for their own sake. These productions, too, avoid the censorship since they are not public; and so many plays which the censor has banned on absurd grounds (such as the *Six Characters*) are at least seen by the people most interested.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most important of the societies are the Stage Society, which chiefly gives translations of important foreign plays, and is the oldest of the clubs: the Phoenix, which is entirely concerned with the resurrection of 16th and 17th century English plays, and the newest, the Three Hundred Club, which confines itself to the work of young English dramatists: thus each pursues its own function without much mutual interference.

The Drama is not encouraged at the English Universities, as it is in America. Oxford in especial is a culprit. The present writer, who had a play performed in London while he was still an undergraduate, had considerable difficulty in getting leave to attend his own first night; and Fagan with his Oxford Playhouse has had a very uphill fight with some of the professors. There is the Oxford University Dramatic Society of course, but its charter forbids it to perform anything written within the last forty years! It employs a professional director for its productions, and really is little more than a jumping-off ground for the professional stage. Cambridge is a long way ahead, and some extraordinarily interesting productions have been done there, including Pirandello's *Henry IV*, under the direction of one of the Dons, Frank Birch. It was a very fine production indeed. But there they are handicapped by a decree forbidding them to have "mixed" casts; the women's parts have to be played by men, and thus considerable subtlety is inevitably lost.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PISTOL SHOTS IN THE BALKANS

WALTER LITTLEFIELD

ON the morning of April 15, readers of the newspapers found the leading headlines devoted to the attempted assassination of the King of Bulgaria. A few days later dispatches from Sofia told of an infernal machine which, exploding in the ancient Cathedral of Svela Nedelia, during the funeral of the murdered General Gheorghieff, had killed or wounded five hundred prominent Bulgarians. Recalling the fatal shot at Sarajevo in June 1914, one wonders what lies behind this latest outrage.

IN the days when Imperial Russia and Imperial Austria were rivals for predominance in the Balkans, it used to be said that a pistol shot there could be heard in the chancelleries of Western Europe. The repercussions of one in 1914 startled them into war. Although the present detonations heard in Bulgaria probably possess no such universally fatal potentialities, the paramount object of the Peace Treaties requires that they be examined in its light, — particularly in the light of the object of the Treaty of Neuilly of November 27, 1919.

Although Soviet Russia and destitute Austria are not rivals, the former still nurtures the Czarist ambition to bring the Slavs of the South under the dominance of those of the North, — the most propitious step toward universal Bolshevism, — and so Moscow, through its legation at Vienna, is manœuvering to this end.

The situation in the Peninsula seems conducive for such intervention. There is Serbia, the spoiled child of the Peace Conference, ambitious to revive the Servian Empire of the Middle Ages by arrogantly defying the rights of minorities and gathering them into the specious fold of Yugoslavia. To realize her ambition she is apparently not loath to let Moscow have its way up to a certain point in other Balkan nations, — although she is annoyed when it tampers with Croatia, who has found the fold too oppressive, — so that her intervention may be the more gratefully received. There is her former ally Greece, now almost her vassal, timidly doing her orders in spite of the frowns of the League of Nations and hoping she may not be obliged to surrender Salonika to her. There is the non-Slavic State of Rumania, who might escape the present picture were it not for the fact that her possession of Bessarabia is still disputed by Russia, who is likely at any time to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

substitute arms for propaganda. And, finally, there is Bulgaria who has her place in the imperialistic scheme of Serbia and leads the Moscow program for dominion in the Peninsula.

How much of the present distracted state of Bulgaria is due to the selfish arrogance of Serbia? How much to the stealthy moves of Russia? How much to her own conduct? Let us return to the Treaty of Neuilly.

This instrument was practically dictated by Pashitch and Trumbic of the Serbian delegation, for the purpose of rendering Bulgaria impotent and wiping out all scores. By it, about one million Bulgarians were isolated from their country, part of them in Dobrudja which was given to Rumania, and part in Macedonia which was divided between Serbia and Greece. Bulgaria was deprived of the Aegean littoral awarded her by the Treaty of Bucharest after the Second Balkan War of 1913, although Article forty-eight of the Neuilly document inspired her with the hope of a "little window" giving on that sea. She is still hoping. Bulgaria was so disarmed that she could not adequately defend her sovereignty if attacked from without or maintain her authority if the attack were internal. Her reparations were placed at such a high figure that the Council of Ambassadors at Paris has periodically modified them, in spite of the remonstrances of Serbia and Greece. All this was in punishment.

Nearly eighty per cent of the six million Bulgarians till the soil. In the reaction against the hitherto governing class which followed the abdication of Czar Ferdinand and the succession of his son Boris, amiable, democratic, and an expert botanist, it was natural that the former Agrarian Opposition should come into power and that its leader, Alexander Stambulisky, should be Premier. His horizon was limited by agriculture, by reprisals against those who had been responsible for bringing the country into the World War on the side of Germany, by a religious observance of the terms of the peace treaty, by an ill-concealed admiration for Bolshevism. His direction of legislation in the *Sobranje*, — the Bulgarian Parliament, — proves all this: he prosecuted the ministers of the late monarch, his economic measures were to the disadvantage of discharged officers and the people of the towns, — industrialists, merchants, intellectuals. He formulated the "Green International" and was not loath to in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

voke the Red to make it prevail in agricultural countries. He advised the Bulgarians in Dobrudja and Macedonia to accept their fate.

This last brought to the front a remarkable figure, Todor Alexandroff, a born leader and organizer, patriotic, magnetic, a dead shot. He created the Macedonian Organization for autonomy, and with his lieutenants, General Protogueroff and Peter Chaüleff, roamed the countryside keeping the spirit of revolt alive against the Serbs and Greeks, whose reprisals caused large numbers of the Macedonians to seek refuge in Bulgaria.

This was the situation when, on June 9, 1923, the discharged officers of the old army, industrialists, merchants and intellectuals contrived a *coup de main*, which captured the Government from Stambulisky and his Agrarians, and put the present Government of Tsankoff in its place. Of all the *communiqués* issued by the new Ministers, possibly that of Ivan Rousseff, Minister of the Interior, is the most significant.

> "We made this revolution because Agrarianism was destroying Bulgaria. Our policy will be one of peace and in no way directed against our neighbors. We shall do our utmost to avoid bloodshed, and hope that Bulgaria will shortly resume her prosperous pre-war career. The arrested bourgeois Ministers at Shumen are at liberty and will soon arrive at Sofia. Our action has nothing in common with the Macedonian Autonomists and is purely a Bulgarian movement."

The overthrow of Stambulisky and his policies, his subsequent death while trying to escape, created consternation in Moscow and joy among the Macedonian Autonomists. From Moscow, Kolaroff, the secretary of the Third International, was dispatched to Bulgaria with orders to organize the Communists and intransigent Agrarians against the Tsankoff Government and to bring the Macedonian Organization into the conspiracy.

His plan, as revealed in documents seized by the Bulgarian police, was to create risings in remote villages which should divert the small army from Sofia; then in Sofia King Boris and the Ministers were to be arrested. The *coup* was set for September 12, 1923. It failed. The Communist centre in Sofia was destroyed, and the rural revolts being anticipated were ruthlessly put down.

The suppression caused a great exodus of Communists and Agrarians into Serbia. Among the two thousand who fled were Kosta Todoroff, former Bulgarian Minister at Belgrade, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander Oboff, Nedelko Atanassoff, and Christo Stoyanoff, ministers of the late Stambulisky. Among these, Kolaroff, now joined by Dimitroff, also of the Third International, continued his work. He was so successful that when a year ago the Tsankoff Government offered amnesty to the refugees, only half of them accepted it and returned home. Possibly they were deterred for other reasons. On the frontier the *Komitadji* bands of the Macedonians were waiting. Their mobilization caused Serbia to remonstrate as early as September 13, 1923, when her minister at Sofia formally informed the Bulgarian Foreign Minister that if any Bulgarians crossed the frontier Serbia would consider it an act of war.

Meanwhile, the missionary work of Kolaroff among the Macedonian Autonomists bore fruit. At first it produced an *entente* between them and the Raditch Agrarians in Yugoslav Croatia, and then ruptured the Macedonian organization. Peter Chaüleff, together with Athanasoff and Vasilieff, accepted Moscow and caused the assassination of Alexandroff on August 31, 1924, because he would not do so, — as his manifesto to the League of Nations last autumn shows. His assassins were "executed" by orders of his successor, General Protogueroff, but their secessional organization survived, and its members became known as the Macedonian Federalists. The blood feud between the two Macedonian factions finally sought its victims among the members of the *Sobranje*. Deputies belonging to the Governmental Democratic Entente and Communist deputies alternately fell. Among the former was Nicholas Mileff, the Minister designate at Washington. He was slain, on February 13 last, for his anti-Communism and his pro-Autonomism. To stop the slaughter, and also better to observe the actions of the Agrarian-Communist-Federalist revolution, the Government, in March, caused its majority in the *Sorbranje* to pass a drastic Defense of the State Act.

There are two widely differing reports concerning the relations of the murdered Alexandroff with Moscow; two concerning his death. One authority is the Bolshevist bureau at Vienna; the other is Alexandroff himself and General Protogueroff, who was with him when he was assassinated. The first states that Alexandroff signed a manifesto condemning the Tsankoff Government and pledging the support of his organization to the Third Inter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

national, that this manifesto, published in the Communist periodical, *Fédération Balkanique*, printed in Vienna, so infuriated the Officers' League at Sofia that its members forced Alexandroff to revoke it, that the revocation then so infuriated the Macedonians, that they threatened to break up the organization, upon hearing which Alexandroff caused Vasilieff and Athanasoff to be "executed" as traitors, and that it was in revenge for their death that the leader was slain by two *komitadjis*.

Unfortunately for the accuracy of this account the two men said to have been sentenced by him, were among his assassins and were "executed" twelve days after his death. Among his papers found at Djumaja was one dated August 30 saying that he was about to set off for the revolutionary district of Serres, where he had heard that Vasilieff and Athanasoff were to proclaim a Soviet republic, and that he went to prevent this. Another document left by him, which has been identified as the first draft of the covering letter which accompanied his manifesto to the League of Nations, contains this passage:

> I declare that I did not sign either the manifesto published in *La Fédération Balkanique* and attributed by that review to be the Central Committee of the Macedonian Organization, nor have I signed any other similar document. If my signature is at the bottom of this manifesto, it is false; Protogueroff also affirms that he has not signed this manifesto.

In his appeal to Macedonians to "observe" the memory of Todor Alexandroff and to purge themselves of Communism, Protogueroff fully describes the murder while on their way to Serres, where Vasilieff was district chief, — accompanied only by a guide, Panzo Zafiroff. At the foot of the mountain, where the meeting was to be held, they were joined by Chterio Vlakhoff and Dintcho Vretenaroff, intimate friends of Vasilieff and Athanasoff. They all encamped for rest the next day (August 31); at 3:30 P. M. Protogueroff went to look for water, leaving Alexandroff and the guide lying on the ground. He heard the report of rifles and hastened back. He found that both Alexandroff and the guide Zafiroff had been shot in the back. Vlakhoff and Vretenaroff had disappeared.

Documents now in possession of the Tsankoff Government show that the revolution with coöperation from the refugees, who had been organizing in Serbia under the very eyes of Belgrade

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authorities, had been set for April 15. The King was to be slain before then, and at his funeral an infernal machine was to annihilate the entire ministry, who were expected to be in attendance. On the morning of April 14, his Majesty, while on a botanical expedition, was fired on and escaped, although his friend Professor Illycheff and a servant were killed. Eight hours later General Gheorghieff was shot down in the streets of the capital. At his funeral, held in the ancient cathedral of Sveta Nedelia, only the premature explosion of the infernal machine prevented the entire Tsankoff Ministry from being wiped out.

Other documents in the possession of the Government also reveal that, ever since December, Adolph Joffe, the Russian Minister at Vienna, has been the vehicle through which the Third International at Moscow has distributed money and passed on orders to the revolutionary organizations in Serbia and Bulgaria. Was it an accident that two Labor members of the British Parliament together with an Irish anarchist should have been present in Sofia on April 15, and that their accounts of the whole affair, subsequently issued in safety at Belgrade, should have remorselessly condemned the Tsankoff Government? Is it not at least significant that their stories should first have been cabled abroad from Vienna?

Two products of the Treaty of Neuilly have measurably contributed toward the present situation in Bulgaria: the inadequate defensive forces allowed the Government, and the presence in the country of Macedonians driven from their homes by Serb and Greek oppression. By the Treaty all plans for a reserve or mobolization were abolished; conscription was abolished; there was to be a volunteer army of only twenty thousand men who must enlist for a minimum period of twelve years; officers must serve for twenty. The frontier guard was to consist of a volunteer force not to exceed three thousand; the police, forest and customs guards were not to exceed ten thousand, also volunteers. The ammunition and arms were strictly limited: there were to be only eleven hundred and fifty rifles to every thousand men, and each rifle was to have no more than five hundred rounds. The number of machine guns was not to exceed fifteen per thousand men. The manufacture of weapons and ammunition was to be under the control of the Interallied Commission stationed at Sofia. Within the last

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few days the Council of Ambassadors have been constrained temporarily to raise the strength of the miniature army to thirty thousand.

Early in January the League sent its own commissioner, L. B. Golden, to investigate the refugee situation in southern Bulgaria. His report was handed in on February 16, 1925. A confidential copy lies before me. It enters into every detail of the horror and concludes that "everything possible should be done to prevent the expulsion of the hundred and thirty to a hundred and fifty thousand Bulgarephone-Macedonians from Western (Serbian) Macedonia" and that "the only solution of the Bulgarian refugee problem is a foreign loan to enable the Government to settle the refugees on the land."

A final word about the Treaty of Neuilly-sur-Seine: It may have been a very natural expedient when signed and ratified. It quieted the fears of other Balkan nations and satisfied their desire for retribution. It must also, in a measure, have appealed to the *amour propre* of France, England, and Italy whose Foreign Secretaries had been so deceived and humiliated by Ferdinand's Government. But its terms do not now appear to have been wisely drawn. We have seen how its clauses on the division of territory and disarmament opened the country to external enemies and aroused those within, while the reactions necessary to maintain sovereignty, even authority, remind one of the Middle Ages. They appear grotesquely, pathetically, out of date.

For, however we may discount the Vienna tales of arrests *en masse* and executions without trial, the Sofia Government is probably using the same measures of suppression that were employed by the Army of Versailles against the Paris Commune in 1871. Then the German army stood by ready to intervene should the Commune win. With similar preoccupation the Serbian Army is watching events in Sofia. Last autumn, MM. Vandervelde and Thomas, respectively former ministers of state of Belgium and France, visited Bulgaria and, on returning home, unhesitatingly declared that the Neuilly document had outlived its usefulness, that it was no longer a promoter of peace but an actual provoker of war. The present situation seems to confirm this and to demonstrate the necessity for its revision.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. GONEGAGA REAPPEARS

I — He Studies America in Europe

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

THE platform of the Gare St Lazare marked for the train to Cherbourg was crowded with men and women talking loudly and exultingly. A dark little man with an Italian hat, a French overcoat, and English tweeds pushed his way through a group of American buyers and tapped on the window of my compartment.

"Hey! How are you? Going back to the Dry? Hey! Hey! So am I!"

I peered intensively at the stranger, and slowly it dawned on me that this was my philosophic friend Gonegaga whom months ago I had left in America studying American newspapers and political institutions. I warmly invited him into the compartment and then demanded why he had left America for Europe and why he had discontinued his American researches.

"But I am continuing my studies," he exclaimed, although his appearance and his tonal qualities were at variance with his former philosophic calm, instrospective, and penetrating analytical attitude. "You think me strange," he went on, noting with his old-time keenness my look of wonderment, "but I was told by the editorial friend on 'The Times' to whom you introduced me that if I wanted to understand American politics and newspapers I must go to Geneva to see the League of Nations and to Paris to see the Americans."

"And Geneva you found interesting?"

"Wonderful — it was filled with the delegates and the Americans, — the delegates seemed tired of being in the League, and the Americans most anxious to get in."

"But, if you will permit a personal question, when I saw you last you were wearing the Oriental costume of your fathers. Why have you changed to this very occidental costume?"

"I got them in Geneva," — he flapped his coat triumphantly, — "to get the Americans to talk English to me."

"Talk English?" I was frankly puzzled.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah!" he said with pleased and gentle superiority, "you do not know your own people. Whenever they see a foreign-looking person in Europe, they speak French to him."

"But you speak French as well as you speak English," I thoughtlessly insisted.

"But not with the same accent", he said softly.

I winced.

"Then you did not approve of the Americans you saw in Geneva?"

"Oh! please do not think that," Gonegaga protested with evident sincerity. "I admired them greatly, — they were the real idealists. They were superior to all the others in imagination, they were continually soaring. I can understand why you should be superior in any warfare in the air."

"Self heated, I presume —" the subject was turning painful, and in defense I said, "tell me what you discovered about American politics in Paris."

"Many wonderful things, particularly the influence on the franc," with a most engaging smile. I tried to grasp what possible influence the political opinions of Americans in Paris could have on the franc, but finally confessed that I did not understand him.

"It was you who told me that somewhere between the conservative and the progressive opinion is probably the party which is right, and the more bitter these two extremes become the more strength will be developed right in the middle."

I nodded slowly, vaguely remembering some such thought but still much perplexed as to its application.

"Well, there are in Paris two American newspapers, — the 'Paris New York Herald-Tribune' which is Conservative, and the 'Paris Chicago-Tribune' which is Progressive. They both quote every day on their first page for the benefit of their Americans the figures at which the franc may be bought with American money. As they never agree and neither is ever right, the Conservatives (New York Tribune) and the Progressives (Chicago Tribune) are becoming more and more bitter, and so the franc which is in the middle is becoming stronger. Indeed, I myself heard Americans say that after reading the two papers for several days they had come to the conclusion that the franc was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much maligned for they found that if it went down in one paper, it always went up in the other."

"Did you discover anything else?" I felt there was hardly any necessity for explaining to Mr. Gonegaga the editorial difficulties of exact market quotations.

"Yes, I discovered how unpopular is the American Senate. Paris to an American man is against not only the Senate but even the lower house. I found, however, that the feeling against the upper chamber is more deep seated. Heretofore in my humble political studies I have refrained from indulging in the customary political prophecy, but if I may, as you say, indulge myself, I should say that at some time in the near future the American-Paris journalists and politicians will be found leading a movement for the abolition of the American Congress."

"Did you find this feeling confined to Paris?"

"Oh! No, I found it intensified as I traveled. On the Orient Express, I met two Americans and one Turk who were for the immediate decapitation of Senator Borah, the prompt cremation of Senator Couzens, the pulverization of Senator Norris, and the complete transmogrification of Senator Walsh. I think I have the words correctly, — they were slightly perplexing."

"Purely partisan feeling," I suggested soothingly.

"Pardon, but I do not think so, for it was the Turk who was most bitter. He had spent six years in America and was what he called a naturalized Republican."

"But the American representatives of the Government abroad do not feel this way?" — I was beginning to be interested.

"More so. If the American Senate is ever abolished in Europe, the American diplomatic and Consular officials of all Europe will celebrate with an extra *thé dansant*."

I admitted that I was genuinely surprised.

"Please do not misunderstand me. The feeling is not my own. The Congressman you introduced to me in Washington was so unassuming, counting out the seeds for his constituents. The Congressman who calls on the American Consul disturbs so many arrangements, the afternoon siesta, for instance, and he generally wants to see some old historic church, or some Murillo or Velasquez that no consul has ever heard of. Then he always wants to meet somebody, and that is very disconcerting, for how

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can a diplomatic or consular representative keep his social position in a foreign city if he introduces his friends to a Congressman? And then the Senators, — they are terrible. Of course you understand I am, what you call, reflecting opinion. The Senators give their constituents a letter addressed to 'The American Diplomatic and Consular Officials', and it makes a lot of trouble."

"In what way?"

"Firstly, the Consul must see the person who presents the letter, and this is disturbing. Then some of the traveling Americans think the letter is a railroad pass or that it will help get a discount at a hotel. I was told that one young lady, the bride of one of your leading bootleggers, had one of these letters from a New Jersey Senator, and she gave it to a waiter as a tip."

"You believe, Gonegaga, that the move to abolish the American Congress — in Europe — is most sincere?" I said finally.

"Undoubtedly, although it mystifies me that those who were the first modern upholders of representative government should now preach to Europe contempt for their own institutions."

"But they can't abolish the Senate," I exclaimed, "and they would know that if they would only read the Constitution."

"Ah!" responded Mr. Gonegaga, "but their answer to that is that they won't read the old Constitution. Dear sir," and Gonegaga spoke with a tearful seriousness that was unusual in him, "I seem to see that Americans are not unlike many Europeans who are in a bewilderment because of their too strong desire to accomplish what they believe in. In their hearts, these Europeans would not be indifferent to a *coup d'état*, not realizing that *coup d'état* frequently spells *auto da fe*."

We walked up the gangplank of the *Berengaria* together.

"I shall see you, I hope, in New York. Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand.

"Good-bye! — where do you think you are going now?"

"To continue my study of American politics and opinions," he smiled suavely. "I am now going to be what you call in America an Illustrated Sunday Feature. I travel third class that I may learn something of 'Why the Other Half Lives'."

And smiling enigmatically, he marched off to the Third Class with a troop of heavily loaded and thoroughly mystified first cabin stewards.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

THE CHILDREN OF THE WAY

A PEDESTRIAN may pretend that he passes bucolic days sprinkling flour on honey-bees or dodging bulls in the upland pastures, but even he cannot avoid the stern, mirthless facts which confront men and women in the crowded streets. Stopping on the brow of a hill and looking down on a distant, shimmering city, he may cry, "How beautiful!" — but there is always that fellow at his shoulder to exclaim, "Beautiful? How *earnest!*" And when he descends into the plain and walks in the city streets, where the celestial haze has turned to dirty smoke, and the soothing murmur has grown to a discordant din, he cannot wholly escape crying, like Ruskin, of "the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly."

It may be good to return to the hill-top, to see the distant, beautiful city as well as to echo the lamentations of Ruskin. It may be profitable to remember Turi the Lapp, who says he cannot think unless a stiff breeze is blowing through his hair. But no amount of persiflage or of bucolic gambol can blot out the picture and the noise. Those who have followed the Pedestrian hitherto in the pathetic expectation that he might eventually squeeze a jest out of the preposterous illusions of mankind are hereby warned to turn back. To-day he is concerned seriously, not with illusions, which are often funny things, but with disillusion, which is a bitter thing.

For the real misery, "which no imagination can interpret too bitterly," is not the condition of the poor, nor yet, except in a secondary sense, what Ruskin called the "deforming mechanism" of modern life. Rather, it is wide-spread disillusion, especially among the young, and a pathetic clutching at spiritual nostrums and anodynes. Perhaps most youthful ideals are illusions, but when disillusionment came slowly and in part you could build new and less hollow illusions out of the ruins of the old, and eventually, out of these, could build still less illusory faiths, till

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideals settled into something like reality, till you saved, or felt that you were in process of saving, your "crown of spiritual manhood".

But Youth still abhors a vacuum. So our disenchanted youth are feverishly busy trying to find a way out. Of course the young pagans, noisy and conspicuous, are really a negligible minority, in spite of the apprehensions of serious middle-aged folk; and they are certainly franker and possibly more engaging as giddy satyrs and giddier satyresses than when, formerly, they hardened gradually into swine. And they are happy enough, — as long as youth lasts! But a multitude of young people are unhappy just because they are *not* materialists. Marriage and social relations, work and play, politics and religion, — their suddenly opened eyes see these things in a kind of bankruptcy. They would not only save their own souls, they would save the whole world. And they realize at least this much, that the solution lies not in material, but in spiritual power. They are turning to religion for a way out.

This is of course an encouraging sign. But it would be more encouraging if they did not seize so passionately on devices which only breed further disillusionment. Perhaps it is the fault of their elders, who seem almost as hysterically bent on finding a device, a get-saved-quick solution. Some, of an emotional nature, mistake psychic forces for spiritual; others imagine that they can think the mystery through, as if it were a problem. Perhaps the most numerous are the thralls of efficiency, who suppose that organization will work miracles. Only the other day the newspaper heading for a prominent clergyman's solution of the European tangle was "Christianity Must Organize for Assurance of World Peace."

The article wasn't so bad as the title. It was mainly concerned with the reasonable idea that statesmen, actuated by Christian motives, should work towards an association of nations. But the author did talk glibly of *organizing* Christianity itself. Just a careless use of terms on his part, perhaps, but a very different matter to the disillusioned who clutch at the idea. Yet it is a commonplace, tantalizing equally to the methodical or to the sentimental mind, that what we do to regulate spiritual things usually kills them. At least the most striking instances of creative

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christianity have taken place without organization. One vivid illustration, among many, is in *The Children of the Way*, by Anne Allinson.

This little book has not had the attention it deserves. It gives an extraordinarily convincing picture of the positive and miraculous grace of early Christianity. The author is so intimate with Imperial Rome that she accomplishes an astonishing likeness to fact. You feel as if you were literally there, in the Argiletum, or at Dento's pearl shop in the Via Sacra, or in the *atrium* of the house of the Good Shepherd; yet Mrs. Allinson has given her characters such perennial life and has selected her situations with such skill that the whole thing might be translated without much effort to our own day. You read of the careless, riotous throng at the Circus or of the festivities at a tavern in the Subura, and your mind instinctively leaps forward to that startling phrase of Henry Adams, — "the age-long failure of Christianity roaring up out of Broadway." The dejected laborer contemplating suicide as he looks down at the Tiber might be standing on Brooklyn Bridge or the Victoria Embankment; the scene in the servants' hall might be "below stairs" in Fifth Avenue or Grosvenor Square; Calpurnius and Felicia, a young patrician couple riding for a divorce, might be anywhere west of Constantinople. Yet they are all vividly, poignantly, in the Rome of Nero, — a disillusioned Rome, in which a noble but sadly sterile Stoicism offered only "close-lipped patience" to the spiritually sick.

In the last chapter Honoria, an independent, intellectual woman, writes to her brother in Egypt of her visit to Paul in prison. "As we talked on," she says, "I saw that much that these Christians teach is old and familiar." Then, near the end of her letter: "But I think that they live it (the littlest sort of everyday life) in the presence of God and of eternity. I am aware that philosophers have preached some such sort of abstraction as this, but I must confess to you that I have never in my whole life seen one individual, not even Mother, who was doing it as these Christians are. They seem set free from every inhibition."

What strikes you most in the book, in fact, is not the vivid way in which it is written, but the remarkably vital power of a few poor people, with no organization, with ignorance, indiffer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ence, and persecution confronting them, but with the grace of God in their hearts, — "set free from every inhibition." And reflecting on the spiritual impotence and the inhibitions which organized Christianity has set up through the centuries, you are inclined to wonder whether the secret of the Children of the Way did not lie, after all, in their very lack of organization; to wonder, indeed, whether the "Way" is not the "way out".

Organization is a characteristic of what we commonly regard as civilization. It must therefore be a disquieting thought to some that the "Way" of the "Children" might wreck civilization, the very thing the organizers would seek to save. One is reminded of a reply said to have been made by Bishop Brent to a similar objection at the outbreak of the World War. "Well," said a short-sighted person to him, "this war proves one thing: Christianity's a failure; Civilization and Christianity cannot get on together."

"If that's the case," Bishop Brent replied, with quick lucidity, "then Civilization will have to go."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POETRY

Edited by Walter S. Hinchman

JUNE

"JUNE! ! . . ."
The slow soft word is textured like a night moth's wing,

It seems to sing
With all the myriad blended songs of birds,
And the faint reedy notes of insect orchestras
Atune
And muted to merge kindly with the dark.
Words
So often have the fire the opal has,
A spark,
A separate light that burns within
As well as with the light reflected from
The beauty touched. Some words are sharp and thin,
And some are warm and heavy like a fruit
That to the moment of completion's come
By Time's unhurried bounty. Like a plum
In color and in weight the word "June" is;
It hangs upon the air in very bliss
Of ripened sound.

"June. . . ."
So packed with sweet of unseen secret birth,
Of secret loveliness in silence wed,
With only stars for witness, earth for bed,
And the enduring patience of the ground
For pillow.
Through the grass what traffic goes,
Quaintly unseen, but busy with the trade
Of being its self, the thing that heaven made!
What magic in the curved cup of the rose
Unfolding to the kiss whence she has found
The pollened message from her royal mate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Climbing some garden wall to hail his messenger,
(Gauze-winged and velvet-bodied dragon fly!)
To speed him through the dark in purple state,
Bearing the golden grains of Life to her!

"June. . . ."

— *Amory Hare*

HUMILITY

INTO this world, and a cry in the night
Was all that I owned;
Forth through this world with a secret delight
That the Deity loaned.
Out of this world with the color and light
On the old hills that knew me;
The balance is paid, and a cry in the night
Is all that is due me.

— *Amory Hare*

PROMOTION

THE night my fever burned away the bands
That hold the pinions of the mind in thrall
My pain had earned for me
Some beauteous liberty
Whereby I gained one hour of those far lands
Where walk the saints beside the Garden wall,
I knew their names, as beautiful as bells!
The Saints Sebastian, Francis, Barnabas;
Sweet St Cecilia and St Augustine;
I saw them come, a flower their lips between,
To watch the bees among the asphodels
And toss the petals on the whispering grass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But, as they passed me, all the faces proved
Familiar, from some other life of old;
One was that man who perished in the cold
To save his friend; and there was one I loved
Whom labor had made blind. Her face was mild;
Somewhere on earth I had drawn near to her —
Our little wrinkled village dressmaker!

— *Amory Hare*

A REPLY

I STOOD and looked down at the sea,
And all the waves looked back at me,

And the incessant tread of years
Muffled in laughter and in tears

Blurred in my heart. "O World!" I said,
"Tell me — what is it to be dead?"

But the waves answered, endlessly,
"We are, and do not cease to be."

I stretched my arms out to the sky —
"Ah, tell me what it is to die!"

But the clouds answered, "Death is rain.
We cease but to become again."

Then the winds' lips against my cheek
Pressed words I know not how to speak,

Words clear and sudden, like a breath
Of dawn — "Child, child, there *is* no death!"

— *Mary Dixon Thayer*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BATTLE GEAR

SCARRED armor breathes romance? Then what of this:
Sleeves sleek from stubborn strife with note and bill, —
Dread dragon-spawn a Cadmus might not kill,
Especially *pen* armed! — worn knees that miss
Threadbareness by a scant hair's breadth, I wis;
From constant gripping, as your warrior will,
His battle-steed, — a desk-stool at the mill, —
While fighting foes that know no armistice;
Shoes old, but brave with polish; creased, but clean;
Cravat, a touch of color, mirroring
The gallant heart beneath the sagging vest,
Gay with the free sky's blue, the springtime's green; —
Romance indeed! The war-gear of a king;
A dauntless champion, on an endless quest!

— *Harold Willard Gleason*

POLO PONIES

HAS Pegasus, then, visited the earth,
Borne on great pinions lyrical with thunder,
And these his foals, — this breed of racing wonder,
Fearless and free, and sensible of worth?
With flash of eye and silver gleam of girth
They charge, now neck to neck, now wheeled asunder,
With shining sides, small feet that scorn to blunder,
Dark nostrils trembling in their pride of birth,
Sired from the skies, they eddy down the plain,
Chestnut and black and the fast-flying dun,
And swift and strong they crowd, and tense and fain,
Eager as fire though the last goal is won,
These wilding creatures gentled to the rein,
These little brothers of the wind and sun.

— *Eleanor Baldwin*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hare and Tortoise

A Novel in Six Instalments — II

PIERRE COALFLEET

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

AGAINST the background of the Canadian Rockies, out in Alberta, Keble Eveley, a young Englishman of patrician birth and tradition, is "putting the finishing touches on a monument God left in the rough." There he has met, loved, and married Louise, the vivid daughter of Dr. Achille Bruneau, the French-Canadian rural practitioner. Walter Windrom, a schoolmate and close friend of Keble, who is visiting them, is thrown from a horse and severely injured. Mrs. Windrom, his mother, comes to Alberta to be with her son. She is the first woman of Keble's world who has entered their home. Her presence is revelatory and disquieting to Louise. It reveals something to her of the chasm which separates her world from her husband's, and brings upon her the disquieting realization that Keble expects her some day to take her place in his world. After Walter recovers and the Windroms leave, Louise goes from the funeral of a neighbor's son to spend the night with her father. Dr. Bruneau is puzzled when Louise asks him how much money of her own she has, and requests him to get her a cheque book. But whatever project she may have in mind she keeps entirely to herself. He asks her, "Is anything wrong?" and she replies, "Is there anything right?"

CHAPTER II

Continued

3

During several days Louise's thoughtful, suddenly grown-up mood persisted, but it was destined to be violently detracked by the chance reading of a poem which had been marked in blue pencil and cut out, apparently, from the page of a magazine. It was lying on Keble's table, among other papers. It was unsigned, and the title was *Constancy*. With a sense of wonderment that grew into fear she read:

You cry I've not been true,
Why should I be?
For, being true to you,
Who are but one part of an infinite me,
Should I not slight the rest?

Rather are you false to me and nature
In seeking to prolong the span
Of impulses born mortal;
In prisoning memories
Impalpable as the fluttering of wings.

If I've been false,
I have but mounted higher
Toward a spacious summit,
Bourne of all soaring vows.
The buds we gathered in the vale ha
perished.
Branches that offered roofs of shimmeri
green motley,
Their summer service rendered,
Divested themselves,
Framing rude necessary heights.

Yet you sit plaintive there while I aspire,
Intent upon a goal you will not see.
Must I descend to you?
Or shall I venture still? — My staff
An accusation of inconstancy.

What did it mean? Why was it marke
Who had written it? Why was it lying
Keble's desk? She stood cold and still, h
gaze returning again and again to t
paper in her hand.

Unable to answer the questions, she
down and made an ink copy of the bru
lines. When the last word was written s
replaced the original on the table and tc

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the copy to her bedroom, reading it, unconsciously memorizing it, making room in her philosophy for its egoistic claim, and finally locking it in the box that sheltered her youthful manuscripts.

Although she did not refer to the enigmatic poem, she knew that to its discovery could be traced a breach that began to make itself felt, a breach which she knew Keble associated in some vague way with the funeral of little Billy Salter. Keble, for his part, had made no mention of the poem, and day after day those accusatory blue marks continued to peer through the unanswered correspondence that rested on his table. Although she argued the lines out of countenance, though she watched for Keble's polite mask to fall and reveal some emotion that would disprove her interpretation of them, they ate into her heart.

The poem might have been a hint from Providence. She *was* an impediment to Keble's progress, a poor creature unable to comprehend the hereditary urges that bore him along in a direction that seemed to her futile. How often must he have been legitimately impatient of her deficiencies! How often must he have starved for the internationally flavored chit-chat with which a wife like Girlie Windrom would have entertained him! With what a bitter sigh must he have read his thought thus expressed by an unknown poet! That would account for the marking and the clipping. She promised herself to profit by the hint, if hint it were.

As the breach widened, Keble maintained the deferential attitude he had always assumed in the course of their hitherto negligible misunderstandings. Technically he was always in the right. Her acquaintance with people of his class had been large enough to teach her that good breeding implied the maintenance of a certain tone, that in divergences of view between well and dubiously bred people, the moral advantage seemed always to lie with the former. It was a trick she had yet to learn.

There was a sort of finality in the nature of this breach that made it unlike any other in their relationship. This was a conclusion she admitted after days of desperate clinging to the illusion that nothing was amiss. Meanwhile Keble waited; and she sank deeper into silence.

In the midst of her self-analysis a letter arrived for Keble from the friend of the early spring. Walter Windrom had spent the intervening months in England, but was returning to his post in Washington.

The renewal of this link with the outer world had a stimulating effect upon Louise. It suggested a plan which ran through her veins like a tonic.

That night, through a blur of tears, she wrote the following letter, while her husband lay uneasily asleep.

"Hillside, September 16.

"Dear Walter: Before leaving the ranch you offered to do something for me. You may if you will. I've been miserable for months at the thought of what a very back-woods creature I am. I can never be what I would like to be; therefore I've decided to be what I *can* be, so *hard* that I shall be even with Fate. I can't go away, but I can afford a tutor with my very own money. So will you please immediately pick out the most suitable girl you can find. Above all things she mustn't be a teacher, or anything professional; she must simply be somebody nice, and too well-bred for words! I'll learn *by ear;* I never could learn any other way.

"I will pay all expenses and whatever salary you suggest. And I'd rather it be a big salary for a paragon than economize on a second-best. She could come here as a former friend of mine, for Keble must know nothing about my conspiracy. Do you think that is too much like not playing the game? After all, it's only that I wish to play the game better, — I mean his sort of game. Not that I especially like it; but I've let myself in for it.

"Would you do that, Walter, please, without making fun of me? Address me in care of Dr. Achille Bruneau."

Chapter III

I

In Keble's new car, purchased with a recent birthday cheque from the family, Louise was driving swiftly over the lumpy road that wound its way down the hill, beside the river, across sage plains, around fields of alfalfa, toward the distant Valley. There was an autumn crispness in the air, and the rising sun made the world bigger and bigger every minute. She rejoiced in the freshness of the earth; and the fun of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goading a powerful motor over deserted, treacherous roads made her chuckle. Most of all, she was excited by the element of adventure in the journey. She welcomed most things in life that savored of adventure. What mattered chiefly to her was that she should go forward. And this morning's exploit was a leap. If she were ever to get out of her present *impasse* it would be thanks to the unknown woman she was hastening to meet.

As she swung into the long main street, passing the post office and the drug store, the bank, the hotel, and the hospital, scattering greetings among stragglers, she was conscious of the wide-eyed interest in her smart blue car. The inhabitants made capital of their intimacy with her. In the old days she was "Doc Bruneau's girl"; nowadays she was, in addition, the wife of a "rich dude" and a liberal buyer of groceries and hardware.

"As though that made me any different!" she reflected, and drew the car up before the doctor's white-washed garden fence, sending a bright hallo to an old schoolmate, Minnie Hopper, whom she had once passionately cherished for their similar taste in hair-ribbons and peppermint sticks, and who was now Mrs. Otis Swigger, wife of Oat, the proprietor of "The Canada House" and the adjoining "shaving parlor and billiard saloon". For Minnie marriage was nine-tenths of life. She was the mother of two chalky babies; she had an "imitation mahogany bedroom set"; and her ambition was to live in Witney, beyond the mountain pass, where there was a "moving picture palace" and a railway station.

Even Keble, — Louise pursued the thought as the gate clicked behind her, — seemed to think marriage nine-tenths of life. For *her!*

She was burning with curiosity.

A tall, lithe, solid young woman was standing before a heaped bookcase, — a fair-skinned, clear-eyed woman of thirty-two or three, with a broad forehead over which a soft, shining, flat mass of reddish-brown hair was drawn. She wore a rough silk shirt with a brown knitted cravat; a fawn colored skirt, severely simple but so cunningly cut that it assumed new lines with the slightest motion of her body; brown stockings and stout brown golf shoes of an indefinable smartness.

Louise had never seen a woman so all-of-a-piece, and of a piece so rare. As a rule, in encountering new personalities, she was first of all sensitive to signs of intelligence, or its lack. She could not have said whether this person were excessively clever or excessively the reverse. It was the woman's composure that baffled her. The wide-set gray eyes and the relaxed but firm lips gave no clue. She swiftly guessed that in this woman's calculations there was a scale of values that virtually ignored cleverness, as such; that cleverness was to her merely a chance intensity that co-existed with other more important qualities in accordance with which she made her classifications, if she bothered to *make* classifications; and something suggested that for this woman classifying processes were automatic. What her mechanical standards of judgment were, there was no gauging: degrees of gentility, perhaps. That was what Louise would have to learn.

The lips, without parting, formed themselves into a reassuring smile, which had the contrary effect of making Louise acutely conscious of a necessity to be correct, of marshaling all the qualities in herself that had aroused approbation in the most discriminating people she had known.

The stranger replaced a book she had been inspecting and took a step in Louise's direction. Louise shook herself, as if chidingly, and let her natural directness dispel the momentary awkwardness. She went forward quickly with outstretched hand.

"You are Miss Cread, of course. I am Mrs. Eveley. I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting overnight here."

"Your father has been more than hospitable. He delighted me last night with his quaint ideas."

"Oh dear, — about priests and things? Louise was inclined to deprecate her father's penchant for assailing the church in whatever hearing.

Miss Cread laughed. "Partly. I dote on this little house, and all *its* things."

"Papa suggests that after he dies I transport it to a *quai* on the left bank of the Seine in Paris and knock out the front wall. He says it would make a perfect book stall. . . . Papa once won a scholarship to study medicine in Paris

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It rather spoiled him for a life in these wilds. I do hope you won't die of boredom with us. I've never been to Paris. Indeed I've never been farther than Winnipeg, and that seemed thousands of miles. Of course you've been abroad."

"A great deal."

"You're not a bit American." Louise was thinking of camping parties that sometimes penetrated the Valley in cars decorated with banners bearing the device "Idaho" or "Montana". She had notioned her new friend to a chair and was leaning forward opposite her. "Do you know," she suddenly confided, "I'm terribly afraid of you."

"Good gracious, why?"

"You'll laugh, but never mind. It's because you're so distinguished looking."

Miss Cread reflected. "A distinctive appearance doesn't necessarily make one dangerous. It is I, on the contrary, who should be afraid."

"I'm sure nothing could frighten you!"

"Oh, yes. Responsibility. You see, this is my first post. I'm quite inexperienced. I do hope Mr. Windrom made that clear."

"Oh, experience! Why, you're simply swimming in it, — in the kind that matters to me at this moment. I mean your life, your surroundings, all the things that decided Mr. Windrom in his selection of you as a companion, have done something for you, have made you the person who — bowled me over when I entered this room. My husband is brimming over with the same, — oh, call it genuineness. Like sterling silver spoons. I don't know whether I'm sterling or not, but I do know I need polishing. . . . It may be entirely a matter of birth. Papa and I haven't a crumb of birth, so far as I know, — though I have a musty old aunt who swears we have. She endows convents, and her idea of a grand pedigree would be to have descended from a line of saints, I imagine. . . . For my part I have no pretensions whatever, not one, any more than poor Papa. He thinks it rather a pity to be born at all, though he's forever helping people get born. . . . I was rash enough to dive into marriage without holding my breath, and got a mouthful of water. Sometimes I feel that my husband wishes I could be a little more sedate, a little more, — oh, you know, Miss Cread, what I called distinguished-looking, though I could feel that you disapproved of the phrase. One of the very things you must do is to teach me what I ought to say instead of distinguished-looking. That's what Minnie Hopper would have said, and at least I'm not a Minnie Hopper."

"You're like nobody I've ever seen or heard of!" This was fairly ejaculated, and it gave Louise courage to continue, breathlessly, as before.

"It is for my husband's sake that I'm trying this experiment. At least I think it's for his sake: we never quite know when we're being selfish, do we? He will soon be a rather important person, for here. He's getting more and more things to look after: I can hardly turn nowadays without running into some new thing that sort of belongs to us. We shall have guests from England later on, and I can't have them dying of mortification on my threshold. . . . When I married I was blind in love, and somehow took it for granted that I'd pick up all the hints I should need. But I haven't. . . . Am I talking nonsense?"

"Not at all. Please go on."

"If you have any pride you can't ask your husband to instruct you in subjects you should know more about than he, — don't you agree? I'm sure I know more about baking bread than any of the Eveleys back to Adam, but I don't know a tenth as much about when to shake hands and when not to, and that's much more important than I ever dreamed.

"It may be silly, but I've made up my mind to be the sort of person my husband won't feel he ought to make excuses for. Not that he ever would, of course! I've never admitted a word of all this to a soul. I hope you understand, and I hope you don't think such trifles trivial!"

"My dear! . . . Aren't you a little morbid about yourself? I know women of the world who are uncouth compared with you. . . . As for creating an impression, you are rather formidable already! There are little tricks of pronunciation I can show you, and I shall be delighted to tell you all the stupid things I know about shaking hands and the like. . . . I'm already on your side; I was afraid I mightn't be. One can never depend on a man's version, you know, even as discerning a man as Mr. Windrom;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a woman usually takes the man's part in a domestic situation."

Louise had a sudden twinge.

"There is only one thing that worries me now."

Miss Cread waited, with questioning eyebrows.

"How *am* I going to pass you off? I've told my husband I knew you when you taught at Harristown! I went to Normal School there for a year, you know. He'll see with half an eye that you're no school teacher. What are we to invent? I can't fib for a cent."

"Well. . . . Shall we invent that my family lost its money and I had to work for my living? And that things are better now, but my family have all perished, and I've come here for a change. That statement doesn't do serious violence to my conscience."

"There's a little two-room log cabin you can have to retire to whenever you get bored with us. . . . And of course we'll have to call each other by our first names. You don't mind, do you?"

Miss Cread smiled sympathetically.

"She's nice," decided Louise, in relief, then said, "I'll go out and help Nana now. After lunch, *en route la bonne troupe!*"

This phrase, more than anything Louise had said, afforded Miss Cread the clue to their relationship. Louise had reverted into French with a little flourish which seemed to say, "At least I have one advantage over you: I am bi-lingual." Miss Cread saw that it was characteristic of Louise to underestimate her virtues and fail to recognize her faults, and for her, who had spoken French in Paris before Louise was born, Louise's accent was unlovely, as only the Canadian variety can be. She would let her pupil make the discovery for herself. Miss Cread was pleased to find that her mission was going to be a subtle one.

"I shall be fearfully nervous for a few days, until we get into swing," said Louise at the table.

"Then my first task is to restore your composure."

"Your second will be to keep it restored. . . . I'm growing less and less afraid of you. Wouldn't it be funny if I should get so used to you I answered you back, like in school?"

"There's no telling where it will stop. You're a venturesome woman."

Louise laughed merrily. "Don't you love adventure?" It was an announcement rather than an inquiry.

2

Late in the afternoon they reached the fields where the men were cutting the scanty crops. Keble on his buckskin mare was in consultation with the superintendent, and on hearing the honk of the car wheeled about, came toward the road, and dismounted.

"Miriam dear, this is my husband. His name is Keble, and he's frightened to death that you'll notice, though not call attention to, the muddy spot on the breeches that Mona cleaned this very morning. Keble, this is Miriam Cread, who is coming to stop with us as long as I can force her to stay."

Keble took a firm white hand in his. The stranger's smile, the confident poise of her head, the simple little hat whose slant somehow suggested Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix, amazed him. It was as though Louise had brought home a Sargent portrait and said she had bought it at the Witney emporium.

"What I can't forgive you for, my dear," he said blandly enough, "is that you should have kept me so long in ignorance of such a charming friend's existence." He turned to the guest. "I've heard all about Pearl and Amy and Minnie, but next to nothing about you. Don't you think that's perverse? My wife is a sort of human *feuilleton:* something new every day."

He was surprised to hear himself using a term which would certainly have conveyed nothing to Pearl or Amy or Minnie, but he knew the allusion had registered.

"I suppose that's the first duty of a wife," Miriam laughed. "Besides, Louise Bruneau is nothing if not original. All her friends recognize that." She patted Louise ever so gently on the shoulder.

The modulation of the voice, the grace of the little pat, the composure, the finely cut nostrils, the slant of the hat!

They chatted, then Louise started the engine, and in a moment the car was zigzagging up the long hill that lay between them and the lake.

Louise was conquering an unreasonable pang. To herself she was explaining that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

freemasonry that existed among people of Keble's and Miss Cread's world; there was some sort of telepathic pass word, she knew not what. It was going to be the Windrom atmosphere all over again: permeated by exotic verbal trifles. But that was what she had bargained for; the stakes were worth the temporary disadvantage. Walter needn't, of course, have sent quite such a perfect specimen.

What "stakes"? Well, surely there were objects to live for that outweighed the significance of petty jealousies, petty possessions, the rights of one person in another. She brought the car around to a point from which the lake spread out under them in all the glory of deep emerald water and distant walls of sun-bronzed rock. The cottages and farm buildings grouped themselves beneath, and along the pebbly shore a rich league of gray-black and dark green pine forest linked the buildings and the mountains. Two frantic sheep dogs came barking to meet them.

An exclamation of delight escaped from the travel-weary guest.

"I'm glad you like it," remarked Louise, relenting.

"It's superb," Miriam replied. Again she gave Louise's shoulder a discreet pat, as the latter began the winding descent. "You very lucky woman!" she commented.

3

Riding, fishing, and hunting for the winter's supply of game enlivened the autumn months, and when the snow arrived, drifting through the canyons, obliterating all traces of roads and fences, there were snow-shoe and ski journeys, skating on a swept portion of the lake, and dances before the great fireplace. Self-consciously at first, but soon without being aware of it, Louise reflected the sheen of her companion, and acquired objective glimpses of herself. There had been long discussions in which tastes and opinions had been sifted, and Louise's speech and cast of thought subtly supervised. Throughout the program Keble made quiet entrances and exits, dimly realizing what was taking place, grateful for, yet a little distrustful of the gradual transformation. It was as though, in an atmosphere of peace, unknown forces were being secretly mobilized. There was a charm for him in the nightly fireside readings and conversations. When he was present they were likely to develop into a monologue of daring theories invented and sustained by Louise, — a Louise who had begun to take some of her girlish extravagances in earnest. In the end Keble found himself, along with Miriam Cread, bringing to bear against Louise's radicalism the stock counter arguments of his class.

This was disconcerting, for he had been in the habit of regarding himself as an innovator, with his back to the past and his gaze fixed upon the future; and although it was pleasant to find himself so often in accord with a highly civilized and attractive young woman just appreciably his senior, it was a set-back to his illusion of having graduated from the prejudices and short-sightedness of conventional society. For the sum total of his mental bouts with Louise was that she serenely but quite decisively relegated him to the ranks of the safe and sane. And "safe and sane" as she voiced the phrase meant something less commendable than "safe and sane" as he voiced it. For Keble "safe and sane" was of all vehicles the one which would carry him and his goods most adequately to his mortal destination. He had always assumed that Louise had faith in the vehicle. Now he seemed to see her sitting on the tail-board, swinging her legs like a naughty child, ready to leap off at the approach of any conveyance that gave promise of more speed and excitement.

During his later school days, Keble, by virtue of an ability to discriminate, had arrived at a point of self-realization that rendered his conformity to custom a bore to him but failed to provide him with the logical alternative. For this he had consulted, and responded to, the more refined manifestations of individualism in contemporary literature and art, to the extent of falling under the illusion that he himself was a thoroughgoing individualist. A victim of a period of social transition, he, like so many other young men of his generation, made the mistake of assuming that his doubts and objections were the effect of a creative urge within himself, whereas he had merely acquired a decent wardrobe of modern notions which distinguished him from his elders and, to his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own eyes, disguised the inalterably conservative nature of his principles. Hence the almost irreconcilable combination: an instinctive abstemiousness and an Epicurean relish.

Whenever Louise, after some brilliant skirmish with the outriders of orthodoxy, came galloping into camp with the news that a direct route lay open to the citadel of personal freedom and personal morality, Keble found himself throwing up his cap in a sympathetic glee, but then he fell to wondering whether the gaining of the citadel were worth the trampling down of fields, the possible breaking of church windows, the discomfort to neutral bystanders.

At such moments he suspected that he was in the wrong camp; that he had been led there through his admiration for daring spirits rather than a desire for the victory they coveted. It alarmed him to discover that the topsy-turvy fancies that had endeared Louise to him were not merely playful. It alarmed him to discover that she was ready to put her most daring theories into practise, ready to regard her own thoughts and emotions as so many elements in a laboratory in which she was free to experiment, in scientific earnest, at the risk of explosions and bad odors, all for the sake of arriving at truths that would be of questionable value. Certainly, to Keble's mind, the potential results, should the experiments be never so successful, were not worth the incidental damage, — not where one's wife was concerned. For him "safe and sane" meant the avoidance of risk. For Louise he suspected that "safe and sane" smacked of unwillingness to take the personal risks inevitable in any conquest of truth. That brought him to the consideration of "truth", and he saw that for him truth was something more tangible, and much nearer home, than it was for his wife. And he was in the lamentable situation of feeling that she was right, yet being constitutionally unable, or unwilling, or afraid, to go in her direction.

Miriam caught something of the true proportions in the situation, and it was her policy to remain negative in so far as possible, pressing gently on either side of the scales, as the balance seemed to require. She had a conscientious desire to help the other two attain a comfortable *modus vivendi*, but as the winter progressed it became increasingly evident to her that her efforts might end by having a contrary effect. Reluctantly she saw herself saddled with the rôle of referee. Furthermore, it seemed as though the mere presence of a referee implied, even incited, combat. Their evenings often ended on a tone of dissension, Louise soaring on the wings of some new radical conclusion; Keble anxiously counseling moderation; and Miriam, by right and left sallies, endeavoring, not always with success, to bring the disputants to a level of good-humored give and take.

On two or three occasions she had been tempted to withdraw entirely, feeling that as long as a third person were present to hear, the diverging views of husband and wife would inevitably continue to be expressed. But on reflection she realized that her withdrawal could in no sense reconcile their divergences. From Louise she had derived the doctrine that views must, and will, out, and that to conceal or counterfeit them is foolish and dishonest. As Miriam saw it, these two had come to the end of the first flush of excited interest in each other. Their ship had put to sea, the flags had been furled, the sails bent. They had reached the moment when it was necessary to set a course. And they might be considered fortunate in having a fair-minded third person at hand to see them safely beyond the first reefs. It hadn't occurred to Miriam that she might be a reef.

With Louise nothing remained on the surface; the massage that polished her manners polished her thoughts, and with increasing facility in the technique of carrying herself came an increasing desire to carry herself somewhere. As a girl she had too easily outdistanced her companions. Until Miriam Cread's advent there had been no woman with whom to compete, and her intelligence had in consequence slumbered. Keble had transformed her from a girl into a woman; but Miriam made her realize the wide range of possibilities comprised under Womanhood, and had put her on her mettle to define her own particular character as a woman. Now her personality was fully awake, and her daily routine was characterized by an insatiable mental activity, during which she proceeded to a footing on many sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jects about which she had never given herself the trouble to think. She had read more books than most girls, and had dined on weighty volumes in her father's library for the sake of their sweets; but under the pressure of her new intellectual intensity she found that, without knowing it, she had been nourished on their soups and roasts. The unrelated impressions that she had long been capturing from books and thrusting carelessly upon mental shelves now formed a fairly respectable stock-in-trade. Every new book, every new discussion, every new incident furnished fuel to the motor that drove her forward.

But there was one moment, during the Christmas festivities, when the boldness of her recent thoughts, the inhibitive tightness of her new garments of correctitude, the fatigue of standing guard over herself, became intolerably irksome, when she looked away from Keble and Miriam and the Browns towards her tubby, bald-headed, serene little father, twinkling and smoking his beloved pipe before the fire: a moment when she longed to be the capricious, dreamy girl who had curled up at his feet during the winter evenings of her first acquaintanceship with the English boy from Hillside.

If Keble had divined that mood, if he could have stepped in and caught her out of it with an expert caress, if he had read the thought that was then in her mind, — namely that no amount of cleverness could suppress the yearning that her conjugal experience had so far failed to gratify, — if his eyes had penetrated her and not the flames, where presumably they envisaged the air castles he would soon be translating into stone and cement, then the yards of the matrimonial ship might have swung about, the sails have taken the breeze, and the blind helmsman have directed a course into a sharply defined future. At that moment Louise might have been converted, by a sufficiently subtle lover, into a passionate partner in the most prosaic of schemes. All she needed was to be coaxed and driven gently, to a point not far off. It was too personal to be explained; and if he couldn't see it, then she must do what she could on her own initiative, at her expense and his.

The dreamy girl faded out of her eyes, and a self-contained, positive young woman rose from her seat with an easy directness, crossed the room to switch on the lights, and said, "Keble, I've just decided how I shall dispose of my Christmas present." For the benefit of the Browns she explained, "I had a colossal cheque in my stocking from a father-in-law who doesn't know what a spendthrift I am."

"What will you do with it?" asked her husband.

"Something very nice. You're sure to object."

"Is that what makes it nice: my objecting?"

"That makes it more exciting."

"Then let me object hard, dear."

Louise withstood the laughter that greeted Keble's score. "Do it immediately," she advised, "and have it over with; then I'll say what it is."

"Why not spare us a scene?" suggested Miriam. "We know what a brute he is."

"You're concerned in it," Louise replied. "I hope *you* won't object, for that would be fatal."

This gave Keble his opportunity for revenge against Miriam's "brute". "Mayn't we take Miriam's compliance for granted? We know what a diplomat she is."

Louise was now seated on the opposite side of the table, facing them. "Do you object, Papa?"

"On principle, yes, because it's sure to be something rash. As a matter of fact, no, because you're the only sensible rash person there is."

Louise was delighted. "It's Papa's stubborn belief in my common-sense, more than anything else, that gives me the courage of my enlightened rashness," she proclaimed.

At this Keble turned with a smile to Miriam. "Now I see what you meant by brute. It's because I won't always acknowledge the enlightenment of rashness."

Miriam colored a little, to her great annoyance. "Really, you mustn't seek meanings in my random words."

"Oh, then it wasn't meant literally?"

"There aren't any literal brutes left; only figurative ones. Must I do penance for a levity I admit to have been uncalled for?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'll let you off, — with the warning that I shall watch your remarks more closely in future."

"Then I can only defend myself by becoming the objectionable thing you called *me!*"

"Diplomat! Is that objectionable?"

"Rather. It implies the existence of things to be connived at. Once you've admitted diplomat you've admitted stakes, and rivalry."

Mrs. Brown was on what she called tender hooks. Her husband was waggishly of the opinion that the cheque would end by being spent on wagon loads of sugar for Sundown, that pampered circus beast.

"Has everybody finished objecting?"

Everybody had.

"Well then, Miriam and I are going on a jaunt, — to New York and then South where it's warm."

"It's a sort of holiday from me, I gather?" said Keble when the others had done exclaiming.

Miriam's eyes turned in warning towards the speaker, whose lips broke into a smile, in relish of the "brute" which, diplomatically, was merely flashed across the room. This little passage arrested Louise, who had been for the twentieth time reminded, by Keble's detachment, of the inexplicable poem.

"Or yours from me," she replied. "What's sauce for the gander — "

Keble judged the moment opportune for bringing forth his best Port, and while the three men took a new lease of life, the women chatted excitedly about resorts and itineraries.

Louise's announcement had been especially welcome to Miriam. It promised an escape from umpiring, — from neutral-mindedness. Her cheeks burned a little.

The doctor was drifting back, along with Keble's superintendent, into the rigorous pioneer days of the Valley, the days before the branch line had been built into Witney, contrasting the primitive arrangements of that era with the recent encroachments of civilization. The logical development in the talk would be some reference to Keble's ambitious designs, which the spring would see well under way. Miriam glanced up to see how he would receive the cue, which usually roused him to enthusiasm. He allowed it to pass, and she was intrigued to see on his face a look of boyish, wistful abstraction, and loneliness.

He felt her eyes on him, and turned as she looked away. She knew he disliked to be surprised in a self-revelatory mood, and she had time to notice his features assume their usual impersonal cast. That she regretted; the wistfulness had been ingenuous and touching. At times she felt that he deliberately submerged his most likable traits. That was a great pity, because it gave Louise new incentives to go off on her independent courses. Miriam felt that his self-consciousness had begun by hurting Louise, driving her to protect herself against a coldness she couldn't understand. The unfortunate result was that Louise had rather more than protected herself: had gradually attained a self-sufficiency that took Keble's coldness for granted, even inducing it. That was a moral advantage which Miriam's femininity resented, though nothing could have drawn the admission from her.

She was glad when Louise, by a new manoeuvre in the talk, gave her an excuse to go into the next room. For there were times when nothing sheathed the sharp edges of life so satisfactorily as a half hour at the piano.

4

Only when she had waved Keble fare well from the back of the train at Witney did Louise allow herself to dwell on the significance of the step she had taken. Keble's generous acquiescence in her plan merely underlined the little question that kept irritating her conscience. For all her skill she hadn't known how to assure Keble that she wasn't turning her back on him; for all her love she couldn't have admitted to him that she was setting out for a sanatorium, to undergo treatment for social ignorances in the hope of returning to him more fit than ever. With the train now bolting east, she had the nervous dread of a prospective patient.

Yet as province after province rolled by, and the dreary prairie began to be broken first by lakes and woods, then by larger and larger communities, graduating her approach into civilization, her natural optimism asserted itself in a typically vehement reaction. Now that there was no turning back, the obvious thing to do was to wring every possibility out of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experience to which she was committed. Nothing should be too superficial for her attention. To Miriam's relief her despondency gave place to a feverish activity of observation. She began to notice her fellow-travelers and to tick them off mercilessly, one by one, with all their worths and blemishes.

"Let's leave no stone unturned, Miriam," she said, imperatively, as they neared their first halting place. "I won't go home till I've done and seen and had one of everything. Then for the next eighty years I shall be able to out-small-talk the most outrageous dude that ever dares cross my threshold."

She kept rein on the excitement caused in her by the hotels, shops, museums, and theatres of Toronto and Montreal, for from Miriam's lukewarmness she divined that they were at best but carbon copies of the hotels, shops, museums, and theatres of New York. So she contented herself with watching the movements of her companion, marveling at Miriam's easy way with porters and chambermaids, her ability to arrive on the right platform ten minutes before the right train departed, to secure the most pleasant rooms at the least exorbitant rate, and order the most judicious dinners, all without fuss or worry. Having learned that traveling was one of the major modern arts, she added it to the list of subjects in which she was enrolled as student. By the time they had reached Fifth Avenue and put up at a hostelry that was still imposing, though it had been half forgotten in the mania for newer and gayer establishments, Louise was imperturbable.

During the next few days the experience that made the deepest impression on her was the religious earnestness with which one was expected to cultivate one's exterior. On a memorable, but modest visit to Winnipeg with her father, — who was attending a medical conference, — she had "gone in and bought" whatever she had been in need of. Never had she dreamt that so much art and science could be brought to bear on the merely getting of oneself groomed. But after a few seances in the neighborhood of Fifty-Seventh Street, Louise threw herself into this strange new cult with characteristic fervor. This was partly due to the fact that Madame Adèle, the dressmaker, and Monsieur Jules, the hairdresser, had accomplished what good portrait painters often accomplish, and thrown into relief properties of body and soul of which she had never been aware.

At the end of a fortnight she had mastered many rites, and when the last frocks, hats, gloves, and slippers had arrived, and she had adapted her steps and gestures and rhythms to the unbelievable new picture she made, Miriam, for the first time since their association, expressed herself as satisfied.

"I've been waiting to see you dressed," she announced as they sat in the tea-room of a fashionable hotel. "It's the final test. And you pass — *magna cum lauda*. Opposite you I feel dull and not at all what you would once have called distinguished-looking."

"Don't be absurd, Miriam," returned her pupil in an even tone, with a purified articulation that would have made Minnie Hopper stare. "I may cost eight hundred dollars more than you at the moment, but I look *new*, and you know it. Whereas you will always look *good*, without looking new, no matter if you're straight out of a bandbox. If I've made any progress at all, the proof of it is that I recognize the truth of what I've just said. . . . Not only that, but you can console yourself with the knowledge that if you sit opposite me till Doomsday you'll never utter a syllable that couldn't be printed in a book of etiquette. Whereas I, — well, the mere fact that they've pulled out my lopsided eyebrow doesn't mean that before the sun sets I shan't do and say some inadvertent *bêtise* that will proclaim the pit from which I was digged and make you say to yourself, 'Why does she?'. . . . One comfort is that most of these expensive people here are even more plebeian, at least in their souls, than I am, and you're almost the only person left in the world whom I can't fool. . . . Fancy not having you there to be genteel to, and to shock, — especially to shock! At any moment I may deliberately say something vulgar, dear. The temptation often comes over me in hot waves."

"The 'deliberately' redeems you. Most people are vulgar without knowing it; they would bite off their tongues if they knew. . . . As for inadvertence, you've made only one *faux pas* in days."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, dear! What?"

"Yesterday, at that awful house."

"Mrs. Pardy's? Why, darling, you took me there yourself, as a treat."

"Yes, but it was Elsa Pardy we went to leave cards for. Elsa was one of the nicest girls in Washington when I knew her there. I would never have looked her up in that casual way if I had foreseen such a fulsome sister-in-law."

Louise laughed at the recollection, snuggling into the thought that Mrs. Pardy could not be laid at *her* door. Then came the thought of her alleged remissness. "I hope I didn't out-*faux* Mrs. P. . . . I wonder how Keble would like me to call him Mr. E."

"No wonder Elsa doesn't stay there."

"But, Miriam, my *faux pas!* I won't be done out of my daily correction."

Miriam smiled indulgently. "It was the merest trifle. Indeed if Mrs. Pardy had made it, it would have done her credit. For that matter she did, effusively, and if we hadn't been such fastidious folk we should have lauded her for it. And I do!"

"Miriam . . . before I throw a bun at you!"

"Well, my dear, you invited the woman to pay you a visit."

"Jolly kind of me, too. Is *that* all?"

"Heavens, it's enough!"

"I was merely returning a hospitality, — the hospitality of your friends."

"Don't tease."

"After all, what less could I do when she practically gave us her house and her chauffeur and her marble staircase and diamond bracelets and ancestral lemon groves in California."

"None of which we wanted, you see. Nor asked for a thing! Nor accepted a thing except under compulsion. The mere fact that one strays into a house that looks like a glorified Turkish bath and has it, as you say, *given* to one, doesn't put one under the slightest obligation. We merely sat on the edge of her golden chairs, regretted Elsa's absence, heard about Mr. P's kidneys and sundry organs, and drank a cup of tea."

"And ate a cream puff. Don't slight that delicious, cordial, luxurious, fattening, vulgar cream puff. I ate two and longed for a third. That made it a grub-call, and I had to invite her back. I'll never outgrow that primitive custom. Besides, I took care to say, if she was ever in my part of the world. That made it pretty safe."

"Ah, that's just what made it an error. Not only because it was gratuitous, but because Mrs. Pardy is the sort of woman who would charter a private train to be in your part of the world in order, accidentally, to drop in on a young woman who makes the sort of impression you make, — for you do, you know. Especially when she finds out, — and be sure she'll investigate, — who the Eveleys are."

"Well, darling, let her come. She didn't bother me a bit. It would be rough on Keble, I suppose."

"Rough and warm," said Miriam a little testily. "She had the effect on me of heavy flannels in midsummer."

Louise gleefully pounced on her opportunity. "*Fi donc!* Miriam Cread conjuring up such incorrect things as flannels, — and it isn't anywhere near Doomsday!"

"It's near dressing time. And we must pack a little before dinner. After the theatre we'll be too tired."

"How shall we explain our sudden departure to Mrs. Pardy? Before she sends out invitations to all her friends to 'meet' us!"

"We can have the measles. Or you're moving to Alaska."

"And if ever she and Mr. P. are in the Arctic Circle. . . . Measles wouldn't do the trick. She would come right in and nurse us. And give us her doctor and her florist. Frankly, dear, I rather like Mrs. Pardy; she's so hearty. I thought that was going to rhyme but it didn't."

"Come along. We're going to walk home, for exercise."

"In these heels? . . . Is fifty cents enough to leave the waiter?"

"Enough, good gracious! Leave the brute a quarter."

They made their way through a thronged corridor towards the street, and Miriam felt a proprietary pride in her companion whose present restraint was as instinctively in keeping with her tailored costume, unostentatious fur, and defiant little hat, as her old flamboyance had been with her khaki breeches and willow switch.

"Since I've begun to spend money," Louise reflected, "I've been more and more oppressed by the unfairness of my having access to so much, — though o

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Springfield, Missouri

course it's nothing compared to what one sees flung about in this bedlam. But all these exaggerated refinements, and people taking notice, — while it excites me, I don't honestly care for it. There's something as uncomfortable about it as there would be about 'boughten' teeth. Sartorial hysteria; the rash known as civilization; I keep saying phrases like that to myself. . . . After about the fifth time I think I'd bite that beauty woman. I like my face too well to have it rubbed out once a week!"

They turned into Fifth Avenue and joined the hordes let loose at this transition hour of the day. Against the gray buildings women were as bright as flowers, fulfilling, as Miriam reflected, the decorative function that trees fulfil on European boulevards.

"I had a cheque from Keble to-day," Louise continued. "As if we hadn't heaps already! It came in a charming letter. Keble in his letters is much more human than he is in the flesh. If I stayed away long enough I might forget that and fall romantically in love with him all over again. Which would be tragic. . . . He says he's happy, poor lamb, to know that I'm beginning to take an interest in life! But I wish he'd be candid and say he's miserable. Then I'd know what to do. When he so obstinately pretends to be happy and isn't, I'm lost. Miriam, look at that creature!"

It was a bizarrely clad woman, so thoroughly made over in every detail of appearance that there was scarcely a square inch of her original pattern left: a weird, costly fabrication that attracted the attention of everybody within range of vision or smell.

"Do you know who it is?" asked Miriam, amused at the startled look in her companion's eyes.

"No, do you? She looks Japanese."

"Merely East Side. It's Myra Pelter, the actress we're to see to-night in 'Three Blind Mice'."

Louise yielded to a temptation to turn and stare. "Now there you are, Miriam: the *reductio ad absurdum* of hectic shopping and beautifying. Isn't it enough to drive one into a nunnery! I'm glad we're on our way to the seashore, where there are at least 'such quantities of sand' and sky and water."

Miriam smiled doubtfully, a little wearily. "There will be quantities of transparent stockings and French perfumes, too, my dear."

"Well, I like frivolities, as such, — but only as such, mind you. From now on I ignore them the minute they try to be anything more. I think I'm going in for human souls. I'm already tired of looking at people as Adèle looks at them, or as if they were books in a shop window. I'm going to open a few and see what they're all about. . . . The worst of it is, you can't look at the last chapter of people and see how they end. You can only read them, as you can only read yourself, in maddeningly short instalments. They're always on the brink of new doings when you come to a 'to be continued'. And I've reached a point where I must have gists and summaries, must see what things are leading to, what's being driven at in this infuriating universe, — this multiverse."

They had by this time reached their rooms, and Miriam was making a preliminary sorting of objects to be packed. "Don't you think," she ventured, "that you are inclined to be a little headlong as a philosopher?"

Louise was deftly choosing the articles of her toilette for the evening. "Oh, no doubt of it! But I'm too deep in my sea now to care. I simply swim on and on, after a shoal of notions."

"And splash a little," commented Miriam, with an abstracted air that saved the remark from being censorious. She was wondering whether she had been overscrupulous in refusing the gown that Adèle had privately offered her by way of commission. And a little resentful that Adèle should dare offer it to *her*. Miriam was old enough to remember a day when such transactions were considered off-color, and it bothered her that she should be so old-fashioned as to be unable to accept the place assigned her in the callous new order, as some of her former friends, with the greatest complacence, seemed to have done. Suddenly, bereft of credit in a society to which she had once felt herself a necessary adjunct, catching occasional glimpses of faces that recalled school-days to her, and Newport and Paris, faces now hard, bright, and mercenary, Miriam felt abandoned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her thoughts strayed westward and hovered. In Alberta she had been an exile; but not so acutely alone as here.

5

The remaining weeks of their holiday accomplished even more towards Louise's worldly initiation, for she found herself dining and dancing and matching opinions in private palaces among an anomalous assortment of men and women. Before proceeding to Florida they paused in Washington, where friends of Miriam and Walter Windrom whirled them into the routine of that unique conglomeration of the provincial and the sophisticated. Left alone among them, Louise might for a while have been awed by pompous ladies whose husbands were senators from western States, and unimpressed by young men whose shoulders bore no trace of the burdens laid upon them by foreign governments. But Miriam's polite negativity towards the conspicuously grand, and her full and ready response to some of the unassuming, furnished Louise with useful cues, and when Walter was of the party she was even more secure, for he had a faculty of accepting everything at its face value, while privately adding to or subtracting from the offering, with a twinkle in his eye, or a twinkle in his speech.

Walter's good-natured technique, Louise reflected, was more nearly akin to her own temperament than were Miriam's precisely graduated coolness and cordialities. Certain importunate people Miriam simply ignored, as though declining to give them a seat in her coach. Walter, while he was equally exclusive, got over the necessity of inviting them into his coach by stepping out and walking a short distance with them. This method seemed to Louise not only more humane, but also braver than Miriam's, and certainly no less dignified. It was gentlemanly, too; and she objected, as only a woman can object, to feminine tactics.

At Palm Beach they were greeted by a free, open, careless life that suited Louise's mood better than anything their excursion had afforded her. She had decided that there was no hurry about "going in for human souls" and consequently spent many hours in roaming through deep-chaired hotel lounges, marble and wicker sun parlors, porches, pergolas, and terraces; and in strolling along the hot sands or across lawns shaded by flowering trees and edged with lotus pools. She also swam, played tennis, and chatted *ad libitum* with strangers.

On her return to Canada, under the escort of Keble, who had accepted her invitation to come and fetch them, she was brimming over with ideas for the embellishment of their projected home. Yet, though she knew Keble was eager to have her offer suggestions, she deliberately held them back. By declining to participate in it she would lessen its hold on her. It should be his castle, not hers.

TO BE CONTINUED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

The Vanguard of Comment

In the May FORUM, *we announced the receipt of many interesting contributions to our discussion of America and Roman Catholicism. Here are two contrasting reactions.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Says Mr. John Jay Chapman, writing on "America and Roman Catholicism" in the April FORUM: "I cannot disguise from myself the fact that many Roman Catholics are ignorant of what is being done by their church."

This naïve remark, implying that Mr. John Jay Chapman knows so much better than Catholics themselves about their own religion, is very interesting. Eagerly the present writer read Mr. Chapman's article, — eagerly, carefully, hopefully. Perhaps Mr. Chapman was really going to reveal some of those shocking things that are always "being done", it seems, by the Catholic Church? Perhaps now, at last, we would hear exactly what they are, and how and why they are "being done"? But no. Vain hope. Mr. John Jay Chapman's remarks consist in vague insinuations, and a kind of wholesale condemnation of everything Catholic.

Apart from Mr. Chapman's opinions regarding the Syllabus and Encyclical Letter of Pius IX (which we shall discuss later) the article abounds in misleading and groundless statements. It is misleading, for instance, to assert (as Mr. Chapman asserts on page 455) that "The Pope is identified with God by the Roman Church." What does Mr. Chapman mean? Of course, nobody knows. Perhaps nobody is meant to know. Perhaps Mr. Chapman does not know himself. But if he means that the Roman Catholic Church looks upon the Pope as God in any sense whatever (the obvious implication), he is of course, as any Catholic child, — and many non-Catholic children could tell him, — far from the truth. Certainly, to regard the Pope as "vicar", or supreme shepherd of the fold of Christ on earth (as Catholics do regard him) can hardly be accurately described as "identifying the Pope with God".

Again, Mr. Chapman draws a touching picture of "the man in the street, whose daughter has married a Catholic." This man, it seems, has felt, in consequence of his daughter's unfeeling behavior, the "ruthless and cruel hand of the Church in domestic matters", and "has received threatening intimations from the Roman Catholic Church in regard to his business." Moreover, the cry "Make America Catholic!" rings in the ears (so Mr. Chapman assures us) of this unfortunate individual. Nay, more; the cry even "disturbs his dreams by night!"

Were Mr. Chapman not so evidently in dead earnest, and so sincerely appalled over what he calls the "despotic control of the Roman Catholic Church and its system of espionage and terrorism", one might be moved to laughter. As it is, one is almost moved to tears, — tears of compassion for the "man in the street who is using his wits", who suffers patiently (and in such extraordinary silence!). We beseech Mr. Chapman to tell us just what

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these "threatening intimations" are, — just which "man in the street" received them. We long to know just how, and upon whom, the "ruthless and cruel hand of the Church" is laid with such horrible severity. If only Mr. Chapman would whisper to us Catholics, at least, the terrible secrets which he knows, — and which we don't! Really, we would be very grateful. But until he does, we will continue to rely, in our ignorance, upon such men as Cardinal Newman, or Manning, or Mercier, or Mr. Chesterton, or Mr. Belloc.

Possibly (but hardly probably), Mr. John Jay Chapman knows more about the Catholic Church than all the cardinals put together, not to mention some three hundred million Catholics all over the world, but until Mr. Chapman will tell us what he knows, — instead of what he doesn't know, — we can hardly be expected to agree with him.

Mr. Chapman informs us that "the Church's condemnation is pronounced upon all those who will not acknowledge the Pope's authority to lay his commands upon States in such a way that not only family life, the school, and education pass entirely under the control of the Roman Church, but the Pope may even interfere in all legislation. . . ."

Now, while in thesis 45 of the Syllabus of Pius IX it is denied that entire control of the schools belongs exclusively to the State, it is nowhere asserted that their control concerns the Church alone, and if the principle of separation between Church and State is rejected, as in thesis 55, as a principle not always and everywhere valid, it does not follow from this that separation is never permissible, or that it is not often even advisable under modern conditions.

In the same way the Syllabus asserts (thesis 74) that it is false to say that marriage is, by its very nature, subject to Civil power; but it does not follow from this that marriage is in no way subject to the law of the State.

In other words, the meaning of any one thesis of the Syllabus can be correctly determined only by reference to the documents associated with each, and it is as unfair to draw conclusions, and pronounce judgment upon the Church from the perusal of a particular thesis of the Syllabus (considered by itself) as it would be unjust to single out a particular sentence or paragraph in a book, and pronounce judgment upon the whole work thereby, without regard to the meaning of the sentence or paragraph in its relation to the whole, and without regard to its position in the text.

Thus, the eightieth thesis, quoted by Mr. Chapman, takes on quite a different significance from the one read into it by Mr. Chapman, when we refer to the Allocution *Jamdudum Cernimus* of March 18, 1861, in which document the Pope expressly defines the terms "Civilization", "Progress", and "Liberalism" in the sense in which he condemns them in the Syllabus. It is then evident that the eightieth thesis condemns only that "Progress" which is clearly anti-Christian, and only that "Liberalism" which is merely lawlessness.

Similarly, every thesis taken from a condemned book is condemned only according to its meaning in the text. Thus, the fifteenth thesis (quoted by Mr. Chapman) that "It is not permitted each man to adopt and profess the religion he believes to be true according to the light of reason" is an evident absurdity considered in, and by itself, for it is quite obvious that there would be no Catholics at all, did not Catholicity appear "reasonable" to certain minds. Certainly no one outside a madhouse believes what he doesn't believe, and admits the authority of an authority that he repudiates.

Obviously, Catholics are Catholics (just as Protestants are Protestants) because they believe they are right. Otherwise, they would become Protestants, or something else, or nothing at all, and Mr. Chapman is only disproving his own contention that the Catholic Church is opposed to the use of reason when he admits that Catholics believe what they believe.

But enough of all this. Suffice it to say that thesis 15, which appeared in the Apostolic Letter *Multiplicis inter* of June 10, 1851, is condemned only in the particular and definite sense imparted to it by a Peruvian Priest, Vigil by name, in the year 1848. So that in the sense in which Vigil understood the fifteenth thesis, — and not in the sense in which Mr. John Jay Chapman understands it, — is the proposition condemned by the Syllabus.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have said enough, we hope, to make it apparent that Mr. Chapman's arguments and objections hardly "go to the bottom of the subject" after all, as Mr. Chapman promises so blithely at the beginning of his article, and we repeat that until Mr. Chapman will reveal to "these Catholics who desire to be good Americans" more specific and convincing reasons than these, why they cannot be both good Catholics and good Americans at the same time, we strongly suspect that the "light of reason", — far from turning anyone away from the Church of Rome, — will continue to lead honest minds into it.

MARY DIXON THAYER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I can scarcely express my astonishment at your will or daring in publishing John Jay Chapman's essay on Roman terrorism in the United States. The reading of it was like enjoying a breath of fresh spring air after being confined in an oppressive dungeon. My astonishment was equaled only by my astonishment on arriving here some years ago from England. The country was so unlike what I had imagined it to be. One of the first things I witnessed was an Irish parade on St Patrick's day. 'And is this America?" I asked myself, as I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was seeing aright. And I kept repeating to myself for months afterwards, "Is this America?" After I found some Americans my astonshment continued. My sense of respect for Protestant Christianity was not very high; but, being rather well-read in the history of the Renaissance, my respect for Catholics, and especially Irish Catholics, was very low indeed. On asking questions regarding the seeming high estate which Catholics occupied here, my Protestant acquaintances turned upon me with the same resentment displayed by Bishop Lawrence for Mr. Chapman. "There is no bigotry here!" said one person, — imputing that I was a bigot to ask such questions, imputing that Englishmen are bigots, the most astonishing piece of ignorance I ever ran into in my life.

Now, what are my conclusions regarding the United States? They are simply that the people as a whole are still provincial. I put the blame upon Washington and Franklin and the falsities they propagated in order to establish independent government. Washington's edict, "There must be no religious differences", has tongue-tied religious opinion and discussion and given a new birth of freedom to Romanism, — a thing that has been moribund, not only in England but throughout Europe for centuries. Its final passing is but a matter of time.

Are you to have a religous war in this country? It does really seem so. The Catholic Church is as virile and truculent as the old Southern institution of slavery. At this moment the Catholic Church is bitterly assailing freedom in France. The miseries of war have left people weak, and the Church sees its opportunity. Religious war will be avoided only by, — I do not know what. A Catholic is a die-hard, especially an Irish Catholic. On your monuments to Washington you should inscribe his faults as well as his virtues. He gave you the civil war by proclaiming equality of men and religious war by telling you to keep your mouths shut. And that was not the way of the Athenians.

JAMES NEILD.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Flowers Pressed Upon Us

Editor of THE FORUM:

Last week I traveled from Guantanamo, Cuba, to Habana, — a thirty-six hour journey when the train is on time, — and was interested to find a man in the Pullman car reading THE FORUM. I had the March and April numbers in my brief case, full of specimens of pressed flowers collected by my small sons. . . . (May I here express our deep appreciation of the excellent porous paper in your magazine, — exactly suited to pressed flowers. Everything about THE FORUM is good!)

As the journey progressed, my sons made overtures to most of the passengers in our car, and soon I, as their mother, was drawn into conversation with my fellow travelers. I took the opportunity to ask the reader of THE FORUM if he didn't think it an unusually fine magazine. He replied "It is a fine book, — I am especially interested in the remarkable article 'Is Crime Preventable?'" He went on to tell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me that though of American birth he had lived in Cuba eighteen years. He had found the copy of THE FORUM in the train at Santiago. I watched him with interest as he read aloud, translating into Spanish, certain paragraphs from Mr. Clark's article to a group of four other men, and decided to write and tell you all about it!

MAUDE RICHARDS.

Elizabeth, N. J.

Inside of the Cup

Editor of THE FORUM:

The caustic criticism of "Too Good to be True" in your May number moves me to tell you that I enjoyed it so much that I read it aloud to my family, and had it read aloud at a meeting of the women of our church (I am the minister's wife), and it was heartily enjoyed. I am going to use it again soon as a part of a missionary program and I know it will cause a little shining on what might otherwise be a dull hour. Why? Because it reveals the missionary as a very human and real person. We see Mrs. Charles Alonzo learning to recognize the trivial as such and forgetting the lesser in the greater. We are sure if she stays in China long enough under Mrs. Dad's influence, she will become a really big person. Some day she will be able to read that inscription on the little cups and smile, remembering herself as she was when she first "came out".

And Mrs. Dad! No amount of satiric disguise can deceive us, we see her for what she is, — a big-souled, sensible, deep-hearted woman.

To me the story is a fine bit of characterization, giving us a cross section of life about which we are very curious, and I hope we will have other stories of Mrs. Charles Alonzo.

EVA TURNER.

North Evans, N. Y.

Call the Plumber!

Editor of THE FORUM:

Tell your Harvey Watts it's no wonder we've perfected our bathtubs. We have so much grime to wash ourselves clear of after a typical American day. A grime which comes not only from the honest smoke of prosperous American factories, but the dense dishonest smoke of fifty-seven varieties of hypocrisy. The symbolic bathtub indeed!

H. T. EUSTACE.

Detroit, Michigan.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Harvey Maitland Watts, in his "Symbolic Bathtub" *does* irritate! He sounds almost Philadelphian in his provinciality! And since it is the "American woman who has forced upon America the room and bath idea," it is up to her to come to the bath-mat with Mr. Watts.

Has this estimable gentleman ever tried to find a "room with bath" in Patchin Place, that centre of culture in Greenwich Village? Roll your own folding rubber tub, or install "porcelain and gleaming nickel" for seventy dollars! Has Mr. Watts ever been west of the Hudson? Has he ever motored along the great American highway, from coast to coast, and weary and wilted, found himself forced beneath the village pump? Has Mr. Watts ever traveled in Arizona, where the slogan is "Come on, boys, let's spit on Bill; he never had a bath and he never, never will!" But no doubt Harvey Maitland is speaking only of Philadelphia, symbol of the "essence of American civilization"!

ALICE FOR SHORT.

New York, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Passionate enthusiasm is so rare nowadays that it was a real pleasure, even for those of us who are not plumbers, to read Mr. Harvey Watts's article on "The Symbolic Bathtub". But his inspiration, drawn presumably from the "gushing spigots of hot and cold water in a sanitarily clean apartment," carries him to heights and conclusions that the position of the bathtub in history hardly justifies.

A Frenchman said recently that the only instance in history in which a bathtub has ever been of any real value to humanity was when "Archimedes in his tub, not thinking at all of getting himself clean, suddenly discovered specific gravity", whereupon, we are told, he immediately leapt from the tub and rushed out amongst his fellow citizens.

In fact, the bathtub hardly appears in history except as a background for crime and licentiousness. One of the very few

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

household fixtures in Madame Tussaud's, for instance, was a bathtub, — with Marat in it.

Even in the Bible, the few baths mentioned are primarily associated with the demoralization of otherwise heroic characters. Those famous baths of Bathsheba and Susannah which have come gaily down the ages in history and art, can hardly be considered as producers of virtue. Moreover, it was really the *bath* and not Bathsheba that was to blame, and that is equally true of Susannah. Mr. Watts, of course, would probably absolve the bath and blame the bathers, who could, nevertheless, claim the excuse, — which should certainly be sufficient in his eyes, — that they were merely too far ahead of their time in their ideas in regard to open plumbing.

Mr. Watts talks much of ideals, and it is interesting to see one of his own evidently realized in the American hostess in London, whose social success was apparently won by entertaining amidst the silver and marble and warmth of her bath room. We wonder if she followed the procedure of the French lady, whom Gouverneur Morris, when he was our Minister to France, tells of calling on one morning. The lady sent down word that she was in her bath, but that he was to come up nevertheless, and the proprieties were preserved by the servant emptying a pitcher of milk into the tub, from which the reclining and partially concealed lady greeted our astute diplomat. If Mr. Watts can introduce this custom to the possessors of our own art plumbing, it will surely keep the bath popular.

Excessive bathing, of course, has always been a synonym of decadence and licentiousness. The Roman baths during the decline of the empire far surpassed in luxury and comfort even Mr. Watts's most gleaming visions, but they have always been accepted as one of the symbols of the undermining and weakening of a race which was inevitably supplanted by the rude and unwashed barbarians. The same bathing habit existed among the Moors of Spain in their decline, and the first act of those virtuous, rugged Christians, Isabella the Catholic and her followers, on entering Granada, was to insure their conquest by closing the public baths forever.

We must admit that the bathtub may perhaps establish some claim for consideration through having been used for so many things beside bathing, from the tubs of our tenements in which the coal is conveniently stored, to those of the Romans in which they committed suicide. Not forgetting the use made of a tub by Diogenes, the only other philosopher intimately associated with one, — though not for bathing purposes.

Perhaps the bombast and fustian of Mr. Watts is just his own little way of illustrating one of the least desirable of our national habits, — that of telling, like Froude in his life of an Irish saint, "all, and in fact rather more than all", that we know. "In America," cries an astonished visitor, "no one and no thing shuns publicity. There, everything is open, — even the plumbing."

BRUCE GIBSON.

New York, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:

If our Kuppenheimer clothes are miraculous, and our standard plumbing fixtures symbolic of all that is great in America, then let us add that aesthetic marvel, chewing gum, and complete the trinity of our country's contribution to civilization. Poor America. Foreigners have done her much injustice; they have flayed her as a land of materialism, of dollar chasing, without culture and manners, but it has remained for a simon-pure, one-hundred-per-center to deliver the *coup de grace* by making her utterly ridiculous.

When Harvey Maitland Watts assures us in the March FORUM that American ready-made clothing is a boon to our people, that its existence enhances their self-respect, and that it is a leveling upward not downward, I am quite ready to agree with him. But when he tries to tell us that there is anything aesthetic about our ready-made clothes and that there is "nothing so hideously monotonous as the clothing of primitive peoples", then I rise to nominate Mr. Watts as a candidate for Mr. Mencken's monthly custard pie. Has he never traveled? Has he never visited the Museum of Natural History? Has he never opened an illustrated geography? Is he color-blind and without appreciation of the rhythm of form?

If Mr. Watts had told us in the May

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORUM that our American bathrooms are good things, that they furnish an opportunity to people who are cleanly to bathe in comfort and, by making bathing easy, induce thousands who would not bathe to do so, I would heartily agree with him. But when he tells us that Americans are cleaner than other peoples, and that our bathrooms are symbols of a spiritual superiority, I rise to petition Mr. Mencken to cancel the claims of all other candidates and award Mr. Watts the custard pie by acclamation.

Doesn't Mr. Watts know that cleanliness is the attribute of only a few civilized individuals in each nation? Has he never seen American bathtubs in American homes used as coal bins and catch-alls? Has he never been in the rural districts where, in spite of bathrooms reserved for summer boarders, the natives persist in bathing on Saturday night in wash basins and tin tubs as they did before the advent of the bathtub? Does he really believe that the Englishman who goes to infinite pains to bathe is less clean than the American who won't bathe unless the thing is made easy for him?

No, Mr. Watts, America is great not because of these materialistic achievements which so elate you, but in spite of them. And if I, an American by adoption, live here in preference to the benighted land of my birth, it is because America has spiritual values to give me which have nothing to do with her bathtubs and her ready-made clothing. Indeed, I am so happy in America that I can honestly say I have only one regret; I would that America were a monarchy and I its king so that I might make Mr. Watts my court jester.

A. ROBERT ELMORE.

New York, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The screed upon "The Symbolic Bathtub" in your May issue is an exaggerated, apocryphal, and offensive vaporing of an obvious Anglophobe, and 'tis a pity such blatant Americanism should have found expression in your admirable magazine. If the American bathtub is the *national* "symbol of a physical, social, and spiritual achievement" can it be explained why the "gushing spigots" are not in evidence on Saturday nights, or in other words, why is the pressure in American water mains so consistently low at that time?

GEO. WILSON.

Toronto, Canada

Editor of THE FORUM:

Though the May issue has been on my table for some days, I have but just now reached the "Rostrum" of the March number, and I find there a letter deprecating Mr. van Loon's humor. The failure to recognize humor is one of the signs by which a "Volsteadian" may be recognized.

Without lending myself to the dangerous doctrine that laws are made to be broken, I should like to remind the Volsteadians who have coined the remarkable word "scofflaw", that the world owes much of its progress to the attitude of mind that they condemn. To the Pope, Luther was distinctly a "scofflaw"; to Charles I, the Pilgrims were "scofflaws", and their property was confiscated; to George III, George Washington was a "scofflaw". It all depends upon the point of view, doesn't it?

It is a distinctly Volsteadian doctrine that opposition to one law means opposition to all laws. Perhaps there are people who are naturally lawless; but they existed long before the eighteenth amendment, and have been duly punished by the party in power as they have been discovered. By far the majority of those who refuse to observe the Volstead Act support the legitimate laws of our country. That there are absurd laws, — and an attitude of mind still more absurd on the part of legislators in general, — is shown by an item in this evening's paper concerning a Florida legislator who is introducing a bill to make it illegal to refer to any Florida female as a "flapper".

When will we realize that legislation is not a panacea for moral ills? The only hope of curing Society is to cure each individual, — and that can only be done by education, if at all. And the Millennium will not come to-morrow, though I marvel that our legislators have not introduced a bill providing that it dawn on the day after! They have had marked success with Daylight Saving. The next step is obvious.

ROBERT WITHINGTON.

Northampton, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coöperation or Isolation?

Twelve Selected Letters From Our Readers

In the April number, the editor asked Forum readers for an expression of opinion egarding the issue debated by Rear-Admiral William Ledyard Rodgers and General Tasker Howard Bliss in the May Forum. Should we pursue a policy of olitical isolation relying solely upon our rmed might for the maintenance of our eace and prosperity, or should we coöper-te with other nations in agreements and nternational organizations designed to educe armaments and eliminate wars?

When these pages went to press (April ighteenth) letters were still pouring in by very mail; so many had been received hat it was quite impossible to publish all f them; nor did it seem to us satisfactory nerely to cull extracts from each letter. nstead we are giving our readers a letailed analysis of the letters received if analysis of the subsequent letters hould show any marked departure from he present results, it will be made known n a later number of The Forum).

Of the letters analyzed, only three were oo vague to be readily placed in one f the following categories: coöperation hrough existing international machinery, – The League of Nations, World Court, tc.; coöperation through unspecified gencies; coöperation through some other neans than the existing agencies, through ome means that would not involve us so ompletely in transoceanic affairs; co-peration so complete as to amount to the reation of a Super-State, a United States f the World; political isolation in the mited sense advocated by Admiral Rodgers; opportunism, — a policy of solation or coöperation dictated by the ational will in response to varying ircumstances; original proposals not lassifiable in any of these groups.

The percentages of letters expressing pinions in each of these categories are abulated below: —

Coöperation:		
Through the League, etc.	35	per cent
Through unspecified agencies	10	" "
Through other agencies	23.33	" "
Through a Super-State	5.	" "
Total for Coöperation	73.33	" "
Isolation	13.33	" "
Opportunism	3.33	" "
Original Plans	10.	" "
Total of All Letters	99.99	per cent

Below are twelve of these letters, so chosen that each point of view is adequately presented. To those whose letters are not printed we are no less grateful; for by their courtesy only are we able to submit what we believe is a fair cross section of intelligent American opinion on this all-important matter.

Editor of The Forum: —

I believe, first, that our nation should reduce its armed force on land and sea to the lowest point consistent with the nation's safety. Second: As the amount of preparation for war necessary to the nation's safety depends in part on what other nations do, I think our nation should use its influence to secure united action among the nations outlawing war and arranging for gradual disarmament throughout the world down to the necessary police force. Our nation, by tradition and by interest, is opposed to wars of conquest and should seek such international agreements as may be necessary to eliminate forever the idea of conquest by war. We should also encourage every step that can be taken in the direction of universal and perpetual Peace. One step was suggested in the last Democratic National Platform — namely, the securing of an inter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

national agreement for a referendum on war, except in case of actual or threatened invasion.

As said by Secretary Hughes to the last Arms Conference, the important thing is to cultivate "the will to peace". This already exists among the masses, but the Peace propaganda has to overcome two very influential elements: first, the militarists, who quite naturally and quite honestly magnify their profession because they know of no other way of settling disputes except by force. The second element is the financial interest that those have who make money out of war equipment. I believe, however, that the lessons taught by the last war are so deeply impressed that the world is more weary of war than ever before and more anxious for machinery that will abolish war by providing peaceful means for the settlement of disputes between nations.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

Coconut Grove, Fla.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

In response to your request for an opinion on the foreign and military policy of the United States, I believe most strongly in the League of Nations and the World Court. The policy of isolation was made ancient history by the World War. Even without this war the growth of international commerce requires international government of some sort. Military activity exhausts the nation's wealth, leaving little surplus for social advance.

The most important international problem, however, is the adjustment of population. So long as nations vie with each other in exhorting their peoples to multiply without regard to the rights of other nations, a formal pretense of pacific intentions will never preserve peace. The command to increase and multiply, to an already over-populated nation, is in itself a declaration of war upon other nations. Fortunately for mankind the rational control of this fundamental problem is now possible.

PHILIP V. WELLS.

Princeton, N. J.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

Yours of April 1 was received on my return from Florida, where I have been for the past three months recuperating from another breakdown in January due to the souvenir I brought back with me from France, which thus far has kept me in the hospital over two years.

Personally, I am intensely in favor of a policy of coöperation with the other nations of the world. I have always been in favor of the League of Nations and believe that this country can and should exert its influence in settling international difficulties by arbitration. Our refraining from coöperation with the other nations during the years that have passed since the World War will make it harder for us to exercise this influence than if we had entered the League of Nations at the beginning on the same basis and conditions that Canada did.

If foreign policies can, as they should be discussed in the open, and secret treaties abrogated, the nations will be more ready to arbitrate, and the people will be more insistent that these difficulties shall be arbitrated.

JOSEPH HYDE PRATT,
Formerly Colonel 105th Engrs. A. E. F.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

I feel very strongly that the only possible policy for this country is one of international coöperation. The organization of the modern world has made isolation impossible. We have attempted it during the last few years, but we have too much at stake to follow it consistently. We have commercial interests in all parts of the world. We are the greatest travelers of any nation, and we have too great an interest in the medical, social, and religious welfare of other countries to permit us to leave them alone.

Furthermore, the common people of this country have a deep-seated conviction that it is the mission of the United States to lead in securing peace for the world. We have taken the lead in the negotiation of treaties of arbitration, and up to the time of the unfortunate political dispute between President Wilson and the United States Senate, we had been united in our support of every measure toward international coöperation. The best illustrations of this are the enthusiastic utterances of Lodge, Taft, Roose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

velt, Hughes, and scores of other great Americans in favor of a league of nations up to the time that the League became a political question.

I believe, therefore, that the furthering of both our material and our spiritual interests demands coöperation with other nations, and that it is only by such coöperation that the preservation of western civilization can be secured.

FRANK AYDELOTTE,
President of Swarthmore College
Swarthmore, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

No respectable species of animal, except man, wastes its strength in war among its own members. It saves its energy to fight real enemies. Mankind has plenty of enemies which take no account of divisions of race, nationality, or group; it is high time that mankind consolidated its forces against these enemies and stopped internal strife. The United States of America can well afford, from every possible point of view, to take the lead in any useful form of international coöperation that may be proposed. If it does not lead, it should certainly follow, enthusiastically and effectively, instead of sulking like a spoiled child. The sooner an effective and world-wide coöperation is begun, the sooner will mankind be in a position to deal adequately with its real enemies, ignorance and superstition on the psychical side, and bacteria, insects, and the forces of nature on the physical side.

PAUL POPENOE.
Riverside, Cal.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

I believe the foreign and military policy of the first cave man was put upon a sound basis when he mutually agreed with his neighbors to forego his divine right to murder their families and steal their goods while absent in the pursuit of food.

I believe the foreign and military policy of the feudal lord in his moated castle was put upon a sound basis when he agreed with his neighbors to bring their problems into a council of their peers, under a leader empowered by them to act as umpire, and abandoned his divine right to set the red cock crowing on his neighbors' turrets.

I believe the foreign and military policies of the mediaeval walled cities were put upon a sound basis when they united in national life and thereby lost their sovereign rights to murder, rape, and commit arson.

I believe the foreign and military policies of the thirteen original States were put upon a sound basis when the individual States united under a federal government.

I believe the foreign and military policies of the United States and of every other nation must be based upon complete international coöperation and unselfish service to each other. I believe complete isolation, relying solely on our own armed might to secure our peace and maintain our prosperity, is a recognition of the doctrine of might makes right (indignantly repudiated by the United States at great cost in the not far distant past), that it serves notice that our interests are wholly selfish, and that it is a betrayal of the men of good-will throughout the world.

M. P. MEDARY, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

Having served in the A. E. F., and having toured extensively abroad, I am completely in accord with the policy of political isolation for this country as regards European politics and intrigue, and a rigid enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine. I am also in favor of deporting from American shores every intriguer and agitator who comes to this country for the purpose of dividing our citizenship and stirring up trouble. I am also completely in accord with the policy of building up for this Nation a strong navy, a strong army, and a strong air force, organized separately and combining the forces of the army and the navy into one organization. I would even go farther and establish a system of universal military training in order to further the patriotism, the discipline, and the health of the American people.

C. S. LEE.
New York, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:—

My acquired habits of thought make me look at such questions from what I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fear most people would consider a rather opportunist standpoint. Europe's difficulties strike me as so largely psychological that I doubt if any other action on our part than that which was taken by our Government would have done much to better the situation. Speaking rather selfishly as an American, I would rather see public opinion in our country preoccupied with domestic problems than with foreign problems, — especially foreign problems that are primarily other people's business. On the other hand, I do not think that we should hold aloof from movements and measures that crystalize in a practical form the international ideals for which our people stand, — such as the Hague Tribunal, the quasi-administrative activities of the League of Nations looking toward international social betterment, agreements to limit armaments, and the like.

VICTOR S. CLARK,
Editor, The Living Age.

Boston, Mass.

Editor of THE FORUM: —

Despite my interest in foreign civilizations and my earnest hope that coöperation in international affairs may come about within my lifetime, I think our country would be unwise to abandon her traditional position at this juncture. The whole question is a practical one. Real coöperation is impossible until two obstacles have been removed: (1) distrust of America abroad; (2) ignorance of foreign countries among our own people.

These obstacles can be removed, not by "plans" and "leagues" and diplomatic jockeying, but only I believe by a period of fundamental education here and in other countries. A process so fundamental as the removal of ignorance and prejudice must needs take time. Until that ground work has been done, I believe that international coöperation in any real sense is impossible. In the meantime, it would be folly for us to relinquish those weapons that are essential in a world in which the word "idealist" is used as an expression of genteel contempt and resented as a veiled insult when used. Only when the general level of intelligence here and in other countries has been raised materially will a whole-hearted coöperation in international matters be feasible or wise for the United States.

H. G. DOYLE.

Washington, D. C.

Editor of THE FORUM: —

I am quite positive in my personal belief that our future welfare demands that we should adopt a wise and liberal policy of coöperation on any mutually adopted plan that will include all, or a majority, of the major political divisions of the earth the primary objects of establishing permanent peace between, and a properly balanced prosperity for, all peoples.

My special line of research, relating to the laws of life and climate (Bioclimatics), with special reference to world agriculture and other of the broader problems of human interests, has revealed a striking picture of the needs of international coöperation.

Aside from the prevention of wars and the promotion of a balanced prosperity the outstanding features of this picture are the problems of: (a) food for future generations and maximum increase of population; (b) human diseases and plant and animal pests; (c) practical genetic and birth control; (d) human migration and geographical distribution of agricultural effort and related activities; (e) economic development of unoccupied tropical, dry and wet, lands; (g) scientific and economic adjustment of the various human activities to optimum climatic requirements for success in the attainment of desired objects; and (h) conservation of the natural resources of land and water.

These, and many more of the broader problems of vital human interest, can be solved only through some form of international and world coöperation, in which each nation gives its moral or financial support to the required lines of scientific research and economic practise to attain the desired ends.

ANDREW D. HOPKINS.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

Editor of THE FORUM: —

As things stand, it seems to me quite impossible that either the general electorate or Congress can know what armed forces are needed by the government. There is no way of telling how much likely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hood there is of a great war to defend our integrity or our vital interests. The country is left pretty much to the mercy of events; and so most of us, — no matter how peace-loving, — are inclined to agree that our navy must be excellent and our army very good. We have no other organized way of meeting the chances of our international situation.

That this is so strikes me as the greatest weakness in our policy. To overcome it, might it not be possible to establish what may be termed a Ministry of Peace as an integral part of the diplomatic service? Such a Ministry, however constituted and maintained, would be responsible for the national security; and fixing responsibility is most essential to any government by public opinion. Its great task would be, of course, to keep thoroughly informed, — to reënforce the general will for peace with a clear understanding of what the political world is at any given moment. This information it could act upon, first through our own national government, and secondly through conferences with other powers. Perhaps it might be authorized to come before Congress whenever it was warranted in believing that a threat of war existed, or whenever it felt that Congress, by acting upon thoughtful suggestions, could promote international goodwill. Finally, it could at its discretion furnish the people of the United States with reliable facts about international quarrels likely to end in war; and it could seek to establish where the blame lay.

I cannot help thinking that the great breeding-place of conflict in our time, — when conflict is always so terrible and so much abhorred, — is the general feeling of insecurity with which every nation confronts its relationships with its neighbors. No country can disarm while it believes that defense may require all its powers. Therefore the obvious way of progress is not so much an attack upon armament as an attack upon the sense of insecurity. And this could be undertaken most successfully, it seems to me, by a national office equipped to meet the situation and big enough to inspire confidence. We could lose nothing by the attempt to establish it; and it is reasonable to suppose that other peoples might follow our initative.

GEORGE H. SHUSTER.

Brooklyn, New York.

Editor of THE FORUM: —

May I slip from the *aegis* of your editorial "we", beneath which I have the honor to repose in happy anonymity, long enough to express to you my personal views in this matter of peace and war?

It seems to me that an able isolationist can always demolish the position of an equally able advocate of international cooperation and *vice versa*, and for the very simple reason that neither of them stands upon the solid ground of things as they are.

To be secure in political isolation a nation must be powerful enough to beat any combination of nations that may assail it. For the United States that means all the Great Powers and South America. It is specious to argue that we would never have to face such an overwhelming alliance. It exists in The League of Nations. Nor could we hope successfully to retain a few friends by playing one nation against another. We are not skilful at that sort of intrigue. Germany, an adept, tried it and failed, and as a result of her failure faced the world in arms and was crushingly defeated. If there is one fact we can reasonably deduce from the late war, it is that France, if she had stood alone like Germany, would have been even more overwhelmingly defeated, and that the defeat of England or America would have been at least as great. No one of the great powers being strong enough to defeat all the others, isolation ceases to be an intelligent policy for any of them, and it would seem that only some sort of coöperation can prevent a reign of chaos.

What we are all interested in is the preservation of our common civilization. Every one who argues for coöperation talks about the maintenance of our world civilization. But it is a world civilization in name only. The world is integrated but uncoördinated. Civilization is a sprawling giant astride the earth, but a giant without a mind, almost lacking in a centralized nervous system, a vast amorphous jellyfish. The creation of a mind for this monster is the chief problem confronting mankind to-day. The extreme idealist argues for the creation of a super-state, a sort of United States of the World in which each nation will bear to the whole of civilization the relation of our own States to the Union. The example of the thirteen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

original States is set before us; but there is no analogy. Those States though unequal in actual power and resources (potential power) were, for practical purposes of federation, equal in the degree of civilization attained, homogeneous in culture, tradition, race, and language. The nations of the world are unequal in almost every respect. The League of Nations attempts to straddle the issue of the inequality of nations by recognizing their theoretical equality in its assembly, and in practise denying it by giving a preponderant voice to the Great Powers in its Council. It is a hopeless subterfuge. If it is civilization we would maintain, then the voice of the civilized should be given preponderance regardless of power. Denmark should outrank Bulgaria. But who is to determine the relative civilization of nations to the satisfaction of all of them? It simply can't be done.

But there are more fundamental reasons why all coöperative schemes of this sort must fail. The next war is coming, inevitably and irresistably, in spite of Leagues and Courts, just as the late war came in spite of The Hague and treaties guaranteeing neutrality, because such things do not strike at the biologic, economic, and psychologic roots of war. It is coming because we are doing nothing scientific and intelligent to study and comprehend the real causes of war. It is coming because the population of the world as a whole is fast approaching the saturation point; because the factors upon which life depends are unequally distributed; because nationalism has become the dominant religion of an age of skepticism; because democracy puts the power to make war into the hands of those who are the most nationalistic, the least rational, the most emotional, the least capable of planning for and projecting themselves into the future, — for democracy is the control of civilization by the uncivilized. It is all very well to say that the average man doesn't want war. He doesn't; but he wants all those things for himself and his nation which at times can only be obtained by war. And it is his emotional desire for such things that furnishes the will to war.

Many people believe that war between England and America is impossible, unthinkable. It may be unthinkable, because we refuse to think about it, but it is certainly not impossible. Indeed, it is inevitable unless we are willing to take the only step which can possibly avert it.

At the present moment there are only two great nations which have nothing to gain by going to war: the United States and the British Empire. We still have enough room to care for our normal population growth. England, though overpopulated, has room to expand in Canada, Australia, and, to a more limited extent, in South Africa. England and America are the only two creditor nations in the world. Between them they control the greater part of the world's industry, raw products, and means of communication. For these reasons they are the objects of envy of other nations. America and England are not going to be allowed to maintain their present advantages indefinitely without fighting for them. Protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, it must be the policy, conscious or unconscious, of the overpopulated and less favorably placed nations to secure some of the advantages at present possessed by England and America. To this end they will intrigue and embroil, playing one against the other, always in the hope that the next war will find England and America upon opposite sides. In such a conflict, whatever England and America lost would be to the advantage of their allies, for England and America have nothing to gain from each other. There is an obvious answer to this threat. Each of us should be willing to sacrifice some part of our sovereignity; we should be willing to make mutual concessions in order to establish the *Pax Anglo-Americana*.

This is our golden opportunity. It may never come again. For the moment, Germany and Russia are out of the running. France and Japan by comparison are secondary powers. United in an irrevocable alliance for the avowed purpose of maintaining world peace, England and America could enforce world peace by the threat of their united might. There is no combination of nations that would dare to challenge us for at least one hundred years.

Of course I am under no illusion as to the character of England and America. They are no better than other nations, no more moral or disinterested. Our hegem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ony rests upon the solid fact that we possess the power to enforce it and have in the existing situation a unique opportunity. That our hegemony would be beneficial to mankind as a whole and not inimical to the ultimate welfare of other peoples rests upon the fortunate circumstance that for us, situated as we are, justice to others happens to be the best policy. The world is in crying need of a century of real peace, — that is, a century free from the constant threat of a major war. We need a century of peace in which to work out the scientific control of government, scientific control of population growth, scientific distribution of essential products; a century in which to civilize the civilizable, and to begin the elimination of the uncivilizable. But we live in a world of ruthless realities, and such a century can only be obtained by organized power, by forces strong enough to control our chaotic civilization until such time as we have evolved rational, scientific means of control. The time for wholesale international coöperation is not yet come, — but the age of national isolation is past. In this dangerous epoch of transition the *Pax Anglo-Americana* offers us a rational and a practical way out of our dilemma.

A. Washington Pezet.
Literary Editor, The Forum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus — *Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of fifteen cents a line. On the manuscripts submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews must not be over 300 words in length, and those of 100 words are especially desired.*

Wiseacres and Witchcraft

Witches, in the exercise of their talents, deliberate or automatic, give us as much food for thought as do the majority of artist-philosophers to whom we erect monuments. Yet, perverse creatures that we are, after staring our fill we put our witches through a sort of third degree and end by burning them at the stake simply because they won't or can't explain how their prodigies are accomplished. Often we persecute them because they can't prove a divinity to which they never really laid claim; it's so much more tidy to burn them up than to leave them free to bewilder us and, — as one eminent modern psychologist puts it, — make us "overturn the philosophy of a lifetime". It's annoying and even fearsome to break in a skittish new philosophy after jogging along for years upon one that has grown blind and feeble with oneself. There are some scientists who have so much respect for "the scientific mind" that they would do anything short of telling a lie rather than change *theirs*. And there's the type of scientist whose mind is so "open" that no really precious thought is ever stored there; it wouldn't be safe.

Most of us acquire just enough knowledge to make it dangerous to us and an obstruction to everybody else. Instead of assimilating a quantity of science adapted to our intelligence, we swallow it in yardstick form, and then, confronted by the scientifically immeasurable we stand up so straight that we fall over backward. That's what certain men of science seem to have been doing in the case of the celebrated "Margery" of Boston, whose psychic pranks are the subject of a good thick book by J. Malcolm Bird, former Managing Editor of the "Scientific American" and now Research Officer of the American Society for Psychical Research (MARGERY, *the Medium*, Small Maynard, $4.00).

Mr. Bird has been closely identified with this baffling mediumship and was present at fifty-one of the three hundred and thirty-nine sittings recorded up to December 27, 1924. His book is more than a detailed history of the case; it is a singularly able brief for the genuineness of the objective phenomena produced by the medium, — well-written, despite recourse to slangy journalism, and restrained despite the author's partisanship. Twelve or fifteen sittings were enough to convince

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

him that physical manifestations had occurred for which no explanation, short of supernormal interference, was forthcoming. Whether this interference was prompted by the intelligence of discarnate spirits, whether it was prompted by some subconscious agency on the part of Margery herself, or whether it was the effect of more obscure supernormal forces, Mr. Bird wisely makes no attempt to establish. His avowed purpose is to make as accurate and complete a presentation of the facts as possible, and to draw what he believes to be the obvious primary conclusion.

Records of physical phenomena are apt to be less moving than records of subjective phenomena, for in the latter class there is an emotional background that often subtly disarms the most hardened will-to-disbelieve, as anyone knows who has followed the Doris case or read the records of the famous English spiritists. To be called pet names by a long deceased friend is presumably more thrilling than to be stroked by a "cold leathery substance" or tapped on the head by a mischievous curtain pole. But it's easier to come to grips with a curtain pole than with a cryptic voice. Science is consequently more hopeful of arriving at conclusions about the supernormal through the examination of objective phenomena than of subjective, though alleged manifestations of the latter are infinitely more frequent. Mr. Bird passes very lightly over the personal messages that purport to come to Margery from her "control", Walter, — but, out of courtesy to the psychic technique of the case he assumes the reality of the Walter personality and, after the manner of all those who have attended the seances, adopts the convention of treating Walter as if he were host. And in all justice it must be admitted that Walter has shown himself to be a remarkably consistent as well as astute and amusing quantity.

There is no space here to relate the variety of stunts which the alleged Walter has performed. An interesting feature of his procedure is that he progresses from experiment to experiment with great method and increasing proficiency. When in doubt about his ability to perform a requested feat he asks for time in which to practise it, — a habit which is made much of by critics who entertain an hypothesis of fraud. He shows a disposition to agree to reasonable conditions of control, and in every important test where his own wishes, — sometimes capricious but usually reasonable, — are complied with, he has risen to the occasion in a manner which has satisfied the scruples of a great body of sitters.

Of those who are still unwilling to go on record that Margery has produced phenomena that cannot possibly be explained normally, the most important figures are Dr. William McDougall, the Harvard psychologist, and Dr. W. F. Prince, for many years identified with the American Society for Psychical Research. Dr. Prince had attended only ten sittings up to December 27, and Dr. McDougall twenty-two. The notorious "exposure" of Houdini can scarcely be taken seriously, in view of the disgraceful conduct and bad taste displayed by him throughout the unfortunate publicity stage of the case last year. Mr. Bird accuses Houdini of bad faith; he accuses Dr. McDougall of being unable to come to a conclusion even on adequate grounds; and he accuses Dr. Prince of insufficient attention to the case and of unwillingness to coöperate with the committee appointed by the "Scientific American". Whether he is wholly right or partly right cannot be decided by the general reader. All that can be said is that Mr. Bird has presented a formidable array of evidence, and shown great skill as counsel for the defense. He has certainly placed the burden of proof upon those who are determined to attribute the phenomena to conscious or unconscious fraud.

In this connection one wonders why such an important case should have been left to the mercies of a popular magazine. Apart from the sensationalism that such an arrangement led to, it is astonishing that the American Society for Psychical Research or at least some purely scientific body should not have taken measures to examine this unusual mediumship on their own initiative, in view of the fact that the Research Officer of the English Society was sufficiently impressed, after one sitting in London, to come to this country and follow up the case, upon which he has since reported favorably.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whatever the final scientific conclusion may be, it seems perfectly evident to an unbiassed reader that there is something here not dreamed of in our philosophy. Psychic lights, ectoplasm, cold breezes, and abnormal photographs; animated tables and megaphones; bells, clocks, and victrolas repeatedly stopped or started upon request; the smashing of cabinets, the unnatural balancing of specially manufactured scales, and other weird performances, all under the control of scientists who pride themselves on their ability to detect fraud, but who, as far as one can see, have signally failed to furnish proof of it, — in the light of all this, one is disposed to be credulous. Allowing due discount for the enthusiastic faith of Mr. Bird, it is certainly more human to be credulous than to refrain from accepting the testimony of many observers who *seem* to be competent, especially when those who withhold their endorsement fail to come forward with anything more convincing than a caution to the effect that "there *may* be natural explanations for all these phenomena." That begs the question, for everything will be "natural", once it is "explained", — even immortality.

F. C. D.

Nansen at Twenty

In Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, in city after city, men who looked the parts of bank presidents and traction chiefs were heard to say to Fridtjof Nansen that he had been their boyhood hero. Nansen always seemed a little uncomfortable about this. He would not think himself old enough to have been a hero of adventure when these men were children. Even now, in his sixties, he lived a life that was strenuous for the young men who accompanied him; and when they suggested a day of rest from the rigors of travel and lecturing, he said, "Rest? I get all I need on the trains. We'll go to Springfield." But in HUNTING AND ADVENTURE IN THE ARCTIC (Duffield, $4.00), written from his old journals since his return to Norway, he has admitted the passage of time even to himself: "Many a year has passed since that morning in March (1882). The young fellow of twenty is now one of the 'older generation' writing about bygone days. . . ."

Some think him the world's first citizen. Hundreds of thousands in Russia, in Germany, in the Near East, prisoners to war, fugitives from the Turk, have him to thank for their lives; his own countrymen must remember how he helped them to national independence or brought them grain from America during the cruel years of war. His words should be precious to them, not least this book which tells of the beginnings of Nansen, his first adventure toward the farthest north in a sealing vessel, *The Viking*. It is a tale of drift ice and polar currents, of Greenland seals, of the bottle-nosed whale, and the polar bear. Three polar bears in a day is Nansen's record of July 11, 1882, and one of them he shot precariously balanced on a chunk of ice while the bear clutched at his feet. Those bankers and traction chiefs should have a few good evenings!

The book is illustrated by Nansen's own drawings. "He gets the ink even in his hair", his wife complained.

JAMES CREESE.

New York, N. Y.

Masters of Modern Art

In his MASTERS OF MODERN ART (Huebsch, $3.50) Walter Pach has given us an exceptionally intelligent and interesting book. An original etching by the author himself constitutes the frontispiece and grouped together at the end of the volume are thirty-six illustrations, accompanied by critical remarks. In a space of little more than one hundred pages this book provides a discreet and rational introduction to modern art, surpassing in its lucidity of ideas and its restrained statement, as well as in its breadth of view, any other attempt of the kind in English.

Himself an artist and familiar with all the crises through which modern art has passed, he maintains a moderation that will gain friends for his subject, as fanatic and intolerant works have failed to do.

The brevity of his treatment is at the same time probably the feature of his book accounting for those qualities which some readers will feel to be defects. On every other page at least there are to be found ideas or facts which call for more complete discussion. The suavity and coherence of his style, however, does not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permit an impression of fragmentary or random utterance, as is apt to be the case when a writer is pressed for space.

A man of his time, with a profound knowledge of French painting in particular, he naturally feels that modern art radiates a vitality in no way inferior to great epochs of the past. He concedes that much of the current production is counterfeit or spurious, and he seems to have as his standards of judgment only personal acquaintance with many of those artists he discusses or his personal reactions to their works. In spite of the insufficiency of this basis for sweeping judgments, it at least spares the readers that vague moralizing philosophy with which far too many artists are inclined to flavor their expression when resorting to the printed page.

One great service Mr. Pach performs when he demonstrates the unbroken continuity of art through recent decades, as an historical movement. His French prejudices, — which we may welcome as an offset to some rather heavy Teutonic critical writings, — also arouse in him a reverence for the traditional and the classic, which serves as an element of restraint and moderation in his views. However, to show that an artistic development is a real link in the chain of historical evolution, is by no means the same as showing that it deserves to rank in the classical tradition and be adorned with this last wreath of critical approbation. The masters, according to the author, are those who give a new direction to art, but a painting may thus have historical or critical significance, while possessing little or no aesthetic value in the opinion of any age but our own.

Mr. Pach is perhaps too harsh in classifying all the producers of the newer art which he deems worth while under the label of cubists and refusing to consider seriously the claims of other recent systems. His admiration for Barye, in view of the important names left unmentioned, also seems to have led him to devote an unnecessarily large amount of space to that artist.

In his bibliography, several interesting and significant books in English which are among those most accessible to the usual reader are omitted, and German works are almost ignored. These faults, however, are relatively unimportant. After reading most of the important books on modern art written within the last few years, I can truthfully say that I had greater pleasure and more profit from reading this book than from any other that I can remember.

A. Philip McMahon.

New York, N. Y.

The Mature Hamsun

Having at last emerged completely from the painful subjectivity which pervaded his earliest work, in Segelfoss Town (Knopf, $2.50) Knut Hamsun approaches very near to the complete detachment and objectivity which characterized *The Growth of the Soil.* In content, the book is a continuation of an earlier work, *Children of the Age*, and as such it brings down to the twentieth century the development of the village of Segelfoss from a mediaeval feudal hamlet under the domination of the owner of Segelfoss Manor into a self-governing modern town. This transformation, however, centering around the declining fortunes of the mill-owner, Tobias Holmengraa, who had succeeded Willatz Holmsen as the chief figure in the town's activity, is simply the central thread on which a series of unconnected, or at best loosely connected episodes and incidents are hung. These occur chiefly on two levels: there are those growing out of the life of the peasants and poorer townsfolk, and pointing definitely forward to *The Growth of the Soil;* and there are those concerned with the rather unconvincing love tangle of Herr Holmengraa's daughter and the young lord of the Manor, which hark back just as definitely to the earlier book.

To these must be added the story of Baardsen, telegraphist, philanthropist, and philosopher, leading up to the magnificently dramatic and poetic moment of his wounding at the hands of the young actress, Clara. This sub-plot, if, for want of a better name, it may be called that, is in many ways the most artistically perfect part of the novel, giving rise to passages of both narrative and descriptive writing which the author has nowhere surpassed. Certainly it may be said that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his pen has never drawn a more convincing figure, nor, in the truest sense, a more epic one.

H. C. RHODES.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Chemical Warfare

If Mr. J. B. S. Haldane is not immediately tarred and feathered, he should at the very least be awarded a medal for intellectual courage, if such a decoration exists. For he has written this treasonable document (CALLINICUS, Dutton, $1.00) in defence of chemical warfare with a full knowledge of the enormity of his offense, in addition to being familiar with his subject, which latter in such matters is certainly unethical. Mr. Haldane is a famous bio-chemist, — Sir William Dunn, reader at Cambridge University. He saw combat service in the late war. Presupposing that there will be wars in the future, he proceeds through eighty-three compact pages to prove that the general use of gases will make wars shorter and more humane, and will give the victory to the side with the greater intelligence.

The bulk of the outcry against the use of gases, it appears, arose from the original employment of chlorine and phosgene by the Germans in the first gas attack in 1915, when vast numbers of British soldiers were killed or injured. But Mr. Haldane points out that these gases in warfare are now practically obsolete, as they will not penetrate a good gas mask.

Mustard gas, the most commonly used, has an effect akin to that of acute sunburn, but is deadly in relatively few cases. It simply incapacitates large numbers of soldiers for a time. Certainly this vapor, banned at the Washington Conference, is a far more humane weapon than the shrapnel shell and the bayonet, whose horrible possibilities every infantryman well knows.

As for the invisible, odorless gases, such as carbon monoxide and hydrogen arsenide, the author points out that while they are very deadly in the laboratory, they cannot be used in sufficient concentrations in the open to be effective.

The book, in addition to presenting lucidly and interestingly the facts about gas warfare, is a devastating attack upon the old idea of chivalry, which will allow a soldier to rend his enemy horribly with a bayonet or blow him to bits with a bomb, but will not countenance the use of relatively humane gases, which are little known to the military man and are therefore discredited, chiefly on the ground that they do not kill!

DELBERT CLARK.

Baltimore, Md.

The Story of Gompers

That the labor movement and the activities of its leading men offer rich materials for the interpretation of social history is becoming increasingly evident. The reminiscences of men abroad like Bebel, the elder Liebknecht, Bernstein, Hyndman, and others have thrown light into many obscure corners of economic and social evolution. In SEVENTY YEARS OF LIFE AND LABOR (Dutton, two vols., $10) the late Samuel Gompers has written a story rich in anecdote and personal experience and incidentally has contributed something to an understanding of the origins of the American Federation of Labor.

A London lad of Dutch and Jewish ancestry, he landed at Castle Garden in July, 1863, and soon became active in the New York labor unions. For two decades Mr. Gompers and his most intimate associates in the movement were groping, testing theories, policies, and forms of organization. Not until later in life did he understand the weakness and the uncertainties of the early period. The crude theories and experiments in organization were merely a reflex of an industrial order that had not yet become settled owing to the survival of an archaic social order in the South and the free lands in the West which lured the workmen of the East.

Not until the Knights of Labor had run its course and not without a struggle with that organization was the first and enduring basis laid for the organization of the American Federation of Labor in the early eighties. Even with the decline of the Knights with their mixed membership of wage workers, farmers, and professional men, the A. F. of L. showed the effect of migration to the West down to the close of the nineteenth century. It was not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

until the beginning of the new century that the new organization showed stability and increasing membership.

Into this period of experiment, struggle, and sacrifices were crowded many years of anxiety, deferred hopes, and disappointed striving. Through it all Mr. Gompers never lost faith in ultimate success. His prominence and activities brought him to the front and marked him as the most conspicuous representative of the American type of trade unionism.

As the A. F. of L. emerged from the chaos and uncertainties of the nineteenth century as a new organization, a new personality also emerged. In the old era a tolerant man is observed, tolerant of all views and suggestions no matter from what quarter they might come. With the stability of the organization and the increasing age of Mr. Gompers came also increasing rigidity of views. He was confirmed in the belief that an organization adapted to the competitive industry of the nineteenth century could serve without any modification of program, policy, and organization in this century. The trade unions in all other modern countries changed. Mr. Gompers could not tolerate any suggestion or program of change, and he who ventured to do so became a suspect. Over and over again in this autobiography he questions the motives of every man who declined to believe that the final road to perfection had been chartered.

One may even mark the beginning of this change in personality when the Socialist Labor Party opened war on him because of a disagreement. This war, beginning in the early nineties, produced in Mr. Gompers a profound aversion for Socialists. Even after the great majority of Socialists repudiated the Socialist Labor Party and founded the Socialist Party with a friendly policy toward the trade unions Mr. Gompers never forgave. His personal animosity became an unwritten policy of the A. F. of L.

Despite this aspect of Mr. Gompers' life, this work is of value to the student of American economic history and is entertaining as the record of an interesting man.

JAMES ONEAL.

Richmond Hill, N. H.

South Wind

Mr. Norman Douglas first published his account of an agreeably mad group of intellectuals on an island in the Mediterranean (SOUTH WIND: Dodd, Mead, $2.50) in England eight years ago. Its recent appearance in America makes it possible for persons on this side of the ocean to read what Mr. George Saintsbury calls the first novel of the twentieth century. Whether or not this is too high praise does not matter. *South Wind* is most certainly a book to be read wherever books are read at all. Its characters, driven insanely lucid by the sirocco that blows everlastingly over the island of Nepenthe on which they are met, emulate the wind, and pour out on the world, to whoever will listen, a never-ending column of hot air, — in short, of conversation; it is, however, conversation of the most elegant, witty, precise, and entertaining sort. It envelops whatever of plot the book has, so that the fact that a lady pushes her vulgar and brutal husband off a cliff eight hundred feet high to avoid the consequences of a bigamous union is merely a slight break in the flow of talk.

The husband was a thoroughly unpleasant creature, the lady wished to spare her child the stigma of illegitimacy and to live happily with its father. Why not? Nobody saw the deed except the lady's cousin, an English Bishop but lately returned from Africa. The Bishop, after pondering the matter, decides to go on talking, to the delight of the reader. So it goes. There are half a dozen persons in the book equipped with the gift of eloquence; there are half a dozen knaves, who, if they do not talk themselves, offer the author an opportunity to be eloquent at their expense, — though not in condemning their knavery. The result is an intricate and even thrilling story; but the main thing is the talk. It flows on like the sirocco, strong, exhilarating, irresistible.

DOROTHY G. VAN DOREN.

New York.

Black Cameos

BLACK CAMEOS (Albert and Charles Boni, $2.50) is the happy title hit upon by R. Emmett Kennedy for his engaging collection of negro stories and folksongs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The book is more than a first hand collection of folklore. It is an illuminating interpretation of character made from a lifetime study of Uncle Sam's black children of Southern Louisiana, and done in a style as attractive and appealing as a fat black baby's smile and gurgle. It is a book out of the ordinary. And not the least attractive thing about it is the charming way it is decorated with Edward Larocque Tinker's delightful illustrations, or should I have said illustrated with Mr. Tinker's delightful decorations?

The spirituals, nearly every one of which is an actual and essential part of the sketch in which it appears, are new. An old title is used for one of them, but the "Li'l David, Play on yo Hawp" in *Black Cameos* has words and a musical setting entirely different from the "Little David" made familiar to urban American ears by the Fisk singers. Some of the spirituals are weirdly beautiful. Everybody who is able to appreciate primitive music will love "I Got Two Wings fuh to Veil my Face," and there are others that are just as good. In his introduction Mr. Kennedy says:

"The spirituals incorporated in the sketches are given in simple form as I took them down from the singing of the Negroes. In arranging them for voice and piano I have tried to preserve the characteristic harmonies they employ in their congregational singing, which is usually unaccompanied. . . . Many of them . . . are Louisiana productions. . . . "

Only those who know the Louisiana Negro can know how faithfully the dialect has been reproduced by Mr. Kennedy. Some of it is a bit mystifying, taken out of its context. Even I, born and reared in the land of cane and cotton, when my eye chanced to fall on "potakerry foam," had to read the whole sentence before I made out that Essick had mentioned the telephone at the apothecary's shop.

JEAN WEST MAURY.

Brookline, Mass.

Adventures of a Hat

The reception accorded WILBUR, THE HAT, *written and drawn for the fun of it* by Hendrik Willem van Loon (Boni & Liveright, $3.50), by the *literati* of the daily press confirms my pessimistic belief that these gentlemen are always knocked off their critical balance by genuine satire. By some this joyous book has been classed as a "juvenile", by others as a work of esoteric symbolism, but the majority, failing to classify it, has damned it with faint praise. These reviewers remind me of the lady librarian on Cape Cod who insisted that the secret of a successful library was adequate classification. Her books, she announced proudly, could be found listed under "western-adventure, western-romantic, detective, and sex-problems." Now the trouble with *Wilbur, the Hat*, for people with card-index minds, is that it can't be classified. Indeed, it is hard to describe. It is for children only in the sense that a comic strip like "Bringing up Father" is for children. Children will read about the adventures of Wilbur in "a part of the world which doesn't exist" with real enjoyment, for, besides satire which is meaningless to children, it has poetry, imagination, and beauty in text and pictures. There is something in it of *Alice in Wonderland*, something of Swift, something of Dante, even something of Sinclair Lewis, — for Wilbur is a perfect Babbitt of a hat. And yet, for all its obvious and unashamed plagiarisms, *Wilbur, the Hat* is one of the most original books ever written.

It is not an even piece of work. It is the soaring of a great spirit. Occasionally van Loon sweeps down into the valley of the commonplace, we suspect, for the joy of a fresh start upward, but he never quite touches the ground.

There is absolutely nothing esoteric about this book. It is profound, only in that it presents the philosophy of a man who has deeply plumbed the world and his fellows. Nor is its satire acrid; the most bitter irony lies in the nature of the protagonist, a hat, not a man, a hat as commonplace and self-satisfied as the heads such hats rest upon. With this single exception, the satire is kindly, humane, charmingly cynical, joyously humorous. And the pictures! More than half the book, they are redolent with imagination. They stir one's emotions to a deeper perception of the thought that exudes from the text. It is a book that suggests far more than it actually says.

W. P.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED